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# *The Works of William Makepeace Thackeray*

*Vol. XIII.*

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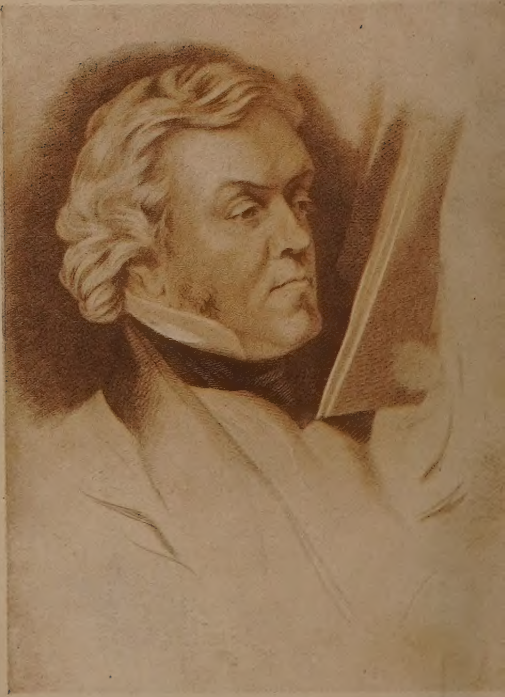
## *ESSAYS, REVIEWS,*

*Etc., Etc.*



W M Thackeray

# *Essays, Reviews,*

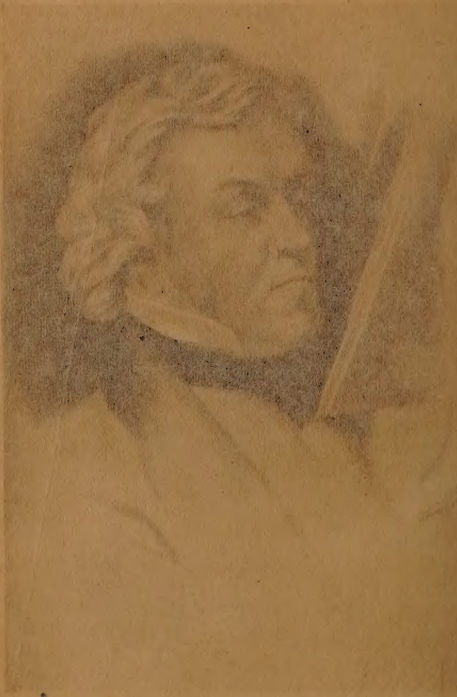
*Etc., Etc.*

*By*

*William Makepeace Thackeray*

*Thomas Nelson and Sons*
*London, Edinburgh, Dublin, and New York*

1909



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# CONTENTS.

## CRITICAL REVIEWS.

*Fashnable Fax and Polite Annygoats,* ... ... ... *3*
*Jerome Paturot. With Considerations on Novels in General,* ... *13*
*Grant in Paris,* ... ... ... ... ... *28*
*A Box of Novels,* ... ... ... ... *45*
*A New Spirit of the Age,* ... ... ... *68*
*Barmecide Banquets, with Joseph Bregion and Anne Miller,* ... *78*
*A Brother of the Press on the History of a Literary Man, Laman Blanchard, and the Chances of the Literary Profession,* ... *94*
*Strictures on Pictures,* ... ... ... *110*
*A Second Lecture on the Fine Arts,* ... ... ... ... *122*
*A Pictorial Rhapsody,* ... ... ... ... *137*
*A Pictorial Rhapsody: Concluded,* ... ... ... ... *162*
*On Men and Pictures,* ... ... ... *185*
*May Gambols,* ... ... ... ... *211*
*Picture Gossip,* ... ... ... ... *242*

## TALES.

*The Professor,* ... ... ... ... ... ... *267*
*Miss Löwe,* ... ... ... ... ... ... *283*
*Bluebeard's Ghost,* ... ... ... ... ... *307*

## VARIOUS ESSAYS, LETTERS, SKETCHES, ETC.

*Memorials of Gormandizing,* ... ... ... ... *335*
*Men and Coats,* ... ... ... ... ... *364*

*Greenwich—Whitebait,* ... ... ... ... ... 383
*A Leaf out of a Sketch-Book,* ... ... ... ... 391
*The Dignity of Literature,* ... ... ... ... 396
*Mr. Thackeray in the United States,* ... ... ... 402
*Goethe in his Old Age,* ... ... ... ... ... 407
*Timbuctoo,* ... ... ... ... ... ... 410

---

## BALLADS.

*The Chronicle of the Drum—Part I.,* ... ... ... 415
*The Chronicle of the Drum—Part II.,* ... ... ... 422
*Abd-el-Kader at Toulon; or, The Caged Hawk,* ... ... 430
*The King of Brentford's Testament,* ... ... ... 432
*The White Squall,* ... ... ... ... ... 440
*Peg of Limavaddy,* ... ... ... ... ... 444
*May-Day Ode,* ... ... ... ... ... ... 449
*The Ballad of Bouillabaisse,* ... ... ... ... 453
*The Mahogany Tree,* ... ... ... ... ... 456
*The Yankee Volunteers,* ... ... ... ... ... 457
*The Pen and the Album,* ... ... ... ... ... 459
*Sorrows of Werther,* ... ... ... ... ... 462
*Mrs. Katherine's Lantern,* ... ... ... ... 462
*The Rose upon my Balcony,* ... ... ... ... 464
*Lucy's Birthday,* ... ... ... ... ... ... 464
*The Cane-Bottomed Chair,* ... ... ... ... 465
*Piscator and Piscatrix,* ... ... ... ... ... 467
*Ronsard to his Mistress,* ... ... ... ... ... 469
*At the Church Gate,* ... ... ... ... ... 470
*The Age of Wisdom,* ... ... ... ... ... 471
*A Doe in the City,* ... ... ... ... ... 472
*The Last of May,* ... ... ... ... ... 473
*Song of the Violet,* ... ... ... ... ... 474
*Fairy Days,* ... ... ... ... ... ... 474
"*Ah, Bleak and Barren was the Moor,*" ... ... ... 476
*Pocahontas,* ... ... ... ... ... ... 476
*From Pocahontas,* ... ... ... ... ... 477

*LOVE-SONGS MADE EASY—*

*What Makes my Heart to Thrill and Glow?* ... ... 478
*The Caïque,* ... ... ... ... ... ... 480

*The Ghazul, or Oriental Love-Song—*
*The Rocks,* ... 481
*The Merry Bard,* ... 481
*My Nora,* ... 482
*To Mary,* ... 483
*Serenade,* ... 484
*The Minaret Bells,* ... 484
*Come to the Greenwood Tree,* ... 485

## *FIVE GERMAN DITTIES—*

*A Tragic Story,* ... 486
*The Chaplet,* ... 487
*The King on the Tower,* ... 488
*A Credo,* ... 488
*On a very old Woman,* ... 490

## *FOUR IMITATIONS OF BERANGER—*

*Le Roi d' Yvetot,* ... 491
*The King of Yvetot,* ... 492
*The King of Brentford,* ... 494
*Le Grenier,* ... 495
*The Garret,* ... 496
*Roger-Bontemps,* ... 497
*Jolly Jack,* ... 499

## *IMITATION OF HORACE—*

*To his Serving Boy,* ... 501
*Ad Ministram,* ... 501

## *OLD FRIENDS WITH NEW FACES—*

*The Knightly Guerdon,* ... 502
*Commanders of the Faithful,* ... 503
*The Almack's Adieu,* ... 504
*When the Gloom is on the Glen,* ... 505
*The Red Flag,* ... 505
*Dear Jack,* ... 506
*When Moonlike ore the Hazure Seas,* ... 507
*The Legend of St. Sophia of Kioff,* ... 507
*King Canute,* ... 529
*Friar's Song,* ... 532

*Atra Cura,* ... ... ... ... ... ... 533
*Requiescat,* ... ... ... ... ... ... 534
*Lines upon my Sister's Portrait,* ... ... ... 534
*Titmarsh's Carmen Lilliense,* ... ... ... ... 536
*The Willow-Tree,* ... ... ... ... ... 539
*The Willow-Tree—Another Version,* ... ... ... 541

## LYRA HIBERNICA—

*The Pimlico Pavilion,* ... ... ... ... 544
*The Crystal Palace,* ... ... ... ... ... 546
*Molony's Lament,* ... ... ... ... ... 551
*Mr. Malony's Account of the Ball given to the Nepaulese Ambassador by the Peninsular and Oriental Company,* ... 553
*The Battle of Limerick,* ... ... ... ... 555
*Larry O'Toole,* ... ... ... ... ... 559
*The Rose of Flora,* ... ... ... ... .. 559
*The Last Irish Grievance,* ... ... ... ... 560

## THE BALLADS OF POLICEMAN X—

*The Wofle new Ballad of Jane Roney and Mary Brown,* ... 562
*The Three Christmas Waits,* ... ... ... ... 564
*Lines on a Late Hospicious Ewent,* ... ... ... 569
*The Ballad of Eliza Davis,* ... ... ... ... 572
*Damages, Two Hundred Pounds,* ... ... ... 576
*The Knight and the Lady,* ... ... ... ... 579
*Jacob Homnium's Hoss,* ... ... ... ... 581
*The Speculators,* ... ... ... ... ... 585
*A Woeful new Ballad of the Protestant Conspiracy to take the Pope's Life,* ... ... ... ... ... 587
*The Lamentable Ballad of the Foundling of Shoreditch,* ... 589
*The Organ-Boy's Appeal,* ... ... ... ... 593
*Little Billee,* ... ... ... ... ... 595
*The End of the Play,* ... ... ... ... ... 596
*Vanitas Vanitatum,* ... ... ... ... ... 598

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## LECTURE.

*Charity and Humour,* ... ... ... ... ... 601

# CRITICAL REVIEWS
OF
BOOKS AND PICTURES.

# CRITICAL REVIEWS
OF
# BOOKS AND PICTURES.

## FASHNABLE FAX AND POLITE ANNYGOATS.

### BY CHARLES YELLOWPLUSH, ESQ.

No. —, GROSVENOR SQUARE, 10*th October*.
(*N.B. Hairy Bell.*)

MY DEAR Y.—Your dellixy in sending me "My Book"* does you honour; for the subjick on which treats cannot, like politix, metafizzix, or other silly sciences, criticized by the common writin creaturs who do your nd other Magazines at so much a yard. I am a chap of a fferent sort. I have lived with some of the first families Europe, and I say it, without fear of contradistinction, at, since the death of George the IV., and Mr. Simpson of oxall Gardens, there doesn't, praps, live a more genlmnly an than myself. As to figger, I beat Simpson all to shivers; d know more of the world than the late George. He did ings in a handsome style enough, but he lived always in e set, and got narrow in his notions. How could he be herwise? Had he my opportunities, I say he would have en a better dressed man, a better dined man (*poor angsy*

---

* *My Book; or, The Anatomy of Conduct.* By John Henry Skelton. ndon: Simpkin and Marshall. 1837.

*deer*, as the French say), and a better furnitured man. These qualities an't got by indolence, but by acute hobservation and foring travel, as I have had. But a truce to heggotism, and let us proceed with bisniss.

Skelton's "Anatomy" (or Skeleton's, which, I presume, is his real name) is a work which has been long wanted in the littery world. A reglar slap-up, no-mistake, out-an'-out account of the manners and usitches of genteel society, will be appreciated in every famly from Buckly Square to Whitechapel Market. Ever since you sent me the volum, I have read it to the gals in our hall, who are quite delighted of it, and every day grows genteeler and genteeler. So is Jeames, coachman; so is Sam and George, and little Halfred, the sugar-loafed page;—all 'xcept old Huffy, the fat veezy porter, who sits all day in his hall-chair, and never reads a word of anythink but that ojus *Hage* newspaper. "Huffy," I often say to him, "why continue to read that blaggerd print? Want of decency, Huffy, becomes no man in your high situation: a genlman without morallity is like a liv'ry-coat without a shoulder-knot." But the old-fashioned beast reads on, and don't care for a syllable of what I say. As for the *Sat'rist*, that's different: I read it myself, reg'lar; for it's of uncompromising Raddicle principils, and lashes the vices of the arristoxy. But again I am diverging from Skeleton.

What I like about him so pertiklerly is his moddisty. Before you come to the book, there is, fust, a Deddication; then, a Preface; and nex', a Prolygomeny. The fust is about hisself, the second about hisself, too; and, cuss me! if the Prolygolygominy an't about hisself again, and his schoolmaster, the Rev. John Finlay, late of Streatham Academy. I shall give a few extrax from them:—

> "Graceful manners are not intuitive: so he who, through industry or the smiles of fortune, *would emulate a polite carriage*, must be *taught* not to outrage propriety. Many topics herein considered have been discussed, more or less gravely or jocosely, according as the subject-matter admitted the varying treatment. I would that with propriety much might be expunged, but that I felt it is all required from the nature of the work. The public is the tribunal to which I appeal: not friendship, but public attestation, must affix the signet to 'My Book's' approval or condemnation. Sheridan, when manager of Drury, was known to say, he had solicited and received the patronage of friends, but from the public only had he found support. So may it be with me!"

There's a sentence for you, Mr. Yorke![*] We disputed about it, for three-quarters of an hour, in the servants' hall. Miss Simkins, my Lady's *feel de chamber*, says it's complete ungramatticle, as so it is. "I would that," &c., "but that," and so forth: what can be the earthly meaning of it? "Graceful manners," says Skeleton, "is not intuitive." Nor more an't grammar, Skelton; sooner than make a fault in which, I'd knife my fish, or malt after my cheese.

As for "emulating a genteel carriage," not knowing what that might mean, we at once asked Jim Coachman; but neither he nor his helpers could help us. Jim thinks it was a baroosh; cook says, a brisky; Sam, the stable-boy (who, from living chiefly among the hosses and things, has got a sad low way of talking), said it was all dicky, and bid us drive on to the nex' page.

> "For years, when I have observed anything in false taste, I have remarked that, when 'My Book' makes its appearance, such an anomaly will be discontinued; and, instead of an angry reply, it has ever been, 'What! are *you* writing such a work?' till at length, in several societies, 'My Book' has been referred to whenever *une méprise* has taken place. As thus: '"My Book" is, indeed, wanted;' or, 'If "My Book" were here;' or, 'We shall never be right without "My Book";' which led me to take minutes of the barbarisms I observed. I now give them to the world, from a conviction that a rule of conduct should be studied, and impressed upon the mind. Other studies come occasionally into play; but the conduct, the deportment, and the manner are ever in view, and should be a primary consideration, and by no means left to chance (as at present), 'whether it be good, or whether it be evil.'
>
> "Most books that have appeared on this vital subject have generally been of a trashy nature; intended, one would imagine—if you took the trouble to read them—as advertisements to this trade, or for that man, this draper, or that dentist, instead of attempting to form the mind, and leaving the judgment to act.
>
> "To Lord Chesterfield other remarks apply; but Doctor Johnson has so truly and so wittily characterized, in few words, that heartless libertine's advice to his son, that, without danger of corrupting the mind, you cannot place his works in the hands of youth.
>
> "It should ever be kept in our recollection, that a graceful carriage, a noble bearing, and a generous disposition to sit with ease and grace, must be enthroned 'in the mind's eye' on every virtuous sentiment."

There it is, the carriage again! But never mind that—to the nex sentence it's nothink: "to sit with ease and grace must be enthroned 'in the mind's eye' on every virtuous sentiment!" Heaven bless your bones, Mr. Skeleton! where are you driving us? I say, this sentence would puzzle the very Spinx himself! How *can* a man sit in his eye? If the late Mr. Finlay, of Streatham Academy, taught John Henry Anatomy Skeleton to do this, he's a very wonderful pupil, and no mistake! as well as a finominy in natural history, quite exceeding that of Miss Mackavoy. Sich *peculiar* opportunities for hobservation must make his remarks really valuable.*

---

[*] Oliver Yorke was the well-known pseudonym of the editor of *Fraser's Magazine.*

Well, he observes on every think that is at all observable, and can make a genlman fit for genlmanly society. His beayviour at dinner and brexfast, at bawls and swarries, at chuch, at vist, at skittles, at drivin' cabs, at gettin' in an' out of a carriage, at his death and burill—givin', on every one of these subjicks, a plenty of ex'lent maxums; as we shall very soon see. Let's begin about dinner—it's always a pleasant thing to hear talk of. Skeleton (who is a slap-up heppycure) says:—

> "Earn the reputation of being a good carver; it is a weakness to pretend superiority to an art in such constant requisition, and on which so much enjoyment depends. You must not crowd the plate—send only a moderate quantity, with fat and gravy; in short, whatever you may be carving, serve others as if you were helping yourself: this may be done with rapidity, if the carver takes pleasure in his province, and endeavours to excel. It is cruel and disgusting to send a lump of meat to any one: if at the table of a friend, it is offensive; if at your own, unpardonable. No refined appetite can survive it."

Taken in general, I say this remark is admiral. I saw an instance, only last wick, at our table. There was, first, Sir

---

* I canot refrain from quattin, in a note, the following extract, from page 8:—"To be done with propriety, everything must be done quietly. When the cards are dealt round, do not sort them in all possible haste, and, having performed it in a most hurried manner, clap your cards on the table, looking proudly round, conscious of your own superiority. I speak to those in good society; not to him who, making cards his trade, has his motives for thus hurrying—that he may remark the countenances of those with whom he plays—that he may make observations in *his mind's eye*, from what passes around, and use those observations to *suit ulterior ends*."

This, now, is what I call a reg'lar parrylel passidge, and renders quite clear Mr. Skeltonses notin of the situation of the mind's eye.—CHAS. YLPLSH.

James and my Lady, in course, at the head of their own table; then there was Lord and Lady Smigsmag right and left of my Lady; Captain Flupp, of the huzzas (huzza he may be, but he looks, to my thinkin, much more like a bravo); and the Bishop of Biffeter, with his lady; Haldermin Snodgrass, and me—that is, I waited.

Well, the haldermin, who was helpin the tuttle, puts on Biffeter's plate a wad of green fat, which might way a pound and three-quarters. His Ludship goes at it very hearty; but not likin to seprate it, tries to swallow the lump at one go. I recklect Lady Smigsmag saying gaily, "What, my Lord, are you goin that whole hog at once?" The bishop looked at her, rowled his eyes, and tried to spick; but between the spickin and swallerin, and the green fat, the consquinsies were fatle! He sunk back on his chair, his spoon dropt, his face became of a blew colour, and down he fell as dead as a nit. He recovered, to be sure, nex day; but not till after a precious deal of bleedin and dosin, which Doctor Drencher described for him.

This would never have happened, had not the haldermin given him such a platefull; and to Skeleton's maxim let me add mine.

Dinner was made for eatin, not for talkin: never pay compliments with your mouth full.

"The person carving must bear in mind that a knife is a saw, by which means it will never slip; and should it be blunt, or the meat be overdone, he will succeed neatly and expertly, while others are unequal to the task. For my part, I have been accustomed to think I could carve any meat, with any knife; but lately, in France, I have found my mistake—for the meat was so overdone, and the knives so blunt, that the little merit I thought I possessed completely failed me. Such was never the case with any knife I ever met with in England.

"Pity that there is not a greater reciprocity in the world! How much would France be benefited by the introduction of our cutlery and woollens, and we by much of its produce!

"When the finger-glass is placed before you, you must not drink the contents, or even rinse your mouth, and spit it back; although this has been done by some inconsiderate persons. Never, in short, do that of which, on reflection, you would be ashamed; for instance, never help yourself to salt with your knife—a thing which is not unfrequently done in *la belle France* in the 'perfumed chambers of the great.' We all have much to unlearn, ere we can learn much that we should. My effort is 'to gather up the tares, and bind them in bundles to destroy them,' and then to 'gather the wheat into the barn.'

"When the rose-water is carried round after dinner, dip into it the corner of your napkin lightly, touch the tips of your fingers, and press the napkin on your lips. Forbear plunging into the liquid as into a bath."

This, to be sure, would be diffiklt, as well as ungenlmnly; and I have something to say on this head, too.

About them blue water bowls which are brought in after dinner, and in which the company makes such a bubblin and spirtin: people should be very careful in usin them, and mind how they hire short-sighted servants. Lady Smigsmag is a melancholy instance of this. Her Ladyship wears two rows of false teeth (what the French call a *rattler*), and is, everybody knows, one of the most absint of women. After dinner one day (at her own house) she whips out her teeth, and puts them into the blue bowl, as she always did, when the squirtin time came. Well, the conversation grew hanimated, and so much was Lady Smigsmag interested, that she clean forgot her teeth, and wen to bed without them.

Nex' morning was a dreadful disturbance in the house; sumbady had stolen my Lady's teeth out of her mouth! But this is a loss which a lady don't like positively to advertise; so the matter was hushed up, and my Lady got a new set from Parkison's. But nobody ever knew who was the thief of the teeth.

A fortnight after, another dinner was given. Lady Smigsmag only kep a butler and one man, and this was a chap whom we used to call, professionally, Lazy Jim. He never did nothing but when he couldn't help it; he was as lazy as a dormus, and as blind as a howl. If the plate was dirty, Jim never touched it until the day it was wanted, and the same he did by the glas; you might go into his pantry, and see dozens on 'em with the water (he drenk up all the wind) which had been left in 'em since last dinner party. How such things could be allowed in a house, I don't know; it only shewed that Smigsmag was an easy master, and that Higgs, the butler, didn't know his bisniss.

Well, the day kem for the sek'nd party. Lazy Jim's plate was all as dutty as pos'bil, and his whole work to do; he cleaned up the plate, the glas, and every think else, as he thought, and set out the trays and things on the sideboard. "Law, Jim, you jackass," cried out the butler, at half-past seven, jist as the people was a comen down to dinner, "you've forgot the washand basins."

Jim spun down into his room—for he'd forgotten 'em, sure enough. There they were, however, on his shelf, and full of water; so he brought 'em up, and said nothink, but gev 'em a polishin wipe with the tail of his coat.

Down kem the company to dinner, and set to it like good uns. The society was reg'lar *distangy* (as they say): there was the Duke of Haldersgit, Lord and Lady Barbikin, Sir Gregory Jewin, and Lady Suky Smithfield, asides a lot of commontators. The dinner was removed, and the bubble and squeakers (as I call 'em) put down, and all the people began a washin themselves, like any think. "Whrrrrr!" went Lady Smigsmag; "Clooclooclooclоophizz!" says Lady Barbikin; "Goggleoggleoggleblrrawaw!" says Jewin (a very fat g'n'l'm'n); "Blobblobgob!" began his Grace of Haldersgit, who has got the widest mouth in all the peeridge, when all of a sudden he stopped, down went his washand basin, and he gev such a piercing shrick! such a bust of agony as I never saw, excep when the prince sees the ghost in "Hamlick:" down went his basin, and up went his eyes; I really thought he was going to vomick!

I rushed up to his Grace, squeeging him in the shoulders, and patting him on the back. Every body was in alarm: the duke as pale as hashes, grinding his teeth, frowning, and makin the most frightful extortions; the ladis were in astarrix; and I observed Lazy Jim leaning against the sideboard, and looking as white as chock.

I looked into his Grace's plate, and, on my honour as a gnlmn, among the amins and reasons, there was two rows of TEETH!

"Law!—heavens!—what!—your Grace!—is it possible?" said Lady Smigsmag, puttin her hand into the duke's plate. "Dear Duke of Aldersgate! as I live, they are my lost teeth!"

Flesh and blud coodn't stand this, and I bust out laffin, till I thought I should split: a footman's a man, and as impregnable as hany other to the ridiklous. *I* bust, and every body bust after me—lords and ladies, duke and butler, and all—every body excep Lazy Jim.

Would you blieve it? *He hadn't cleaned out the glasses, and the company was a washin themselves in second-hand water, a fortnit old!*"

I don't wish to insinuate that this kind of thing is general; only people had better take warnin by me and Mr. Skeleton, and wash theirselves at home. Lazy Jeames was turned off the nex morning, took to drinkin and evil habits, and is now, in consquints, a leftenant-general in the Axillary Legend. Let's now get on to what Skelton calls his "Derelictions"—here's some of 'em, and very funny one's they are too. What do you think of Number 1, by way of a dereliction?

"1. A knocker on the door of a lone house in the country.

"2. When on horseback, to be followed by a groom in a fine livery; or, when in your gig or cab, with a 'tiger' so adorned by your side. George IV., whose taste was never excelled, if ever equalled, always, excepting on state occasions, exhibited his retinue in plain liveries—a grey frock being the usual dress of his grooms.

"4. To elbow people as you walk is rude. For such uncouth beings, perhaps, a good thrashing would be the best monitor; only there might be disagreeables attending the correction, in the shape of legal functionaries.

"9. When riding with a companion, be not two or three horse lengths before or behind.

"10. When walking with one friend, and you encounter another, although you may stop and speak, never introduce the strangers, unless each expresses a wish to that effect.

"13. Be careful to check vulgarities in children: for instance, 'Tom, did you get wet?'—'No; Bob did, but I cut away.' You should also affectionately rebuke an unbecoming tone and manner in children.

"18. To pass a glass, or any drinking vessel, by the brim, or to offer a lady a bumper, are things equally in bad taste.

"19. To look from the window to ascertain who has knocked, whilst the servant goes to the door, must not be done.

"26. Humming, drumming, or whistling we must avoid, as disrespectful to our company.

"27. Never whisper in company, nor make confidants of mere acquaintance.

"28. Vulgar abbreviations, such as gent for gentleman, or buss for omnibus, etc., must be shunned.

"29. Make no noise in eating, as, when you masticate with the lips unclosed, the action of the jaw is heard. It is equally bad in drinking. Gulping loudly is abominable—it is but habit unrestrained, no more; but enough to disgust.

"30. To do anything that might be obnoxious to censure, or even bear animadversion from eccentricity, you must take care not to commit.

"31. Be especially cautious not to drink while your plate is sent to be replenished.

"32. A bright light in a dirty lamp* is not to be endured.

"33. The statue of the Achilles in Hyde Park is in bad taste. To erect a statue in honour of a hero in a defensive attitude, when his good sword has carved his renown—Ha, ha, ha!"

Ha, ha, ha! isn't that reg'lar ridiklous? Not the statute I mean, but the *dereliction*, as Skillyton calls it. Ha, ha, ha! indeed! *De*fensive hattitude! He may call that nasty naked figger *de*fensive—I say it's *hof*fensive, and no mistake. But read the whole bunch of remarx, Mr. Yorke; a'nt they *rich?*—a'nt they what you may call a perfect gallixy of derelictions?

Take, for instance, twenty-nine and thutty-one—gulpins, mastigatin, and the haction of the jaw! Why, sich things a'nt done, not by the knife-boy, and the skillery-made, who dine in the back kitchin after we've done! And nex appeal to thutty-one. *Why* shouldn't a man drink when his plate's taken away? Is it unnatral? is it ungen'm'n'ly? is it unbecomin? If he'd said that a chap shouldn't drink when his *glass* is taken away, that would be a reason, and a good one. Now let's read "hayteen." Pass a glass *by the brim!* Put your thum and fingers, I spose. The very notin makes me all over uncomfrble; and, in all my experience of society, I never saw no not a coalheaver do such a thing. Nex comes—

"The most barbarous modern introduction is the habit of wearing the hat in the *salon*, as now practised even in the presence of the ladies.

"When, in making a morning call, you give your card at the door, the servant should be instructed to do his duty, and not stand looking at the name on the card while you speak to him."

There's two rules for you! Who *does* wear a hat in the salong? Nobody, as I ever saw. And as for Number 40, I can only say, on my own part individiwidiwally, and on the part of the perfession, that if ever Mr. Skelton comes to a house where I am the gen'l'm'n to open the door, and instrux me about doing my duty, I'll instruct him about the head,

---

* "If in the hall, or in your cab, this, if seen a second time, admits no excuse: *turn away the man*."

I will. No man should instruct other people's servants. No man should bully or talk loud to a gen'l'm'n who, from his wery situation, is hincapable of defense or reply. I've known this cistim to be carried on by low swaggerin fellars in clubbs and privit houses, but never by reel gen'l'm'n. And now for the last maxum, or dereliction :—

> "The custom of putting the knife in the mouth is so repulsive to our feelings as men, is so entirely at variance with the manners of gentlemen, that I deem it unnecessary to inveigh against it here. The very appearance of the act is
>
> 'A monster of so odious mien,
> That to be hated, needs but to be seen.'"

Oh, heavens! the notion is overpowerin! I once see a gen'l'm'n cut his head off eatin peez that way. Knife in your mouth!—oh!—fawgh!—it makes me all over. Mrs. Cook, do have the kindniss to git me a basin!

* * * * *

In this abrupt way Mr. Yellowplush's article concludes. The notion conveyed in the last paragraph was too disgusting for his delicate spirit, and caused him emotions that are neither pleasant to experience nor to describe.

It may be objected to his communication, that it contains some orthographic eccentricities, and that his acuteness surpasses considerably his education. But a gentleman of his rank and talent was the exact person fitted to criticize the volume which forms the subject of his remarks. We at once saw that only Mr. Yellowplush was fit for Mr. Skelton, Mr. Skelton for Mr. Yellowplush. There is a luxury of fashionable observation, a fund of apt illustration, an intimacy with the first leaders of the *ton*, and a richness of authentic anecdote, which is not to be found in any other writer of any other periodical. He who looketh from a tower sees more of the battle than the knights and captains engaged in it; and, in like manner, he who stands behind a fashionable table knows more of society than the guests who sit at the board. It is from this source that our great novel-writers have drawn their experience, retailing the truths which they learned.

It is not impossible that Mr. Yellowplush may continue his communications, when we shall be able to present the reader with *the only authentic picture of fashionable life* which has been given to the world in our time. All the rest are stolen and disfigured copies of that original piece, of which we are proud to be in possession.

After our contributor's able critique, it is needless for us to extend our remarks upon Mr. Skelton's book. We have to thank that gentleman for some hours' extraordinary amusement, and shall be delighted at any further productions of his pen. O. Y.

(*Fraser's Magazine*, November 1837.)

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# JEROME PATUROT.

## WITH CONSIDERATIONS ON NOVELS IN GENERAL—IN A LETTER FROM M. A. TITMARSH.

PARIS, *July 20th.*

IF I had been his Majesty Louis Philippe, and the caricaturist had made fun of me ever so, I would, for the sake of the country, have put up with the insult—ay, perhaps gone a little further, and encouraged it. I would be a good king, and give a premium to any fellow who, for a certain number of hours, could make a certain number of my subjects laugh. I would take the Salle des Pas Perdus, and have an exhibition of caricature cartoons, with a dozen of handsome prizes for the artists who should invent the dozen ugliest likenesses of me. But, wise as the French king proverbially is, he has not attained this degree of wisdom. Let a poor devil but draw the royal face like a pear now, or in the similitude of a *brioche*, and he, his printer, and publisher, are clapped into prison for months, severe fines are imposed upon them, their wives languish in their absence, their children are deprived of their bread, and, pressing round the female author of their days, say sadly, "Maman, où est notre père?"

It ought not to be so. Laughing never did harm to any one yet; or if laughing does harm, and kings' majesties suffer from the exhibition of caricatures, let them suffer. *Mon Dieu!* it is the lesser evil of the two. Majesties are to be had any day, but many a day passes without a good joke. Let us cherish those that come.

Indeed, I am inclined to believe that the opinion commonly held about the *gaieté Française* is no more than a mystification, a vulgar practical joke of the sort which the benevolent mind abhors. For it is a shame to promise us something pleasant, and then disappoint us. Men and children feel in this matter alike. To give a child an egg-shell, under pretence that it is an egg, is a joke; but the child roars in reply, and from such joking the gentle spirit turns away abashed, disgusted.

So about the *gaieté Française*. We are told that it still exists, and are invited by persons to sit down and make a meal of it. But it is almost all gone. Somebody has scooped out all the inside and swallowed it, and left only the shell behind. I declare, for my part, I know few countries where there is less joking than in France; it is of a piece with the boasted amenity and politeness of the Gauls. Really and truly, there is more real and true politeness in Wapping than in the Champs Elysées. People whom the stranger addresses give him civil answers, and they are leaving off this in France. Men in Wapping do not jostle ladies off the street, and this they do in France, where the charcoal-man, drinking at the corner of the wine-shop, will let a lady's muslin slip into the gutter rather than step aside an inch to allow her to pass.

In the matter of novels especially, the national jocularity has certainly passed away. Paul de Kock writes now in such a way as not to make you laugh, but to make you blush for the intolerable vulgarity of the man. His last book is so little humorous, that even the English must give him up—the English, whose island is said after dinner to be "the home of the world," and who certainly gave Monsieur Paul a very hearty welcome. In his own country this prophet has never been much honoured. People sneer at his simple tricks for exciting laughter, and detect a vulgarity of style which the foreigner is not so ready to understand. And as one has seen many a vulgar fellow who dropped his *h*'s, and came from Hislington, received with respect by foreigners, and esteemed as a person of fashion, so we are on our side slow in distinguishing the real and sham foreign gentleman.

Besides Paul de Kock, there is another humorous writer of a very different sort, and whose works have of late found a considerable popularity among us—Monsieur de Bernard. He was first discovered by one Michael Angelo Titmarsh, who wrote a critique on one of his works, and pilfered one of his stories. Mrs. Gore followed him by "editing" Bernard's novel of "Gerfaut," which was badly translated, and pronounced by the press to be immoral. It may be so in certain details, but it is not immoral in tendency. It is full of fine observation and gentle feeling; it has a gallant sense of the absurd; and is written—rare quality for a French romance—in a gentlemanlike style.

Few celebrated modern French romance-writers can say as much for themselves. Monsieur Sue has tried almost always, and in "Mathilde" very nearly succeeded, in attaining a tone of *bonne compagnie.* But his respect for lackeys, furniture, carpets, titles, *bouquets*, and such aristocratic appendages, is too great. He slips quietly over the carpet, and peers at the silk hangings, and looks at Lafleur handing about the tea-tray with too much awe for a gentleman. He is in a flutter in the midst of his marquesses and princes—happy, clever, smiling, but uneasy. As for De Balzac, he is not fit for the *salon.* In point of gentility, Dumas is about as genteel as a courier, and Frédéric Soulié as elegant as a *huissier.*

These are hard words. But a hundred years hence (when, of course, the frequenters of the circulating library will be as eager to read the works of Soulié, Dumas, and the rest, as now)—a hundred years hence, what a strange opinion the world will have of the French society of to-day! Did all married people, we may imagine they will ask, break a certain commandment? They all do in the novels. Was French society composed of murderers, of forgers, of children without parents, of men consequently running the daily risk of marrying their grandmothers by mistake; of disguised princes, who lived in the friendship of amiable cut-throats and spotless prostitutes; who gave up the sceptre for the *savate*, and the stars and pigtails of the court for the chains and wooden shoes of the galleys? All these characters are quite common in French novels, and France in the nineteenth century was the politest country in the world. What must the rest of the world have been?

Indeed, in respect to the reading of novels of the present day, I would be glad to suggest to the lovers of these instructive works the simple plan of always looking at the end of a romance, to see what becomes of the personages, before they venture upon the whole work, and become interested in the characters described in it. Why interest oneself in a personage who you know must, at the end of the third volume, die a miserable death? What is the use of making oneself unhappy needlessly, watching the consumptive symptoms of Leonora as they manifest themselves, or tracing Antonio to his inevitable assassination?

Formerly, whenever I came to one of these fatally virtuous characters in a romance (ladies are very fond of inventing such suffering angels in their novels, pale, pious, pulmonary, crossed in love, of course; hence I do not care to read ladies' novels, except those of Mesdames Gore and Trollope)—whenever I came to one of those predestined creatures, and saw from the complexion of the story that the personage in question was about to occupy a good deal of the reader's attention, I always closed the book at once, and in disgust, for my feelings are much too precious to be agitated at threepence per volume. Even then it was often too late. One may have got through half a volume before the ultimate fate of Miss Trevanion was made clear to one. In that half volume one may have grown to be exceedingly interested in Miss Trevanion; and hence one has all the pangs of parting with her, which were not worth incurring for the brief pleasure of her acquaintance. *Le jeu ne valait pas la chandelle.* It is well to say, I never loved a young gazelle to glad me with his dark blue eye, but when he came to know me well he was sure to die; and to add, that I never loved a tree or flower, but 'twas the first to fade away. Is it not better, instead of making yourself unhappy, as you inevitably must be, to spare yourself the trouble of this bootless affection? Do not let us give up our affections rashly to young gazelles, or trees, or flowers, but confine our tenderness to creatures that are more long-lived.

Therefore, I say, it is much better to look at the end of a novel; and when I read, "There is a fresh green mound in Brentford Churchyard, and a humble stone, on which is incribed the name of Anna Maria;" or, "Le jour après on oyait sur les dalles humides de la terrible Morgue le corps irginal et ruisselant de Bathilde;" or a sentence to that ffect, I shut the book at once, declining to agitate my feelings eedlessly; for at that stage I do not care a fig for Anna aria's consumption or Bathilde's suicide. I have not the onour of their acquaintance, nor will I make it. If you ad the gift of prophecy, and people proposed to introduce ou to a man who you knew would borrow money of you, or ould be inevitably hanged, or would subject you to some ther annoyance, would you not decline the proposed introuction? So with novels. The Book of Fate of the heroes nd heroines is to be found at the end of Vol. III. One has ut to turn to it to know whether one shall make their cquaintance or not. For my part, I heartily pardon the an who brought Cordelia to life (was it Cibber, or Sternold and Hopkins?) I would have the stomach-pump rought for Romeo at the fifth act. For Mrs. Macbeth I m not in the least sorry; but as for the general, I would ave him destroy that swaggering Macduff (who always looks s if he had just slipped off a snuff-shop), or, if not, cut him pieces, disarm him, pink him certainly; and then I would ave Mrs. Macduff and all her little ones come in from the ips, stating that the account of their murder was a shameful brication of the newspapers, and that they were all of them erfectly well and hearty. The entirely wicked you may assacre without pity; and I have always admired the erman Red Riding-Hood on this score, which is a thousand mes more agreeable than the ferocious English tale, because, hen the wolf has gobbled up Red Riding-Hood and her randmother, in come two foresters, who cut open the wolf, nd out step the old lady and the young one quite happy.

So I recommend all people to act with regard to lugubrious ovels, and eschew them. I have never read the *Nelly* part f the "Old Curiosity Shop" more than once, whereas I ave Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness by heart; and, in ke manner, with regard to "Oliver Twist," it did very well frighten one in numbers, but I am not going to look on t Nancy's murder, and to writhe and twist under the Jew's ightmare again. No! no! give me Sam Weller and Mr.

Pickwick for a continuance. Which are read most—"The Pirate" and "The Bride of Lammermoor," or "Ivanhoe" and "Quentin Durward"? The former may be preferred by scowling Frenchmen, who pretend to admire Lord Byron. But if we get upon the subject of Lord Byron, Heaven knows how far we may go! Let us return to the Frenchmen, and ask pardon for the above digression.

The taste for horrors in France is so general, that one can really get scarcely any novels to read in the country (and so much the better, no doubt, say you: the less of their immoralities any man reads the better); hence (perfectly disregarding the interruption of the reader), when a good, cheerful, clever, kind-hearted, merry, smart, bitter, sparkling romance falls in the way, it is a great mercy; and of such a sort is the "Life of Jerome Paturot." It will give any reader who is familiar with Frenchmen a couple of long summer evenings' laughter, and any person who does not know the country a curious insight into some of the social and political humbugs of the great nation.

Like many an idle honest fellow who is good for nothing else, honest Paturot commences life as a literary man. And here, but that a man must not abuse his own trade, would be a fair opportunity for a tirade on the subject of literary characters—those doomed poor fellows of this world whose pockets Fate has ordained shall be perpetually empty. Pray, all parents and guardians, that your darlings may not be born with literary tastes! If so endowed, make up your minds that they will be idle at school, and useless at college; if they have a profession, they will be sure to neglect it; if they have a fortune, they will be sure to spend it. How much money has all the literature of England in the Three per Cents.? That is the question; and any bank clerk could calculate accurately the advantage of any other calling over that of the pen. Is there any professional penman who has laid by five thousand pounds of his own earnings? Lawyers, doctors, and all other learned persons, save money; tradesmen and warriors save money; the Jew-boy who sells oranges at the coach door, the burnt-umber Malay who sweeps crossings, save money: there is but Vates in the world who does not seem to know the art of growing rich, and, as a rule, leaves he world with as little coin about him as he had when he ntered it.

So, when it is said that honest Paturot begins life by publishng certain volumes of poems, the rest is understood. You are ure he will come to the parish at the end of the third volume; hat he will fail in all he undertakes; that he will not be more onest than his neighbours, but more idle and weak; that e will be a thriftless, vain, kind-hearted, irresolute, devil-nay-care fellow, whose place is marked in this world, whom ankers sneer at, and tradesmen hold in utter discredit.

Jerome spends his patrimony, then, first, in eating, drinkng, and making merry; secondly, in publishing four volumes f poems, four copies of which were sold; and he wonders o this day who bought them: and so, having got to the end f his paternal inheritance, he has to cast about for means of naking a livelihood. There is his uncle Paturot, the old osier, who has sold flannel and cotton nightcaps with credit or this half-century past. "Come and be my heir, and sell lannels, Jerome," says this excellent uncle (alas! it is only n novels that these uncles are found—living literary characers have no such lucky relationships). But Jerome's soul s above nightcaps. How can you expect a man of genius o be anything but an idiot?

The events of his remarkable history are supposed to take lace just after the late glorious Revolution. In the days of is *bombance*, Jerome had formed a connection with one of hose interesting young females with whom the romances of aul de Kock have probably made some readers acquainted —a connection sanctified by everything except the magistrate nd the clergyman—a marriage to all intents and purposes, e ceremony only being omitted.

The lovely Malvina, the typification of the grisette, as warm n admirer of Paul de Kock as any in the three kingdoms, omes to Jerome's aid, after he has spent his money and awned his plate, and, while (with the energy peculiar to the haracter of persons who publish poems in four volumes) he its with his hands in his pocket bemoaning his fate, Malvina as bethought herself of a means of livelihood, and says, My Jerome, let us turn Saint-Simonians."

So Saint-Simonians they become. For some time, strange as it may seem, Saint-Simonianism was long a flourishing trade in this strange country; and the two new disciples were admitted into the community *chacun selon sa capacité*.

[A long extract from the book relating their experiences among the Saint-Simonians is omitted.]

The funds of the religion, as history has informed us, soon began to fail; and the high-priestess, little relishing the meagre diet on which the society was now forced to subsist, and likewise not at all approving of the extreme devotion which some of the priests manifested for her, quitted the Saint-Simonians, and established herself once more very contentedly in her garret, and resumed her flower-making. As for Paturot, he supported the falling cause as long as strength was left him, and for a while blacked the boots of the fraternity very meekly. But he was put upon a diet of sour grapes, which by no means strengthened his constitution; and at last, by the solicitations of his Malvina, was induced to recant, and come back again into common life.

Now begin new plans of advancement. Malvina makes him the treasurer of the Imperial Morocco Bitumen Company, which ends in the disappearance of the treasury with its manager, the despair and illness of the luckless treasurer. He is thrown on the world yet again, and resumes his literary labours. He becomes editor of that famous journal, the *Aspick*, which, in order to gather customers round it, proposes to subscribers a journal and a pair of boots, a journal and a greatcoat, a journal and a leg of mutton, according to the taste of the individual. Then we have him as a dramatic critic, then a writer of romances, then the editor of a Government paper; and all these numerous adventures of his are told with capital satire and hearty fun. The book is, in fact, a course of French humbug—commercial, legal, literary, political; and if there be any writer in England who has knowledge and wit sufficient, he would do well to borrow the Frenchman's idea, and give a similar satire in our own country.

The novel in numbers is known with us, but the daily *Feuilleton* has not yet been tried by our newspapers, the proprietors of some of which would, perhaps, do well to consider the matter. Here is Jerome's theory on the subject, offered for the consideration of all falling journals, as a means whereby they may rise once more into estimation :—

"You must recollect, sir, that the newspaper, and, in consequence, the *Feuilleton*, is a family affair. The father and mother read the story first; from their hands it passes to the children, from the children to the servants, from the servants to the house porter; and becomes at once a part of the family. They cannot do without the story, sir, and, in consequence, must have the journal which contains it. Suppose, out of economy, the father stops the journal: mamma is sulky, the children angry, the whole house is in a rage. In order to restore peace to his family, the father must take in the newspaper again. It becomes as necessary as their coffee in a morning, or as their soup for dinner.

"Well, granting that the *Feuilleton* is a necessity nowadays, what sort of a *Feuilleton* must one write in order to please all these various people?

"My dear sir, nothing easier. After you have written a number or two, you will see that you can write seventy or a hundred at your will. For example, you take a young woman, beautiful, persecuted, and unhappy. You add, of course, a brutal tyrant of a husband or father; you give the lady a perfidious friend, and introduce a lover, the pink of virtue, valour, and manly beauty. What is more simple? You mix up your characters well, and can serve them out hot in a dozen or fourscore numbers as you please.

"And it is the manner of cutting your story into portions to which you must look especially. One portion must be bound to the other, as one of the Siamese twins to his brother, and at the end of each number there must be a mysterious word, or an awful situation, and the hero perpetually before your public. They never tire of the hero, sir; they get acquainted with him, and the more they do so the more they like him; and you may keep up the interest for years. For instance, I will show you a specimen of the interesting in number-writing, made by a young man whom I educated and formed myself, and whose success has been prodigious. It is a story of a mysterious castle.

* * * * * * *

"'Ethelgida was undressed for the night. Her attendant had retired, and the maiden was left in her vast chamber alone. She sat before the dressing-glass, revolving the events of the day, and particularly thinking over the strange and mysterious words which Alfred had uttered to her in the shrubbery. Other thoughts succeeded and chased through her agitated brain. The darkness of the apartment filled with tremor the sensitive and romantic soul of the young girl. Dusky old tapestries waved on the wall, against which a huge crucifix of ivory and ebony presented its image of woe and gloom. It seemed to her as if, in the night silence, groans passed through the chamber, and a noise, as of chains clanking in the distance, jarred on her frightened ear. The tapers flickered, and seemed to burn blue. Ethelgida retired to bed with a shudder, and, drawing the curtains round her, sought to shut out the ghostly scene. But what was the maiden's terror when, from the wall at her bedside, she saw thrust forward a naked hand and arm—the hand was clasping by its clotted hair a living, bloody head! What was that hand!!!!—what was that head!!!!!!

(*To be continued in our next.*)'"

This delightful passage has been translated for the benefit of literary men in England, who may learn from it a profitable lesson. The terrible and mysterious style has been much neglected with us of late; and if, in the recess of Parliament, some of our newspapers are at a loss to fill their double sheets, or inclined to treat for a story in this *genre*, an eminent English hand, with the aid of Dumas, or Frédéric Soulié, might be got to transcribe such a story as would put even Mr. O'Connell's Irish romances out of countenance.

Having gone through all the phases of literary quackery, and succeeded in none, honest Jerome, driven to despair, has nothing for it, at the end of the first volume of his adventures, but to try the last quackery of all, the charcoal-pan and suicide. But in this juncture the providential uncle (by means of Malvina, who is by no means disposed to quit this world, unsatisfactory as it is)—the uncle of the cotton nightcaps steps in, and saves the unlucky youth, who, cured henceforth of his literary turn, submits to take his place behind the counter, performs all the ceremonies which were necessary for making his union with Malvina perfectly legal, and settles down into the light of common day.

May—one cannot help repeating—may all literary characters, at the end of the first volume of their lives, find such an uncle! But, alas! this is the only improbable part of the book. There is no such blessed resource for the penny-a-liner in distress. All he has to do is to write more lines, and get more pence, and wait for grim Death, who will carry him off in the midst of a penny, and, lo! where is he? You read in the papers that yesterday, at his lodgings in Grub Street, "died Thomas Smith, Esquire, the ingenious and delightful author, whose novels have amused us all so much. This eccentric and kind-hearted writer has left a wife and ten children, who, we understand, are totally unprovided for, but we are sure that the country will never allow them to want." Smith is only heard of once or twice again. A publisher discovers a novel left by that lamented and talented author, on which another publisher discovers another novel by the same hand, and "Smith's last work," and "the last work of Smith," serve the bibliopolists' turn for a week, and then are ound entirely stupid by the public; and so Smith, and his genius, and his wants, and his works, pass away out of this world for ever. The paragraph in the paper next to that which records Smith's death announces the excitement created by the forthcoming work of the admirable Jones; and so to the end of time. But these considerations are too profoundly melancholic, and we had better pass on to the second tome of Jerome Paturot's existence.

One might fancy that, after Monsieur Paturot had settled down in his nightcap and hosiery shop, he would have calmly enveloped himself in lambswool stockings and yards of flannel, and, so protected, that fortune would have had no more changes for him. Such, probably, is the existence of an English hosier; but in "the empire of the middle classes" matters are very differently arranged, and the *bonnetier de France peut aspirer à tout.* The defunct Paturot whispered that secret to Jerome before he departed this world, and our honest tradesman begins presently to be touched by ambition, and to push forward towards the attainment of those dignities which the Revolution of July has put in his reach.

The first opportunity for elevation is offered him in the ranks of that cheap defence of nations, the National Guard. He is a "warm man," as the saying is; he is looked up to in his quarter; he is a member of a company—why should he not be its captain too? A certain Oscar, painter in ordinary to his Majesty, who paints spinach-coloured landscapes, and has an orange-coloured beard, has become the bosom friend of the race of Paturot, and is the chief agent of the gallant hosier in his attempts at acquiring the captain's epaulettes.

[An extract from the novel relates his election to the National Guard.]

Thus happily elected, the mighty Paturot determines that the eyes of France are on his corps of voltigeurs, and that they shall be the model of all National Guardsmen. He becomes more and more like Napoleon. He pinches the sentinels with whom "he is content" by the ear; he swears every now and then with much energy; he invents a costume (it was in the early days, when the fancy of the National Guardsman was allowed to luxuriate over his facings and pantaloons at will); and in a grand review before Marshal Soban the Paturot company turns out in its splendid new uniform—yellow facings, yellow-striped trousers, brass buckles and gorgets—the most brilliant company ever seen. But, though these clothes were strictly military and unanimously splendid, the wearers had not been bred up in those soldatesque habits which render much inferior men more effective on parade. They failed in some manœuvre which the old soldier of the Empire ordered them to perform—the front and rear ranks were mingled in hopeless confusion. "Ho, porter!" shouted the old general to the guard of the Carrousel gate; "shut the gates, porter! these canaries will fly off if you don't."

Undismayed by this little check, and determined, like all noble spirits, to repair it, Captain Paturot now laboured incessantly to bring his company into discipline, and brought them, not only to march and to countermarch, but to fire with great precision, until, on an unlucky day, the lieutenant, being in advance of his men, a certain voltigeur, who had forgotten to withdraw his ramrod from his gun, discharged the rod into the fleshy part of the lieutenant's back, which accident caused the firing to abate somewhat afterwards.

Ambition, meanwhile, had seized on the captain's wife, who, too, was determined to play her part in the world, and had chosen the world of fashion for her sphere of action. A certain Russian Princess, of undoubted grandeur, had taken a great fancy to Madame Paturot, and, under the auspices of that illustrious hyperborean chaperon, she entered into the genteel world.

Among the fashionable public of Paris, we are led by Monsieur Paturot's memoirs to suppose that they mingle virtue with their pleasure, and, so that they can aid in a charitable work, are ready to sacrifice themselves and dance to any extent. It happened that a part of the Borysthenes in the neighbourhood of the Princess Flibustikopfkoi's estate overflowed, and the Parisian public came forward as sympathizers, as they did for suffering Ireland and Prince O'Connell he other day. A great *fête* was resolved on, and Madame le Paturot became one of the lady patronesses.

And at this *fête* we are presented to a great character, in whom the *habitué* of Paris will perhaps recognize a certain likeness to a certain celebrity of the present day, by name Monsieur Hector Berlioz, the musician and critic.

> "The great artist promised his assistance. All the wind-instruments in Paris were engaged in advance, and all the brass bands, and all the fiddles possible.
>
> "'Princess,' said the artist, agitating his locks, 'for your sake I would find the hymn of the creation that has been lost since the days of the deluge.'
>
> "The day of the festival arrived. The artist would allow none but himself to conduct his own *chef-d'œuvre;* he took his place at a desk five metres above the level of the waves of the orchestra, and around him were placed the most hairy and romantic musicians of the day, who were judged worthy of applauding at the proper place. The artist himself, the utterer of the musical apocalypse, cast his eyes over the assembly, seeking to dominate the multitude by that glance, and also to keep in order a refractory lock of hair which would insist upon interrupting it. I had more than once heard of the plan of this great genius, which consists in setting public and private life to music. A thousand extraordinary anecdotes are recorded of the extraordinary power which he possessed for so doing; among others is the story of the circumstance which occurred to him in a tavern. Having a wish for a dish of fricandeau and sorrel, the genius took a flageolet out of his pocket, and modulated a few notes,—
>
> 'Tum-tiddle-di-tum-tiddle-de,' etc.
>
> The waiter knew at once what was meant, and brought the fricandeau and the sauce required. Genius always overcomes its detractors in this way.
>
> "I am not able to give a description of the wonderful *morceau* of music now performed. With it the festival terminated. The hero of the evening sat alone at his desk, vanquished by his emotions, and half-drowned in a lock of hair, which has previously been described. The music done, the hairy musicians round about rushed towards the maestro with the idea of carrying him in triumph to his coach, and of dragging him home in the same. But he, modestly retiring by a back-door, called for his cloak and his clogs, and walked home, where he wrote a critique for the newspapers of the music which he had composed and directed previously. It is thus that modern genius is made; it is sufficient for all duties, and can swallow any glory you please."

Whether this little picture is a likeness or not, who shall say? but it is a good caricature of a race in France, where geniuses *poussent* as they do nowhere else, where poets are prophets, where romances have revelations. It was but yesterday I was reading in a Paris newspaper some account of the present state of things in Spain. "Battles in Spain are mighty well," says the genius; "but what does Europe care for them? *A single word* spoken in France has more influence than a pitched battle in Spain." So stupendous a genius is that of the country!

The nation considers, then, its beer the strongest that ever was brewed in the world; and so with individuals. This has his artistical, that his musical, that his poetical beer, which frothy liquor is preferred before that of all other taps; and the musician above has a number of brethren in other callings.

Jerome's high fortunes are yet to come. From being captain of his company he is raised to be lieutenant-colonel of his regiment, and as such has the honour to be invited to the palace of the Tuileries with Madame Paturot. This great event is described in the following eloquent manner:—

[Here follows a description of a ball at the Tuileries.]

If the respected reader, like the writer of this, has never had the honour of figuring at a ball at the Tuileries (at home, of course, we are as regular at Pimlico as Lord Melbourne used to be), here is surely, in a couple of pages, a description of the affair so accurate that, after translating it, I, for my part, feel as if I were quite familiar with the palace of the French king. I can see Louis Philippe grinning endlessly, ceaselessly bobbing his august head up and down. I can see the footmen in red, the *officiers d'ordonnance* in stays, the spindle-shanked young princes frisking round to the sound of the brass bands. The chandeliers, the ambassadors, the flaccid Germans with their finger-rings, the Spaniards looking like gilded old-clothesmen; here and there a deputy-lieutenant, of course, and one or two hapless Britons in their national court suits, that make the French mob, as the Briton descends from his carriage, exclaim, "Oh, ce marquis!" Fancy besides fifteen hundred women, of whom fourteen hundred and fifty are ugly—it is the proportion in France. And how much easier is it to enjoy this Barmecide dance in the description of honest Paturot than to dress at midnight, and pay a guinea for a carriage, and keep out of one's wholesome bed, in order to look at King Louis Philippe smiling! What a mercy it is not to be a gentleman! What a blessing it is not to be obliged to drive a cab in white kid gloves, nor to sit behind a great floundering racing-tailed horse in Rotten Row, expecting momentarily that he will jump you into the barouche full of ladies just ahead! What a mercy it is not to be obliged to wear tight lacquered boots, nor to dress for dinner, nor to go to balls at midnight, nor even to be a member of the House of Commons, nor to be prevented from smoking a cigar if you are so minded! All which privileges of poverty may fortune long keep to us! Men do not know half their luck, that is the fact. If the real truth were known about things, we should have their Graces of Sutherland and Devonshire giving up their incomes to the national debt, and saying to the country, "Give me a mutton chop and a thousand a year!"

In the fortunes of honest Paturot this wholesome moral is indicated with much philosophic acumen, as those will allow who are inclined from the above specimen of their quality to make themselves acquainted with the further history of his fortunes. Such persons may read how Jerome, having become a colonel of the National Guards, becomes, of course, a member of the Legion of Honour, how he is tempted to aspire to still further dignities, how he becomes a deputy, and how his constituents are served by him; how, being deputy, he has perhaps an inclination to become minister, but that one fine day he finds that his house cannot meet certain bills which are presented for payment, and so the poor fellow becomes a bankrupt.

He gets a little place, he retires with Malvina into a country town. She is exceedingly fond of canaries and dominoes, and Jerome cultivates cabbages and pinks with great energy and perfect contentment. He says he is quite happy. Ought he not to be so who has made a thousand readers happy, and perhaps a little wiser?

I have just heard that "Jerome Paturot" is a political novel: one of the Reviews dispatches this masterpiece in a few growling lines, and pronounces it to be a failure. Perhaps it *is* a political novel; perhaps there is a great deal of sound thinking in this careless, familiar, sparkling narrative, and a vast deal of reflection hidden under Jerome's ordinary cotton nightcap ; certainly it is a most witty and entertaining story, and as such is humbly recommended by the undersigned to all lovers of the Pantagruelian philosophy. It is a great thing nowadays to get a funny book which makes you laugh, to read three volumes of satire in which there is not a particle of bad blood, and to add to one's knowledge of the world, too, as one can't help doing by the aid of this keen and good-humoured wit. The author of "Jerome Paturot" is Monsieur Reybaud, understood to be a grave man, dealing in political economy, in Fourierism, and other severe sciences. There is a valuable work by the late Mr. Henry Fielding, the police magistrate, upon the prevention of thieving in the metropolis, and some political pamphlets of merit by the same author; but it hath been generally allowed that the history of Mr. THOMAS JONES by the same Mr. Fielding is amongst the most valuable of the scientific works of this author. And in like manner, whatever may be the graver works of Monsieur Reybaud, I heartily trust that he has some more of the Paturot kind in his brain or his portfolio, for the benefit of the lazy, novel-reading, unscientific world. M. A. TITMARSH.

(*Fraser's Magazine*, September 1843.)

## GRANT IN PARIS.*

BY FITZ-BOODLE.

TRAVELLERS' CLUB, *Nov.* 24, 1843.

IT is needless to state to any gent in the upper circles of society, that the eyes of Europe have long been directed towards Grant. All the diplomatic gents at this haunt of the aristocracy have been on the look-out for his book. The question which Don Manuel Godoy addresses to Field-Marshal Blucher (before they sit down to whist) is, in the Spanish language, of course, When will it appear?

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* *Paris and its People.* By the Author of "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons," "The Great Metropolis," etc., etc. 2 vols. London: Saunders and Otley.

"Prxckpfsky Grantowitz bubbxwky," exclaims his Excellency Count Pozzo di Borgo, before taking his daily glass of caviare and water, "that terrible fellow Grant is going to publish a work about Paris, I see." "Quand sera-t-il dehors?" screams Prince Talleyrand, "when will it be out?" and on the day of publication I know for a fact that a courier was in waiting at the French embassy to carry off the volumes to his M-t-y L-is Ph-l-ppe and Monsieur Gu-z-t. They have 'em by this time; they have read every word of these remarkable tomes; and I have no doubt that they are trembling in their *souliers* at some of the discoveries therein made.

Grant has always been notorious for possessing a masculine and vigorous understanding, a fine appreciation of the delicacies of good society, and a brilliant, almost too brilliant wit. The only things wanting to perfect him as a writer were, perhaps, English grammar and foreign travel. This latter difficulty he has now brilliantly overcome. He *has* travelled. Dangers and expense have not delayed him. He has visited foreign courts, and acquired the high-bred elegance and badinage which the young English gent can only attain by Continental excursions; and though in the matter of grammar, before alluded to, he is not perfectly blameless, yet who is? "Nil desperandum," as Molière observes, grammar may be learned even better at home in the solitude of the closet, than abroad amidst the dazzling enticements of the French (who, besides, don't speak the English grammar), and I have no doubt that after he has published a few more works, Grant will be pronounced faultless.

It was a kind thought which induced Grant to have his portrait engraved, and to prefix it to this his last and most original work. This practice has of late been very common amongst our great men, who know that the affectionate public longs to be in possession of the form and features as well as of the thoughts of the poets and sages who delight and instruct it. We enter into society with them, as it were; we have personal converse with them. Who, for instance, when he sees that fascinating portrait of Moore in Longman's late edition, does not feel doubly interested in the bard? Who that has seen Chalon's picture of Sir Edward Bulwer turned up in the uneasy chair, or that in which the honourable baronet is represented with his arms folded, or that in which we have him without any arms, nay, almost without any clothes—I mean in the engraving after the bust—who, I say, does not feel more intimate with the accomplished author? And if with these, why not with Grant? I venture to say that—though, perhaps, he does not know it himself—as a writer of fiction he surpasses any one of them; and that he can say of his works what they cannot say of theirs, that in every single page there is something amusing.

We accordingly have him on steel, and from the likeness here given I should take Grant to be a man of forty or two-and-forty. He is represented as sitting on a very handsome chair, probably of mahogany, and with a leather back, though what the colour of the leather is, it is impossible, as the engraving is not coloured, to say. He is dressed in a suit of black, probably his best suit of clothes. The elbow of his left hand reposes upon a work entitled "Random Recollections;" while the fingers are occupied in twiddling his shirt-collar, probably a clean one (or, if not a shirt-collar, at least a false collar, or by possibility a dicky), put on that very day. In his right hand he holds a pen, with which very likely he wrote those very "Random Recollections" under his left elbow. A chain hangs out of the pocket of his velvet waistcoat, by which we may conclude that he has a watch, though we have known many gents whose watches were at their *uncle's* (as the fashionable term for the pawnbroker goes)—I have known, I say, many gents who had no watch wear a bullet or a copper-piece in their fob, and when asked, "What o'clock is it?" say, "Oh, my dear William!" or "my dear John" (varying the name, of course, as the case may be), "I forgot to wind my watch up last evening, or this morning;" and so they *did forget to wind it up*. But a truce to pleasantry.

Grant's hair seems to be rather thin on the forehead, and I should say, if closely pressed, that he was—baldish. Over his ears it grows, however, pretty luxuriantly, and if not put into papers overnight, or touched up with the tongs, as many gents' hair is, especially when they are going to have their portraits taken, has a natural curl. Whether his nose grows as it is represented in the picture, and his eyes have that peculiar look, I cannot, of course, say, so much depending upon the artist in these cases; for it is manifest that if we have never seen a gent, we cannot say whether that gent's picture is like or no. The above description will suffice to give the reader an idea of Grant.

Under the print is written, "Yours very truly, James Grant." And in looking at that piece of writing, as at many other similar autographs at the bottom of portraits, I have not been able to refrain from asking myself, *Whose* very truly? Does a gent sit down and write "yours very truly" to himself, which is absurd? Or does he send off a letter to a friend begging him to send back a former letter, in some terms like the following?—

> "My dear Friend (or Sir, or Madam, as the case may be), the public is very anxious to have my picture and autograph; as I cannot write 'yours very truly' to myself, will you have the goodness to send me any one of my former letters, and oblige yours very truly,
>
> "JAMES, or EDWARD LYTTON SO-AND-SO."

However this may have been managed, there the autograph is—the handwriting is very like the Duke of Wellington's, by the way—there is the writing, and there is the writer, and very truly he *has* been ours, and in no instance more truly than now. James Grant, I say to myself, when looking at that *writing*, I am very glad to take you by the *hand*.* And so to business.

"In appearing once more before the public," begins James in his preface, "it is unnecessary for the author to say that he has gone over entirely new ground—ground which, for the most part, has been untrodden by any previous English writer." And I quote the sentence for the purpose of vindicating at the outset a remark which some people may have thought unnecessarily harsh—namely, that Grant sometimes neglects his grammar. I don't mean merely his grammar of language, but his moral grammar, so to speak—his grammar of the mind. Thus when our dear friend says, "It is unnecessary to say that I have gone over entirely new ground," I ask first, if it is unnecessary to say so, dear friend, why *do* you say so? Second, I inquire, how can that ground, of which some part has been trodden, according to Grant's own admission—how can that very ground be *entirely* new? Such contradictions, coming in the very same sentence, do not, permit me to state, look well. There should be a few pages between them; they should not jostle each other, and eat each other up, as it were, in the narrow space of a couple of lines; but one or other assertion should be allowed to stand over to another chapter, and thus it would wear the air, not of a contradiction, but of a fresh and brilliant thought. Many of our well-known writers use this method with the greatest success. Thirdly, I would take the liberty to ask, *Is* Paris entirely new ground? It can't be, for James himself says, at the end of the second volume, that when he went thither he expected to find 15,000 English there. However, I need not have occupied so much of your valuable time and the club paper in discussing the above sentence, for on turning to sentence 2, what do I perceive? Why, this: that as the last part of sentence 1 contradicts the first part, so sentence 2 contradicts the second part of sentence 1, by admitting that a great deal has been already written about Paris—which, indeed, I believe to be the fact.

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* Our opinion is that Master Fitz is attempting an imitation of the style of Grant.

In six masterly pages James narrates the early history of Paris; and though it must be owned that these pages are robbed, for the chief part, from an exceedingly rare and curious book called "Galignani's Paris Guide," yet it must not be imagined that James has not placed his own peculiar mark upon the article which he has appropriated.

For instance, Galignani begins his account thus: "The origin of Paris, and the character of its inhabitants, are necessarily involved in deep obscurity." Whereas James writes as follows: "The origin and early history of Paris, *unlike the early history of the metropolis of England*, are so completely enveloped in obscurity, that *we rarely meet with* any writer of note who *even hazards* a conjecture on the subject." How fine this is! Some people may presume that James has committed a theft, but surely it is an excusable theft. If I steal the child of a beggar, and make him a duke, with a hundred thousand a year, will not that child—will not the public (provided his Grace has no collateral heirs) pardon me? So with James. He takes a handkerchief, let us say; he appropriates, or—to speak professionally—*prigs* that handkerchief; but the instant it is in his possession, he puts a border of gold lace round it, so that the handkerchief will hardly know itself. And how happily chosen are all the ornaments which he adds to the appropriated article! *Unlike* the history of London, the origin of Paris is……, and no writer even hazards a conjecture on the subject; by which words we see that James is perfectly aware of the origin of London (and in that knowledge, I fearlessly say, excels any man in England), and, likewise, that he has consulted every author of note who has written about Paris, for how else could he say that they never hazarded conjectures concerning its origin?

"The first mention," says he, "of *the French capital*" (the turn is again delightfully happy) "occurs in Cæsar's 'Commentaries,' written about fifty years before the Christian era. *That distinguished writer* refers to it under the name of Lutetia……The references which Cæsar makes to the Paris of his day are exceedingly slight and unsatisfactory. All that can be gleaned from them is, that it was an inconsiderable town, built on *La Cité*, one of the *then* five islands in the Seine. This island was at that period *much smaller than it now is*." Indeed, if an island cannot grow in eighteen hundred and ninety years, the deuce is in it! And so he continues, now narrating what "the Emperor Julian informs us," now stating that it was sacked under "the auspices of Clovis," again touching upon "Hugh Capet, the founder of the Bourbon dynasty," always happy in his phrases, and profound, if not in research (for, indeed, I believe the guide-book contains most of the truths which Grant has arranged for publication), yet in that profound spirit of observation and manly justice of reasoning, which is so much better than mere musty book-learning, and which the mere scholar can sometimes *never* acquire. For instance, take the following passage:—

"Great diversity of opinion exists among the earlier historians of England as to the period at which Christianity was first introduced into our country. There seems to be *no such diversity* among the accredited historians of France respecting the time when the Christian faith was first promulgated in *that part of Europe*. They *all* concur in the statement that Saint-Denis introduced Christianity among the Parisians about the year 250. Whether the majority of them renounced paganism, and embraced the religion of Jesus, on the introduction of the latter, is a point on which the French historians are silent; but the presumption is, that at least a goodly number must have adopted the new faith, as a bishopric was established in Paris a few years after Saint-Denis promulgated the truths of Christianity among its people."

How fine it is to see Grant sitting, as it were, in the judgment-seat, and calling up to the tribunal of his thought the mighty witnesses of the past! Nothing escapes him. The doubts and struggles of the new faith, the surly yet unavailing resistance of the old, are painted by him in a few masterly touches. Whether the majority embraced the new creed is what he at once asks. And how does he answer that momentous question? Why, by a manly and straightforward statement that he doesn't know. "The French historians are silent. But there *must* have been a goodly number," says the keen and noble James. And why? Because a *bishopric* was established. It is (if he will pardon me the expression) his *eureka*. It is stout Cortes discovering the Pacific. The mists of time are rolled away before the keen eyes of James. He sees the bard and Druid retreating into his woods to emerge from them no more. He sees the pale-faced missionary of the new faith pleading its cause before the savage and wondering Gaul. Down go Thor and Woden; down go the fairer idols of Roman worship; cross-topped church-spires rise over the pines; clinking chapel-bells are heard in the valleys; and lo! preceded by banner and crosier, by beadle and verger, comes BISHOP DENIS, in his wig and lawn-sleeves. It is a fact, I believe, not generally known, that Bishop Denis walked for several miles with his head cut off; which circumstance, supposing his Lordship was twenty years occupier of the see of Paris, must, therefore, have taken place about the year 270—no less than fifteen hundred and seventy-four years ago.

Let us quit, however, the regions of antiquity, and plunge at once into the Paris of to-day.

And now our antiquarian having first put us in possession of the ancient history of the place, he passes the barrier, and rushes *in medias res*, I may say, if the Latin word *res*, *rei*, "a thing," may, in the present instance, be allowed by a little poetic license to mean "a street" (as, in fact, a street *is* a thing, therefore *res* is Latin for a street). He rushes, I say, *in medias res*, into the middle of the streets, where the gutter is, and begins to look about him. And his very first remark on entering the city shows how fine is his insight into human nature, and how, though he has travelled but little hitherto, he has profited by the little he has seen.

"The first impression of Paris," says James, "which a stranger receives *depends on the part of the town at which he makes his entrance*." Such facts may possibly strike other travellers, but do other travellers discover them? No; and the best characteristic of truth I say is, when everybody says, "How true!" Having been at Paris myself, I can state for a fact, that nothing *is* more true than the above observation; and that not only there, but in other cities which I have visited, *your impressions depend upon what you see.* He must be a miserably prejudiced creature who judges otherwise, and one who is not worthy of credit.

Now, as the entrance from the Saint Denis road is not picturesque, what does our author do but benevolently carry us round to the Arc de l'Etoile, and introduce us to the city that way.

> "Englishmen are accustomed," says he, "to admire the grand entrance into Hyde Park; but it is nothing" (no more it is) "to the majestic barrier. As the stranger passes it, a singularly beautiful prospect presents itself to his view. He sees a considerable portion of Paris in the distance, with all the magnificence of the Tuileries in the foreground; while on either side, extending for more than a mile and a half, are many rows of trees of stately size and ample foliage, all planted with perfect regularity, and producing an effect in the mind of the spectator *far too pleasing to admit of description.*"

The only difficulty to this charming description is with regard to the foreground of the Tuileries, which is a mile and a half off; for, "as you proceed farther on this beautiful road, you near the gardens of the Tuileries, which never yet *has* been beheld by an intelligent person without confounding him with *their* surpassing beauty!" And Grant is an intelligent person, and confounded, therefore, must he have been at the sight, of which he finely says again, "It were impossible for the most graphic description to convey an idea." "In the months of August and September," he adds, "I stood in *the centre* of the Tuileries, and felt myself literally bewildered with the glories around me;" and so, I need not say, would any man who were to stand there for that time. "Nature and man," continues James, "co-operate together in this charming locality; and it is no wonder that the Parisians should be so anxious that all illustrious visitors should enter their city by the Champs Elysées."

In the city, "what most forcibly strikes the stranger is," Grant says at once, "the height of the houses and the narrowness of the streets." This would strike anybody perhaps; but few know that the houses are painted in different fancy colours—that each individual has a right to paint the part of the house which he rents as he pleases—and hence that "there is something very pleasing as well as strange to the eye of the visitor in the aspect of many of the streets." In the summer season the streets have a horticultural aspect. Most of the windows in the upper stories are filled with flowers of various kinds, and along the fronts of many of the houses are balconies so abundantly laden with every diversity of flowers, as to have the appearance of so many gardens. "This fortunately struck me," says James, "*in the middle of the Rue Saint Honoré*;" but he does not say in what months he stood there—in July probably, before he went to stand in the centre of the Tuileries, where we have seen him during August and September. This point, however, is of minor importance; the main matter is the description of the town. And who that has been at Paris does not recognize the capital of Europe in the above lively description? One more circumstance regarding the exterior aspect of the town could not be expected to escape one of the most daring investigators in the world: it is this *the number of signs*. "Most of these signs consist of the name and business of the parties *painted*, as with us, *on a board* on the wall—in other cases on the walls themselves; and the gigantic proportions of the letters will be understood when I state that they are often *two feet in length and one foot in breadth*." What say you to that, my masters? Is it good to go abroad, or is it not? Is observation a noble quality, or is it not? I say, that Grant going into a town—a foreign town—not knowing the language, as he himself says, and discovering at a glance the boards upon the shop walls—the size of their letters, and that those letters were formed into words meant to describe "the name and business of the parties,"—I say that such a man is a man of genius. What does *he* want with knowing a language? he knows it without learning it, by the intuition of great spirits. How else could he have ascertained that fact, or have been aware that the letters written upon the walls, *as with us* (as with us, mark you: nothing escapes him at home or abroad, and he is ready with a thousand rich illustrations to decorate the subject in hand)—how, I say, should he have known BUT by genius that those boards, those words, those letters, were not meant to describe the name and business of some *other* parties over the way? Pass we to the *inside* of the shops: 'tis without meaning a play upon words, a natural *transition*:—

> "The Paris shops are remarkable for the number and size of their mirrors. Look in what direction you may, after you have entered, and you see your person reflected at full length. In some cases, indeed, you can hardly see anything but mirrors; and the entire fitting-up displays corresponding taste. Then, as regards the arrangement or grouping of the articles for sale, nothing can be more tasteful. Everything in the shop is seen, and everything is seen to the best advantage. But the Parisian shopkeeper remembers that every passer-by does not enter his shop, and therefore he very wisely bestows his special attention on his windows. The window of a Parisian shop—*I am assuming, of course, that it is in the fancy line*—is a sight worth going a day's journey to witness; it is quite a study—a perfect picture. It affords an exhibition of artistical skill of which the people of no other country can have any conception. I never looked at a French shopkeeper's window without the conviction forcing itself on my mind, that he who arranged its contents must be an artist, *though he may himself be unconscious of it;* and that had he turned his attention to any department of art requiring a combination of the imaginative faculty with an exquisite taste in the practical embodiment of his notions, he must have attained a celebrity of no common order."

Isn't it too bad to say, after this, that we do not do foreigners justice? that we pretend in all things to assert the superiority of our country? Here is Jim, who goes into a shop—of course assuming that it is in the fancy line—and pays it a compliment such as deserves to get him the cross of the Legion of Honour. I can see him looking in the glass—not over ill-satisfied with himself, the sly rogue! and with his person reflected all over the shop. "*Perhaps* I may here remark," says Jim, "that the pleasing effect of the Parisian shops is very considerably heightened by the number of beautiful and well-dressed women that are to be found in them." The *perhaps*, indeed! The rogue, the sly rogue, the wicked abominable rogue! But mum is the word, dear James. Let us not touch on this painful, this delicate theme.

James's, however, is no blind admiration—no Gallomania (if he will allow me the expression). If he praises some things, he blames others—namely, the gutters in the streets; "those puddles or miniature rivers of mud which assail the eye, *and another organ which it is needless to name*." (Blessings on him—my James—my Jim—my dear, dear friend! I don't know him; but as I write about him, and think about him, I love him more and more.) The remedy for these gutters his eagle eye at once sees.

"The remedy," says he, "is cheap, simple, efficacious. Let conduits be formed underground, and the thing is done." Ought not the Ville de Paris to thank him for this, and, instead of spending their money in presenting swords to the Comte de Paris, and erecting tawdry gimcracks of lamps and fountains, present James with something handsome? Since the gentleman who has a good memory has been writing in this Magazine, it is read with anxiety at the French court. This I know to be a fact. And, perhaps, these humble lines may fall under the eye of M——y, to whom I would say, "Sire, remember Jim Grant!"

There are other nuisances in Paris which the untiring observer points out—"small exposed constructions, which invite the passers-by," and which will, doubtless, be hurled down by the withering denunciations of the indignant moralist—for instance, the cabs. "The cabs," says he, "are, for the most part, the same in form as they are with us; *so are the coaches.* Connected with the drivers of the former, especially, there is one very unpleasant thing. I allude to the fact that, in a great many, though not in a majority of these vehicles, the driver actually sets himself down alongside his passenger. No matter how dirty his appearance may be, he will actually plant himself beside the finest and most elegantly dressed lady in the land."

"This," Jim says, in a tone of melancholy, almost tender reproof, "he should not have expected from the Parisians." And, indeed, it ought to be looked to. A duchess wants to go to court; a marchioness wishes to pay her respects to her friend the Countess of So-and-So. It rains, and, of course, she calls a cab. Can her Ladyship do otherwise? And when in that cab, dressed out in silks and satins, with a swan's-down muff and tippet, and feathers in her head very possibly, is a filthy cabman to set himself alongside of her? Faugh! This must be amended. And many a noble dame of the Faubourg will thank JIM, a foreigner and a man of letters, for pointing out this intolerable nuisance. Now let us give a rapid glance with James at the city, which was never described so delightfully before:—

[A long description of the Boulevards and "Palais Royale."]

The whole annals of literature (if I may be allowed the expression) contain, I fearlessly assert, no description like this. "The Grosvenor, the Belgrave, the Berkeley, the Portman, the Bryanstone, the Russell Squares" (how finely does he keep up the genteel gradation), "are wholly unknown in France." Ay! and so I may say are the Bloomsbury, the Red Lion too; and the more is the pity. If I had children, and wished to form their tender minds, I would have a sort of catechism made of the above description, which they should be made to get by heart. As thus:—

*Q*. What is the Boulevard?

*A*. A sort of avenue formed by trees.

*Q*. What is its aspect?

*A*. Its aspect is at once rural and architectural, or rather (this distinction is uncommonly fine) presents an instance in which the rural and the architectural are happily blended.

*Q*. How is the pavement formed?

*A*. Of asphalt materials.

*Q*. How is its effect impaired?

*A*. By circular patches of earth.

*Q*. What imparts to the Boulevards their greatest charms?

*A*. Their curvatures.

*Q.* What locality is most frequently in the thoughts and on the lips of a Frenchman?

*A.* The Palais Royale.

*Q.* Why do you spell Royale with an *e*?

*A.* Because I choose.

*Q.* Does a Parisian dream of the Palais Royale every night?

*A.* Yes.

*Q.* Is it a more severe affliction to the Frenchman to lose the Palais Royale than to lose his dear friend, wife, mother, or child?

*A.* Yes, it is.

*Q.* Is this an exaggeration?

*A.* Not in the least to those who know Paris. Etc., etc.

And then the question comes, How did Jim, not speaking a word of French, find out these things? He says he took a laquais-de-place at three francs the half-day, who probably told him these stories. But I have too high an opinion of Jim's economy to suppose he would hire one of these fellows for many days together; and, indeed, he very soon appears to have got a smattering of the language, and to push on for himself. Thus he used to go to a barber's, and he calls him "Monsieur Tonsor." This he never could have done had he not known French—Monsieur being French for *Mister*, and Tonsor meaning Barber in the Latin language. Again, we find him speaking French with respect to hats in the noble passage where he says:—

> "Of all parts of a Parisian's dress, that which he is most particular about is his hat. I am confident that any man might with safety bet that, out of every hundred hats you see on the heads of the pedestrians in Paris, *not more than one in ten will be found to be bad.* A Frenchman seems to consider his 'chapeau' as part of himself. He would just as soon be seen with an unwashed face as with a shabby hat. *It is to him what a bonnet is to a lady.* It is true the Parisian gentlemen do not talk of their new hats as ladies do about their new bonnets; but they are not on that account the less delighted when they see a beautiful 'chapeau.' A Frenchman would sooner receive a blow which would injure his head, than one which would damage his hat. He will pardon an insult offered to himself, but he will never forgive you if you destroy or injure his hat."

This is a curious fact; and the story, coming from a man of honour and observation, will be useful to our young countrymen abroad, who can easily prove the correctness of the narrative by kicking the first Frenchman they meet, and sitting on the hat of the second. They will see, then, if *Monsieur's* conduct will bear out Jim's assertion. A military man (of whom there are plenty) would be a good subject to select for the first experiment. But the point which I wish to mark here is the progress he has evidently made in the language: on two occasions, and in the same sentence, he playfully uses the foreign word "chapeau," a hat—ay, and spells it right too, which could hardly be expected of him in so short a time.

A laughable *quid pro quo*, if he will pardon me the term, occurred to him in a conversation with one of the men of distinction to whom he had letters of introduction—one of the most rising barristers in France. I shrewdly suspect Monsieur Charles Ledru to be the man of distinction in question.

He and Jim fell to talking naturally about lords and judges. "What's the opinion of Lord ——?" said the French barrister. On which Grant expressed his idea that his Lordship was insane.

"You don't mean that!" said the other, falling back in his seat, and looking unutterably amazed. "Thrown himself into the Seine?"

"Oh, no! I only said that some people thought him insane."

"Ah! *in-sane*, not *in* the *Seine*. I mistook what you said. Ah! I see now."

Of course nobody knew who was the noble and learned lord who gave rise to this play upon words.

To do him justice, Jim very seldom indulges in them. But when he does, the dry rogue! he takes care to fix upon a good one. I have laughed at the above heartily for the last twenty years, and can fancy how Ledru and Grant must have enjoyed it as they sat together in the parlour discussing the character of Lord Br——. But mum! the word was very nearly out.

Jim had an interview with Jules Janin, which does not appear to have been very satisfactory; for though Janin writes English books, he does not understand a word of the language. Nor was our James much more skilled in the *parley Fransy*, as they say. Janin did not ask him to dinner, nor probably did Ledru; for about the hospitality of the French he speaks in a very sad and desponding tone. "Dinner-parties are comparatively rare amongst the aristocracy of France. When they invite their friends, they ask them to a *soirée*, where the refreshments consist of tea and coffee, with a little wine and cake." Wine is much cheaper in France, adds Jim, who does not conceal his disappointment, and has probably been asked to some *soirée*, where, after going to the expense of a cab, a fresh shirt-collar, and a pair of white Berlin gloves, he has been fobbed off with a glass of sour wine-and-water and a biscuit. And yet, in spite of this disappointment, I think there is nothing I would more like to have seen than James at one of these French parties of the "aristocracy," pulling a queer face over a glass of orgeat (pronounced *orjaw*) while the *monsieurs* were thinking him a great literary man.

What he calls the *table-d'hôtes* (for his expressions are invariably happy) seem to have pleased him a good deal. None but the aristocracy, he says, ever dream of "putting up" in "Meurice's," from which choice place the honest fellow accordingly kept away. "No man must think of dining there," he says sadly, "*under from* fifteen *to* twenty francs;" and he does not think the average price of a bed can be less than eight or ten francs per night. But it is not so, dear Jim; and out of respect to a worthy landlord whom you have injured, you should alter this passage in your second edition. You might have gone with perfect safety and asked the question of the waiter. Snobs are admitted at "Meurice's" as well as gentlemen. Why, then, should James Grant be denied admittance to the "most famous of the Parisian establishments"?

About the two-franc dinners of which the French aristocracy partake, our dear friend is much better informed. "I met with no instance," says he, "in which the charge exceeded two francs and a half, including a pint, or *half a bottle*, of *vin ordinaire*. There are, indeed, some respectable houses where the charge is as low as a franc and a half. The most common price, however, is two francs; and for this sum (twenty pence of our money), with an additional three-halfpence or twopence in the shape of a gratuity to the waiter, you can have a dinner which never fails to suit the most dainty palate." He then describes the bill of fare, and says, "Would the most passionate admirer of a good dinner desire more?" Jim says a great amount of business is done in these houses, and used to take his dinner in a "very celebrated one, up three pair of stairs in the Palais Royal." Bless him once more, I say; bless him! He is a dainty dog, fond of good victuals and fine things. The aristocracy in Paris seem to be shabby fellows: he never saw a carpet in any house except an English one, and thought with pride of Kidderminster, the luxurious rogue!

He does not appear to have seen "Chautebriand," but says he is a member of the Chamber of Deputies, a republican in principles, and that he goes weekly to weep over the tomb of Armand Carrel. A "priest" by the name of Ginode is also mentioned as a priest of republican principles, which are, moreover, those of Jim. The first thing he remarks about the Chamber of Deputies (for the fellow goes everywhere) is that THE SEATS are incomparably superior to those in our House of Commons. These seats bear ample proofs that the penknives of honourable members are not idle, for they are covered with all sorts of hieroglyphics, the works of the French legislators.

As Jim contemplated these, "schoolboy recollections," he affectingly says, rushed into his mind, and his thoughts reverted, with a rapidity surpassing that with which light travels, to a period full thirty years ago, when he, Jim, used to see so many of his companions soundly thrashed by their "teacher for doing precisely similar work."

How different the scene is now! Then Jim was a boy, getting probably, with other boys at Eton, where he was brought up, some cuts from the usher across his own—organ which it is needless to name. Now he is a man, honoured, wise, and wealthy. He has improved his mind by study in Long Acre, and afterwards abroad by foreign travel. He has taken his place with the learned of the land. People look up to him as their instructor and friend. Only this minute comes up to me a venerable gentleman in a broad-brimmed hat, who says, "Reading Mr. Grant's new work, Fitz-Boodle? An able man, sir, though I think he has somewhat fallen off."

Fallen off! O jimini! (as the poet observes)—fallen off? No, Jim is better than ever. He grows more rich the more he publishes. *His* ideas are not like those of some feeble writers who give birth to an idea and die. No, Jim is always ready, always abundant; no subject will ever find him at a loss, no plummet will ever sound the depth of his tremendous dullness. Why is he mere private man still? Why is he not in the House of Commons, and making senates shout with his eloquence? I am sure that he would speak to perfection. I am sure that worthy people in the country would rally round him. I have a very strong notion indeed that he is the "coming man" for whom we are on the look-out. Other people may doubt and be perplexed, but, depend upon it, *he* never feels a difficulty. Jim has achieved fortune and fame as, perhaps, no man ever achieved it. He has published five-and-twenty volumes of such a quality as perhaps the whole world cannot elsewhere produce, and his success is to the world and himself a credit. It shows that a good writer need not despair nowadays. Burns died a beggar, for instance, and Jim Grant will probably leave a good round sum at his lamented demise. And so he should with such a public as ours, so alive to genius, so wise a critic of good writing, so able an appreciator of fine wit. Jim is worthy of the public and the public of him. May they long both flourish, each honouring the other!

Sometimes popular writers find themselves outstripped of a sudden by younger rivals, and deserted in their old age. I do not think in Jim's case this is likely, or even possible. I do not think the world *can* produce a greater than Jim. Honour to him and his patron! He has already written five-and-twenty volumes; let us hope and pray for scores more. I have requested Mr. Titmarsh, the eminent artist, to copy his picture and hang it up in the heroic picture-gallery by the side of * * * * and——*

One word more. The revelations in this book concerning

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* Here our friend Fitz grew so abominably scurrilous that we were obliged to expunge the sentence.—O. Y.

Louis Philippe will be found of the highest interest. I think im's description of the King beats that of the gentleman with the good memory completely. "Louis," says Grant, "is tall and portly in his person. *His face partakes of the oval shape, and his cheeks are rather* PLUFFY."

Farewell, and Heaven bless him! I have ordered all his books at the club—not to read them at once, that would be impossible, but to meditate over favourite bits, and con over old familiar pages. Familiar! why do I say familiar? Fresh beauties bubble up in them at every moment—new expressions, and vast and wonderful thoughts. G. S. F.-B.

(*Fraser's Magazine*, December 1843.)

## A BOX OF NOVELS.

*The Argument.*—Mr. Yorke having dispatched to Mr. Titmarsh, in Switzerland, a box of novels (carriage paid), the latter returns to Oliver an essay upon the same, into which he introduces a variety of other interesting discourse. He reats of the severity of critics; of his resolution to reform n that matter, and of the nature of poets; of Irishmen; of Harry Lorrequer, and that Harry is a sentimental writer; of Harry's critics; of Tom Burke; of Rory O'More; of the Young Pretender and the Duke of Bordeaux; of Irish Repeal and Repeal songs, concerning one of which he addresseth to Rory O'More words of tender reproach. He mentioneth other novels found in the box—namely, "The Miser's Son," and "The Burgomaster of Berlin." He bestoweth a parting benediction on Boz.

SOME few, very few years since, dear sir, in our hot youth, when Will the Fourth was king, it was the fashion of many young and ardent geniuses who contributed their share of high spirits to the columns of this Magazine, to belabour with unmerciful ridicule almost all the writers of this country of England, to sneer at their scholarship, to question their talents, to shout with fierce laughter over their faults historical, poetical, grammatical, and sentimental; and thence to leave the reader to deduce our (the critics') own immense superiority in all the points which we questioned in all the world beside. I say *our*, because the undersigned Michael Angelo has handled the tomahawk as well as another, and has a scalp or two drying in his lodge.

Those times, dear Yorke, are past. I found you, on visiting London last year, grown fat (pardon me for saying so)—fat and peaceful. Your children clambered smiling about your knee. You did not disdain to cut bread and butter for them; and as you poured out their milk and water at supper, I could not but see that you, too, had imbibed much of that sweet and wholesome milk of human kindness, at which in youth we are ready to sneer as a vapid and unprofitable potion, but whereof as manhood advances we are daily more apt to recognize the healthful qualities. For of all diets good-humour is the most easy of digestion. If it does not create that mad, boisterous flow of spirits which greater excitement causes, it has yet a mirth of its own, pleasanter, truer, and more lasting than the intoxication of sparkling satire. Above all, one rises the next morning without fever or headache, and without the dim and frightful consciousness of having broken somebody's undeserving bones in a frolic while under the satirical frenzy. You are grown mild; we are all grown mild. I saw Morgan Rattler going home with a wooden horse for his little son. Men and fathers, we can assault men and fathers no more.

Besides, a truth dawns upon the mature mind, which may thus be put by interrogation. Because a critic, deeming A and B to be blockheads for whom utter destruction is requisite, forthwith sets to work to destroy them, is it clear that the public are interested in that work of demolition, and that they admire the critic hugely for his pains? At my present mature age I am inclined to think that the nation does not much care for this sort of executiveness; and that it looks upon the press Mohawks (this is not the least personal) as it did upon the gallant young noblemen who used, a few years since, to break the heads of policemen, and paint apothecaries' shops pea-green — with amusement, perhaps, but with anything but respect and liking. And as those young noblemen, recognizing the justice of public opinion, have retired to their estates, which they are now occupied peacefully in administering and improving, so have the young earls and marquesses of the court of REGINA of Regent Street calmly subsided into the tillage of the pleasant fields of literature, and the cultivation of the fresh, green crops of good-humoured thought. *My* little work on the differential calculus, for instance, is in a most advanced state; and you will correct me if I break a confidence in saying that your translation of the first hundred and ninety-six chapters of the Mahabharata will throw some extraordinary light upon a subject most intensely interesting to England—namely, the Sanscrit theosophy.

This introduction, then, will have prepared you for an exceedingly humane and laudatory notice of the packet of works which you were good enough to send me, and which, though they doubtless contain a great deal that the critic would not write (from the extreme delicacy of his taste and the vast range of his learning), also contain, between ourselves, a great deal that the critic *could* not write if he would ever so; and this is a truth which critics are sometimes apt to forget in their judgments of works of fiction. As a rustical boy, hired at twopence per week, may fling stones at the blackbirds and drive them off, and possibly hit one or two, yet if he get into the hedge and begin to sing, he will make a wretched business of the music, and Lubin and Colin and the dullest swains of the village will laugh egregiously at his folly; so the critic employed to assault the poet—— But the rest of the simile is obvious, and will be apprehended at once by a person of your experience.

The fact is, that the blackbirds of letters—the harmless, kind, singing creatures who line the hedgesides and chirp and twitter as nature bade them (they can no more help singing, these poets, than a flower can help smelling sweet)—have been treated much too ruthlessly by the watch-boys of the press, who have a love for flinging stones at the little innocents, and pretend that it is their duty, and that every wren or sparrow is likely to destroy a whole field of wheat, or to turn out a monstrous bird of prey. Leave we these vain sports and savage pastimes of youth, and turn we to the benevolent philosophy of maturer age.

A characteristic of the Irish writers and people, which has not been at all appreciated by the English, is, I think, that of extreme melancholy. All Irish stories are sad, all humorous Irish songs are sad; there is never a burst of laughter excited by them but, as I fancy, tears are near at hand; and from "Castle Rackrent" downwards, every Hibernian tale that I have read is sure to leave a sort of woeful tender impression. Mr. Carleton's books—and he is by far the greatest *genius* who has written of Irish life—are pre-eminently melancholy. Griffin's best novel, "The Collegians," has the same painful character; and I have always been surprised, while the universal English critic has been laughing over the stirring stories of "Harry Lorrequer," that he has not recognized the fund of sadness beneath. The most jovial song that I know of in the Irish language is "The Night before Larry was stretched;" but, along with the joviality, you always carry the impression of the hanging the next morning. "The Groves of Blarney" is the richest nonsense that the world has known since the days of Rabelais; but is it not very pathetic nonsense? The folly is uttered with a sad look, and to the most lamentable wailing music: it affects you like the jokes of Lear's fool. An Irish landscape conveys the same impression. You may walk all Ireland through, and hardly see a cheerful one; and whereas, at five miles from the spot where this is published or read in England, you may be sure to light upon some prospect of English nature smiling in plenty, rich in comfort, and delightfully cheerful, however simple and homely, the finest and richest landscape in Ireland always appeared to me to be sad, and the people corresponded with the place. But we in England have adopted our idea of the Irishman, and, like the pig-imitator's audience in the fable (which simile is not to be construed into an opinion on the writer's part that the Irish resemble pigs, but simply that the Saxon is dull of comprehension), we *will* have the sham Irishman in preference to the real one, and will laugh at the poor wag, whatever his mood may be. The romance writers and dramatists have wronged the Irish cruelly (and so has every Saxon among them, the O'Connellites will say) in misrepresenting them as they have done. What a number of false accounts, for instance, did poor Power give to English playgoers about Ireland! He led Cockneys to suppose that all that Irish gaiety was natural and constant; that Paddy was in a perpetual whirl of high spirits and whisky, for ever screeching and whooping mad songs and wild jokes—a being entirely devoid of artifice and calculation. It is only after an Englishman has seen the country that he learns how false these jokes are; how sad these high spirits, and how cunning and fitful that exuberant joviality, which we have been made to fancy are the Irishman's everyday state of mind. There is, for example, the famous Sir Lucius O'Trigger of Sheridan, at whose humours we all laugh delightfully. He is the most real character in all that strange company of profligates and swindlers who people Sheridan's plays, and I think the most profoundly dismal of all. The poor Irish knight's jokes are only on the surface. He is a hypocrite all through the comedy, and his fun no more real than his Irish estate. He makes others laugh; but he does not laugh himself, as Falstaff does, and Sydney Smith, and a few other hearty humorists of the British sort.

So when he reads in the "Opinions of the Press" how the provincial journalists are affected with Mr. Lever's books—how the *Doncaster Argus* declares, "We have literally roared with laughter over the last number of 'Our Mess';" or the *Manx Mercury* vows it has "absolutely burst with cachination" over the *facetiæ* of friend Harry Lorrequer; or the *Bungay Beacon* has been obliged to call in two printer's devils to hold the editorial sides while perusing "Charles O'Malley's" funny stories—let the reader be assured that he has fallen upon critical opinions not worth the having. It is impossible to yell with laughter through thirty-two pages. Laughter, to be worth having, can only come by fits, and now and then. The main body of your laughter-inspiring book must be calm; and if we may be allowed to give an opinion about Lorrequer after all that has been said for and against him, after the characteristics of boundless merriment which the English critic has found in him, and the abuse which the Irish writers have hurled at him for presenting degrading pictures of the national character, it would be to enter a calm protest against both opinions, and say that the author's characteristic is *not* humour, but sentiment—neither more nor less than sentiment, in spite of all the rollicking and bawling, and the songs of Micky Free, and the horse-racing, and punch-making, and charging, and steeplechasing—the quality of the Lorrequer stories seems to me to be extreme delicacy, sweetness, and kindliness of heart. The *spirits* are for the most part artificial, the *fond* is sadness, as appears to me to be that of most Irish writing and people.

Certain Irish critics will rise up in arms against this dictum, and will fall foul of the author of the paradox and of the subject of these present remarks too. For while we have been almost universal in our praise of Lorrequer in England, no man has been more fiercely buffeted in his own country, Mr. O'Connell himself taking the lead to attack this kindly and gentle writer, and thundering out abuse at him from his *cathedra* in the Corn Exchange. A strange occupation this for a statesman! Fancy Sir Robert Peel taking occasion to bring "Martin Chuzzlewit" before the House of Commons; or the American President rapping "Sam Slick" over the knuckles in the thirty-fourth column of his speech; or Lord Brougham attacking Mr. Albert Smith in the Privy Council!

The great Corn Exchange critic says that Lorrequer has sent abroad an unjust opinion of the Irish character, which he (the Corn Exchange critic) is upholding by words and example. On this signal the Irish Liberal journals fall foul of poor Harry with a ferocity which few can appreciate in this country, where the labours of our Hibernian brethren of the press are little read. But you would fancy from the *Nation* that the man is a stark traitor and incendiary; that he has written a libel against Ireland such as merits cord and fire! O patriotic critic! what Brutus-like sacrifices will the literary man not commit! what a noble professional independence he has! how free from envy he is! how pleased with his neighbour's success! and yet how ready (on public grounds—of course, only on public grounds) to attack his nearest friend and closest acquaintance! Although he knows that the success of one man of letters is the success of all, that with every man who rises a score of others rise too, that to make what has hitherto been a struggling and uncertain calling an assured and respectable one, it is necessary that some should succeed greatly, and that every man who lives by his pen should therefore back the efforts and applaud the advancement of his brother; yet the virtues of professional literature are so obstinately republican, that it will acknowledge no honours, help no friend, have all on a level; and so the Irish press is at present martyrizing the most successful member of its body. His books appeared; they were very pleasant; Tory and Liberal applauded alike the good-humoured and kind-hearted writer, who quarrelled with none, and amused all. But his publishers sold twenty thousand of his books. He was a monster from that moment, a doomed man: if a man can die of articles, Harry Lorrequer ought to have yielded up the ghost long ago.

Lorrequer's military propensities have been objected to strongly by his squeamish Hibernian brethren. I freely confess, for my part, that there is a great deal too much fighting in the Lorrequerian romances for my taste, an endless clashing of sabres, unbounded alarums, "chambers" let off (as in the old Shakespeare stage-directions), the warriors drive one another on and off the stage until the quiet citizen is puzzled by their interminable evolutions, and gets a headache with the smell of the powder. But is Lorrequer the only man in Ireland who is fond of military spectacles? Why do ten thousand people go to the Phaynix Park twice a week? Why does the *Nation* newspaper publish those edifying and Christian war-songs? And who is it that prates about the Irish at Waterloo, and the Irish at Fontenoy, and the Irish at Seringapatam, and the Irish at Timbuctoo? If Mr. O'Connell, like a wise rhetorician, chooses, and very properly, to flatter the national military passion, why should not Harry Lorrequer? There is bad blood, bitter, brutal, unchristian hatred in every line of every single ballad of the *Nation;* there is none in the harmless war-pageants of honest Harry Lorrequer. And as for the Irish Brigade, has not Mr. O'Connell bragged more about that than any other author of fiction in or out of his country?

The persons who take exception to numerous hunting and steeplechasing descriptions which abound in these volumes have, perhaps, some reason on their side. Those quiet people who have never leaped across anything wider than a gutter in Pall Mall, or have learned the chivalric art in Mr. Fozard's riding-school, are not apt to be extremely interested in hunting stories, and may find themselves morally thrown out in the midst of a long fox-chase, which gallops through ever so many pages of close type. But these descriptions are not written for such. Go and ask a "fast man" at college what he thinks of them. Go dine at Lord Cardigan's mess-table, and as the black bottle passes round ask the young cornets and captains whether they have read the last number of "Tom Burke," and you will see what the answer will be. At this minute those pink-bound volumes are to be found in every garrison, in every one of the towns, colonies, islands, continents, isthmuses, and promontories, where her Majesty's flag floats. They are the pleasure of the country folk, high and low. They are not scientific treatises, certainly; but are they intended as such? They are not, perhaps, taken in by Dissenting clergymen and doctors of divinity (though for my part I have seen, in the hall of a certain college of Dublin, a score of the latter, in gowns and bands, crowding round Harry Lorrequer and listening to his talk with all their might); but does the author aim especially at instructing their reverences? No. Though this is a favourite method with many critics—namely, to find fault with a book for what it does not give, as thus:—"Lady Smigsmag's new novel is amusing, but lamentably deficient in geological information." "Doctor Swishtail's 'Elucidations of the Digamma' show much sound scholarship, but infer a total absence of humour." And "Mr. Lever's tales are trashy and worthless, for his facts are not borne out by any authority, and he gives us no information upon the political state of Ireland. Oh! our country; our green and beloved, our beautiful and oppressed! accursed be the tongue that should now speak of aught but thy wrong; withered the dastard hand that should strike upon thy desolate harp another string!" etc., etc., etc.

And now, having taken exception to the pugnacious and horse-racious parts of the Lorrequer novels (whereof an admirable parody appeared some months since in *Tait's Magazine*), let us proceed to state further characteristics of Lorrequer. His stories show no art of construction; it is the good old plan of virtue triumphant at the end of the chapter, vice being woefully demolished some few pages previously. As Scott's heroes were for the most part canny, gallant, prudent, modest young North Britons, Lorrequer's are gallant young Irishmen, a little more dandified and dashing, perhaps, than such heroes as novelists create on this side of the water; wonderfully like each other in personal qualities and beauty; but, withal, modest and scrupulously pure-minded. And there is no reader of Mr. Lever's tales but must admire the extreme, almost womanlike, delicacy of the author, who, amidst all the wild scenes through which he carries his characters, and with all his outbreaks of spirits and fun, never writes a sentence that is not entirely pure. Nor is he singular in this excellent chastity of thought and expression; it is almost a national virtue with the Irish, as any person will acknowledge who has lived any time in their country or society.

The present hero of the Lorrequerian cyclus of romances resembles the other young gentlemen whose history they record, in his great admiration for the military profession, n the which, after some adventurous half-dozen numbers of civil life, we find him launched. Drums, trumpets, blunderbusses, guns, and thunder form the subject of the whole set, and are emblazoned on the backs of every one of the volumes. The present volume is bound in a rich blood-coloured calico, and has a most truculent and ferocious look. The illustraions, from the hand of the famous Phiz, show to great advantage the merits of that dashing designer. He draws a horse admirably, a landscape beautifully, a female figure with extreme grace and tenderness; but as for his humour, it is tark naught—ay, worse! the humorous faces are bad caricatures, without, as I fancy, the slightest provocation to aughter. If one were to meet these monsters expanded from wo inches to six feet, people would be frightened by them, not amused, so cruel are their grimaces and unearthly their ugliness. And a study of the admirable sketches of Raffet nd Charlet would have given the designer a better notion of the costume of the soldiery of the Consulate than that which he has adopted. Indeed, one could point out sundry rrors in costume which the author himself has committed, were the critic inclined to be severely accurate, and not actuated by that overflowing benevolence which is so delightful to feel.

"Tom Burke of Ours"* is so called because he enters the French service at an early age; but his opening adventures occur at the close of the rebellion, before the union of Ireland and England, and before the empire of Napoleon. The opening chapters are the best, because they are the most real. The author is more at home in Ireland than in the French camp or capital; the scenes and landscapes he describes there are much more naturally depicted, and the characters to whom he introduces us more striking and lifelike. The novel opens gloomily and picturesquely. Old Burke is dying, alone in his dismal old tumble-down house, somewhere near the famous town of Athlone (who can describe with sufficient desolation the ride from that city to Ballinasloe?). Old Burke is dying, and this is young Tom's description of the appearance of an old house at home.

[A long extract is omitted.]

How Tom Burke further fared—how he escaped the dragoon's sabre and the executioner's rope—how he became the *protégé* of the facetious Bubbleton (a most unnatural character certainly, but who is drawn exactly from a great living model)—how Captain de Meudon, the French cuirassier, took a liking to the lad, and died in a uniform sparkling with crosses (which crosses were not yet invented in France), leaving Tom a sum of money, and a recommendation to the Ecole Polytechnique (where, by the way, students are not admitted with any such recommendations)—how Tom escaped to France, and beheld the great First Consul, and was tried for the infernal machine affair, and was present at the glorious field of Austerlitz, and made war, and blunders, and love,—are not all these things written in the blood-coloured volume embroidered with blunderbusses aforesaid; and can the reader do better than recreate himself therewith? Indeed, as the critic lays down the lively, parkling, stirring volume, and thinks of its tens of thousands f readers; and that it is lying in the little huckster's window t Dunleary, and upon the artillery mess-table at Damchun; nd that it is, beyond the shadow of a doubt, taken in at ong-Kong, where poor dear Commissioner Lin has gazed, elighted, at the picture of "Peeping Tom;" or that it is to e had at the Library, Cape Town, where the Dutch boors nd the Hottentot princes are longing for the reading of it—he critic, I say, considering the matter merely in a geographcal point of view, finds himself overcome by an amazing and lushing modesty, timidly apologizes to the reader for disoursing to him about a book which the universal public eruses, and politely takes his leave of the writer by wishing im all health and prosperity.

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* *Our Mess*. Edited by Charles Lever (Harry Lorrequer). Vol. II. *Tom Burke of Ours*, Vol. I. Dublin: Curry, Jun., and Co. London: Orr. Edinburgh: Fraser and Co. 1844.

By the way, one solemn protest ought to be made regardng the volume. The monster of the latter part is a certain ruculent captain (who is very properly done for), and who oes by the name of *Amédée Pichot.* Why this name above ll others? Why not Jules Janin, or Alexandre Dumas, or ugène Sue? Amédée Pichot is a friend to England in a ountry where friends to England are rare, and worth having. médée Pichot is the author of the excellent life of Charles dward, the friend of Scott, and the editor of the *Revue ritannique*, in which he inserts more translations from *raser's Magazine* than from any other periodical produced n this empire. His translations of the works of a certain entleman with a remarkably good memory have been quoted y scores of French newspapers; his version of other articles which, perhaps, modesty forbids the present writer to name) as given the French people a most exalted idea of English ghter literature; he is such a friend to English literature, that e will not review a late work called "Paris and the Parisians," st France should have a contemptible opinion of our tourists. t is a sin and a shame that Harry Lorrequer should have laughtered Amédée Pichot in this wanton and cruel manner.

And now, having said our little say regarding "Tom urke," we come to the work of an equally famous Irish ovelist, the ingenious, the various author of "£. S. D.,"* latterly called, though we know not for what very good reason, "Treasure Trove."* It is true that something concerning a treasure is to be discovered at the latter end of the novel, but "£. S. D.," or D.C.L., or what you will, is quite as good a title as another. It is the rose smells sweet, and not the name of it—at least, I take it, it is only a publisher who would assert the contrary. For instance, everybody quarrels with the title of "Martin Chuzzlewit," and all that incomprehensible manifesto about the silver spoons and the family plate which followed; but did we read it the less? No. The British public is of that order of gormandizers which would like a cabinet pudding, even though you called it hard dumpling, and is not to be taken in by titles in the main. "£. S. D." is a good name: may all persons concerned have plenty of it!

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* *£. S. D.; or, Accounts of Irish Heirs furnished to the Public onthly.* By Samuel Lover. London: Lover and Groombridge. 1843.

The present tale of Mr. Lover's contains more action and incident than are to be found in his former works. It is an historical romance in due form—a romance of war, and love, and fun, and sentiment, and intrigue, and escape, and rebellion. I have but the dozen first numbers, and the thirteenth of the series is to complete the tale; but the question is, how on earth is it to be finished? It is true the wicked rival has been done for; that circumstances look prosperously enough for the hero; that he has saved the heroine from a proper number of dangers, and made himself agreeable to her father: all this is very well. But the hero's name is *Corkery*. *Bon Dieu!* can the lovely Ellen Lynch of Galway, the admired of a Brady, a Bodkin, a Marshal Saxe, the affianced of a Kirwan (name equally illustrious, as Hardeman's "Galway" relates)—can Ellen Lynch marry a fellow by the name of Corkery? I won't believe it. It is against all the rules of romance. They must both die miserably in No. XIII., or young Ned Corkery must be found to be somebody else's son than his father's, the old grocer of Galway.

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* If the respected critic had read the preface of Mr. Lover's work, he would have perceived that "£. S. D." is the general name of a series of works, of which "Treasure Trove" is only the first. Those who know Ireland must be aware that the title "£. S. D." is singularly applicable to that country, the quantity of specie there being immense—only a good deal of it is yet undiscovered.—O. Y.

ut this matter has been settled long ere this; and if Ellen and
dward are married and happy (though, indeed, some people
e married and unhappy, and some happy and unmarried, for
e matter of that)—if they have taken the matrimonial line,
llen, I would lay a wager, is not Mrs. Corkery.*

The novel carries us back to the year 1745, when the
spected Mr. Edward Waverley distinguished himself in the
rvice of his late Royal Highness the Pretender, and when
en, instead of bandying compliments and congees in Bel-
ave Square, flying thither in hack-cabs, with white kid
oves on, and comfortable passports in their pockets, turned
ıt on the hillside sword in hand, and faced Cumberland's
undering dragoons, and saw the backs of Johnny Cope's
enadiers. The contrast between the times is not a bad
ıe, in the warriors of Perth and Falkirk yonder, with tartan
ıd claymore, and the young French dandies, with oiled
:ards and huge gold-topped canes, grinning over a *frican-
au* at Véry's! We have seen them, these warriors of the
:ter days—we have seen Belgrave Square—we have seen
e chivalry of France (in cabs) collected round the Royal
ɔor, and battling about eightpenny fares at the sacred
reshold—we have seen the cads shouting, "This way, my
ɔrd! this way, Mounseer!"—we have seen Gunter's cart
iving up with *orgeat* and *limonade* for the faithful warriors
HENRI! He was there—there, in the one-pair front,
ıiling royally upon them as they came; and there was *eau
crée* in the dining-room if the stalwart descendants of Du
ıesclin were athirst. *O vanitas!* O woeful change of
nes! The play is played up. Who dies for kings now?
Henri was to say to one of those martyrs in white paletots
d lacquered boots, "Seigneur comte, coupez moi cette
.rbe, que vous paraissez tant chérir," would the count do
? Ah! do not ask; do not let us cut too deep into this
ıbious fidelity; let us have our opinions, but not speak
em too loudly. At any rate, it was better for Mr. Lover to
oose 1740 for a romance in place of 1840, which is the
le moral of the above sentence.

The book is written with ability, and inspires great interest.

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* Private to the Editor.—Please to add here in a short note the
astrophe of the novel, which I don't know.

The incidents are almost too many. The scene varies too often. We go from Galway to Hamburg—from Hamburg to Bruges—from Bruges, *viâ* London, to Paris—from Paris to Scotland, and thence to Ireland, with war's alarms ringing in the ear the whole way, and are plunged into sea-fights, and land-fights, and shipwrecks, and chases, and conspiracies without end. Our first battle is no less than the battle of Fontenoy, and it is described in a lively and a brilliant manner. Voltaire, out of that defeat, has managed to make such a compliment to the English nation, that a thrashing really becomes a pleasure, and Mr. Lover does not neglect a certain little opportunity:—

> "'Dillon!' said Marshal Saxe, 'let the whole Irish brigade charge! To you I commend its conduct. Where Dillon's regiment leads, the rest will follow. The cavalry has made no impression yet; let the Irish brigade show an example!'
>
> "'It shall be done, Marshal!' said Dillon, touching his hat and turning his horse.
>
> "'To victory!' cried Saxe emphatically.
>
> "'Or Death!' cried Dillon solemnly, kissing the cross of his sword, and plunging the rowels in his horse's side, that swiftly he might do his bidding, and that the Irish brigade might first have the honour of changing the fortune of the day.
>
> "Galloping along the front of their line, where the brigade stood impatient for the order to advance, Dillon gave a word that made every man clench his teeth, firmly plunge his foot deep in the stirrup, and grip his sword for vengeance; for the word that Dillon gave was talismanic as others that have been memorable. He shouted, as he rode along, '*Remember Limerick!*' and then, wheeling round, and placing himself at the head of his own regiment, to whom the honour of leading was given, he gave the word to charge, and down swept the whole brigade, terrible as a thunderbolt, for the hitherto unbroken column of Cumberland was crushed under the fearful charge, the very earth trembled beneath that horrible rush of horse. Dillon was amongst the first to fall. He received a mortal wound from the steady and well-directed fire of the English column, and, as he was struck, he knew his presentiment was fulfilled; but he lived long enough to know also he completed his prophecy of a glorious charge: plunging his spurs into his fiery horse, he jumped into the forest of bayonets, and, laying about him gallantly, he saw the English column broken, and fell, fighting, amidst a heap of slain. The day was won; the column could no longer resist; but, with the indomitable spirit of Englishmen, they still turned their faces to the foe, and retired without confusion: *they lost the field with honour*, and, in the midst of defeat, it was some satisfaction to know it was the bold islanders of their own seas who carried the victory against them. It was no *foreigner* before whom they yielded. The thought *was* bitter that they

themselves had disbanded a strength so mighty ; but they took consolation in a strange land in the thought that it was only their *own right arm* could deal a blow so heavy. Thanks be to God, these unnatural days are past, and the unholy laws that made them so are expunged. In little more than sixty years after, and not fifty miles from that very spot, Irish valour helped to win victory on the side of England ; for, at Waterloo, Erin gave to Albion, not only her fiery columns, but her unconquered chieftain."

That Irish brigade is the deuce, certainly. When once it appears, the consequences are obvious. No mortal can stand against it. Why does not some military Hibernian write the history of this redoubtable legion?

There is something touching in these legends of the prowess of the exile in his banishment, and no doubt it could be shown that where the French did not happen to have the uppermost in their contest with the Saxon, it was because their allies were engaged elsewhere, and not present in the field to Fag an Bealach, as Mr. Lover writes it, to "clear the way;" on which subject he writes a song, which, he says, "at least all Ireland will heartily digest."

"*Fāg an Bealach.*

"Fill the cup, my brothers,
To pledge a toast,
Which, beyond all others,
We prize the most :
As yet 'tis but a notion
We dare not name ;
But soon o'er land or ocean
'Twill fly with fame !
Then give the game before us
One view holla,
Hip ! hurra ! in chorus,
Fāg an Bealach !

"We our hearts can fling, boys,
O'er this notion,
As the sea-bird's wing, boys,
Dips the ocean.
'Tis too deep for words, boys,
The thought we know—
So, like the ocean bird, boys,
We touch and go :
For dangers deep surrounding,
Our hopes might swallow ;
So through the tempest bounding,
Fāg an Bealach !

"This thought with glory rife, boys,
Did brooding dwell,
Till time did give it life, boys,
To break the shell:
'Tis in our hearts yet lying,
An unfledged thing;
But soon, an eaglet flying,
'Twill take the wing!
For 'tis no timeling frail, boys—
No summer swallow—
'Twill live through winter's gale, boys,
Fāg an Bealach!

"Lawyers may indict us
By crooked laws,
Soldiers strive to fright us
From country's cause;
But we will sustain it
Living—dying—
Point of law or bay'net
Still defying!
Let their parchment rattle—
Drums are hollow,
So is lawyer's prattle—
Fāg an Bealach!

"Better early graves, boys,
Dark locks gory,
Than bow the head as slaves, boys,
When they're hoary.
Fight it out we must, boys,
Hit or miss it;
Better *bite* the dust, boys,
Than to *kiss* it!
For dust to dust at last, boys,
Death *will* swallow—
Hark! the trumpet's blast, boys,
Fāg an Bealach!"

Hurra! clear the course! Here comes Rory O'More thundering down with his big alpeen. His blood is up, and woe to the Saxon skull that comes in contact with the terrible fellow's oak-stick. He is in a mortal fury, that's a fact. He talks of dying as easy as of supping buttermilk; he rattles out rhymes for bayonet and cartouche-box as if they were his ordinary weapons; he is a sea-bird, and then an eagle breaking his shell, and previously a huntsman—anything for his country! "Your sowl!" how I see the Saxons flying before Rory and his wild huntsmen, as the other foul animals did before Saint Patrick!

It is a good rattling lyric, to be sure. But is it well sung by *you*, O Samuel Lover? Are *you*, too, turning rebel, and shouting out songs of hatred against the Saxon? you, whose gentle and kindly muse never breathed anything but peace and goodwill as yet; you whose name did seem to indicate your nature—the happy discoverer of the four-leaved shamrock, and of that blessed island "where not a tear or aching heart should be found!" Leave the brawling to the politicians and the newspaper ballad-mongers. They live by it. *You* need not. The lies which they tell, and the foul hatred which they excite, and the fierce lust of blood which they preach—leave to them. Don't let poets and men of genius join in the brutal chorus, and lead on starving savages to murder. Or do you, after maturely deliberating the matter, mean to say, you think a rebellion a just, feasible, and useful thing for your country—the *only* feasible thing, the inevitable slaughter which it would occasion, excusable on account of the good it would do? "A song," say you, ushering this incendiary lyric into print, "is the spawn of a poet, and, when healthy, a thing of life and feeling that should increase and multiply, and become food for the world." And so, with this conviction of the greatness of your calling, and this knowledge of the fact that every line you write is food for mankind to profit by, you sit down calmly and laboriously in your study in London, and string together rhymes for Faug a Bolla, and reasons for treason! "All Ireland," forsooth, is "heartily to digest" the song! A pretty morsel, truly, for all Ireland—a comfortable dinner! Blood, arsenic, blue-vitriol, Prussic acid, to wash down pikes, cannon-balls, and red-hot shot!

Murder is the meaning of this song, or what is it? Let a Saxon beseech you to hold your hand before you begin this terrible sport. Can you say, on your honour and conscience, and after living in England, that you ever met an Englishman with a heart in his Saxony-cloth surtout that was not touched by the wrongs and miseries of your country? How are these frantic denunciations of defiance and hatred, these boasts of strength and hints of murder, received in England? Do the English answer you with a hundredth part of the ferocity with which you appeal to them? Do they fling back hatred for your hatred? Do they not forget your anger in regard for your misery, and receive your mad curses and outcries with an almost curious pitying forbearance? *Now*, at least, the wrong is not on our side, whatever in former days it may have been. And I think a poet shames his great calling, and has no more right to preach this wicked, foolish, worn-out, unchristian doctrine from *his* altar than a priest from his pulpit. No good ever came of it. *This* will never "be food for the world," be sure of that. Loving, honest men and women were never made to live upon such accursed meat. Poets least of all should recommend it; for are they not priests, too, in their way? do they not occupy a happy neutral ground, apart from the quarrels and hatred of the world—a ground to which they should make all welcome, and where there should only be kindness and peace?......I see Rory O'More relents. He drops his terrific club of battle; he will spare the Sassenach this time, and leave him whole bones. Betty, take down the gentleman's stick, and make a fire with it in the kitchen, and we'll have a roaring pot of twankay.

While discussing the feast, in perfect good-humour and benevolence, let us say that the novel of "Treasure Trove" is exceedingly pleasant and lively. It has not been written without care, and a great deal of historical reading. Bating the abominable Faug a Bolla, it contains a number of pleasant, kindly, and sweet lyrics, such as the author has the secret of inventing, and of singing, and of setting to the most beautiful music; and is illustrated by a number of delicate and graceful etchings, far better than any before designed by the author.

Let us give another of his songs, which, albeit of the military sort, has the real, natural, *Lover*-like feeling about it:—

"*The Soldier.*

"'Twas glorious day, worth a warrior's telling,
  Two kings had fought, and the fight was done,
When midst the shout of victory swelling,
  A soldier fell on the field he won.

He thought of kings and of royal quarrels,
And thought of glory without a smile;
For what had he to do with laurels?
He was only one of the rank and file.
But he pulled out his little *cruiskeen*,
And drank to his pretty *colleen*:
'Oh! darling!' says he, 'when I die
You won't be a widow—for why?—
Ah! you never would have me, *vourneen*.'

"A raven tress from his bosom taking,
That now was stained with his life-stream shed;
A fervent prayer o'er that ringlet making,
He blessings sought on the loved one's head.
And visions fair of his native mountains
Arose, enchanting his fading sight;
Their emerald valleys and crystal fountains
Were never shining more green and bright;
And grasping his little *cruiskeen*,
He pledged the dear island of green:
'Though far from thy valleys I die,
Dearest isle, to my heart thou art nigh,
As though absent I never had been.'

"A tear now fell; for as life was sinking,
The pride that guarded his manly eye
Was weaker grown, and his last fond thinking
Brought heaven and home, and his true love nigh.
But, with the fire of his gallant nation,
He scorn'd surrender without a blow!
He made with death capitulation,
And with warlike honours he still would go;
For, draining his little *cruiskeen*,
He drank to his cruel *colleen*,
To the emerald land of his birth—
And lifeless he sank to the earth,
Brave a soldier as ever was seen!"

Here is the commencement of another lyric:—

"O remember this life is but dark and brief;
There are sorrows, and tears, and despair for all,
And hope and joy are as leaves that fall.
Then pluck the beauteous and fragrant leaf
Before the autumn of pain and grief!

"There are hopes and smiles with their starry rays,—
O press them tenderly to thy heart!
They will not return when they once depart!
Rejoice in the radiant and joyous days
Though the light, though the glee but a moment stays!"

But these pretty, wild, fantastical lines are not from "Treasure Trove." They come from another volume bound in yellow; another monthly tale, from another bard who "lisps in numbers," and has produced a story called the "Miser's Son." *

The "Miser's Son" (no relation to the "Miser's Daughter") is evidently the work of a very young hand. It, too, is a stirring story of love and war, and the Pretender is once more in the field of fiction. The writer aims, too, at sentiment and thoughtfulness, and writes sometimes wisely, sometimes poetically, and often (must it be said?) bombastically and absurdly. But it is good to find a writer nowadays (whether it be profitable for himself is another question) who takes the trouble to think at all. Reflection is not the ordinary quality of novels, whereof it seems to be the writer's maxim to give the reader and himself no trouble of thinking at all, but rather to lull the mind into a genial doze and forgetfulness. For this wholesome and complete vacuity I would recommend—— †

And now we come to the "Burgomaster of Berlin," ‡ from the German of Willebald Alexis, which has been admirably translated by W. A. G. It is a somewhat hard matter to peruse these three great volumes; above all, the commencement is difficult. The type is close; the German names very outlandish and hard to pronounce; the action of the novel rather confused and dilatory. But as soon as the reader grows accustomed to the names and the style, he will find much to interest him in the volumes, and a most curious and careful picture of German life in the fifteenth century exhibited to him. German burghers, with their quarrels and carouses; German princes, for whom the author has a very German respect; German junkers and knights gallantly robbing on the highway. The whole of that strange, wild, forgotten German life of the middle ages is here resuscitated for him with true German industry, and no small

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* *The Miser's Son: a Tale.* London: Thompson, James Street, Gray's Inn Lane.

† Here our correspondent's manuscript is quite illegible.

‡ *The Burgomaster of Berlin.* From the German of Willebald Alexis. Three vols. London: Saunders and Otley.

share of humour. There are proverbs enough in the book to stock a dozen High-Dutch Sanchos with wisdom; and you feel, after reading through the volumes, glad to have perused them, and not a little glad that the work is done. It is like a heavy book of travels; but it carries the reader into quite a new country, and familiarizes him with new images, personages, ideas.

And now there is but one book left in the box, the smallest one, but oh! how much the best of all. It is the work of the master of all the English humorists now alive; the young man who came and took his place calmly at the head of the whole tribe, and who has kept it. Think of all we owe Mr. Dickens since those half-dozen years—the store of happy hours that he has made us pass, the kindly and pleasant companions whom he has introduced to us; the harmless laughter, the generous wit, the frank, manly, human love which he has taught us to feel! Every month of those years has brought us some kind token from this delightful genius. His books may have lost in art, perhaps, but could we afford to wait? Since the days when the *Spectator* was produced by a man of kindred mind and temper, what books have appeared that have taken so affectionate a hold of the English public as these? They have made millions of rich and poor happy; they might have been locked up for nine years, doubtless, and pruned here and there and improved (which I doubt), but where would have been the reader's benefit all this time, while the author was elaborating his performance? Would the communion between the writer and the public have been what it is now—something continual, confidential, something like personal affection? I do not know whether these stories are written for future ages: many sage critics doubt on this head. There are always such conjurers to tell literary fortunes; and, to my certain knowledge, Boz, according to them, has been sinking regularly these six years. I doubt about that mysterious writing for futurity which certain big-wigs prescribe. Snarl has a chance, certainly. His works, which have not been read in this age, *may* be read in future; but the receipt for that sort of writing has never as yet been clearly ascertained. Shakespeare did not write for futurity; he wrote his plays for the same purpose which inspires the pen of Alfred Bunn, Esquire—namely, to fill his Theatre Royal. And yet we read Shakespeare now. Le Sage and Fielding wrote for their public; and though the great Doctor Johnson put his peevish protest against the fame of the latter, and voted him "a dull dog, sir—a low fellow," yet somehow Harry Fielding has survived in spite of the critic, and Parson Adams is at this minute as real a character, as much loved by us as the old Doctor himself. What a noble, divine power this of genius is, which, passing from the poet into his reader's soul, mingles with it, and there engenders, as it were, real creatures, which is as strong as history, which creates beings that take their place by nature's own. All that we know of Don Quixote or Louis XIV. we got to know in the same way—out of a book. I declare I love Sir Roger de Coverley quite as much as Izaak Walton, and have just as clear a consciousness of the looks, voice, habit, and manner of being of the one as of the other.

And so with regard to this question of futurity: if any benevolent being of the present age is imbued with a yearning desire to know what his great-great-grandchild will think of this or that author—of Mr. Dickens especially, whose claims to fame have raised the question—the only way to settle it is by the ordinary historic method. Did not your great-great-grandfather love and delight in Don Quixote and Sancho Panza? Have they lost their vitality by their age? Don't they move laughter and awaken affection now as three hundred years ago? And so with Don Pickwick and Sancho Weller: if their gentle humours, and kindly wit, and hearty benevolent natures, touch us and convince us, as it were, now, why should they not exist for our children as well as for us, and make the twenty-fifth century happy, as they have the nineteenth? Let Snarl console himself, then, as to the future.

As for the "Christmas Carol,"* or any other book of a like nature which the public takes upon itself to criticize, the individual critic had quite best hold his peace. One remembers what Bonaparte replied to some Austrian critics, of much correctness and acumen, who doubted about acknowledging the French Republic. I do not mean that the "Christmas Carol" is quite as brilliant or self-evident as the sun at noonday; but it is so spread over England by this time, that no sceptic, no *Fraser's Magazine*—no, not even the godlike and ancient *Quarterly* itself (venerable, Saturnian, big-wigged dynasty!) could review it down. "Unhappy people! deluded race!" one hears the cauliflowered god exclaim, mournfully shaking the powder out of his ambrosial curls, "what strange new folly is this? What new deity do ye worship? Know ye what ye do? Know ye that your new idol hath little Latin and less Greek? Know ye that he has never tasted the birch of Eton, nor trodden the flags of Carfax, nor paced the academic flats of Trumpington? Know ye that in mathematics, or logic, this wretched ignoramus is not fit to hold a candle to a wooden spoon? See ye not how, from describing low humours, he now, forsooth, will attempt the sublime? Discern ye not his faults of taste, his deplorable propensity to write blank verse? Come back to your ancient, venerable, and natural instructors. Leave this new, low, and intoxicating draught at which ye rush, and let us lead you back to the old wells of classic lore. Come and repose with us there. We are your gods; we are the ancient oracles, and no mistake. Come, listen to us once more, and we will sing to you the mystic numbers of *As in præsenti* under the arches of the Pons Asinorum." But the children of the present generation hear not; for they reply, "Rush to the Strand! and purchase five thousand more copies of the 'Christmas Carol.'"

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* *A Christmas Carol in Prose; being a Ghost Story of Christmas.* By Charles Dickens. With Illustrations by John Leech. London: Chapman and Hall. 1843.

In fact, one might as well detail the plot of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," or "Robinson Crusoe," as recapitulate here the adventures of Scrooge the miser, and his Christmas conversion. I am not sure that the allegory is a very complete one, and protest, with the classics, against the use of blank verse in prose; but here all objections stop. Who can listen to objections regarding such a book as this? It seems to me a national benefit, and to every man or woman who reads it a personal kindness. The last two people I heard speak of it were women. Neither knew the other, or the author; and both said, by way of criticism, "God bless him!"

A Scotch philosopher, who nationally does not keep Christmas Day, on reading the book, sent out for a turkey, and asked two friends to dine: this is a fact! Many men were known to sit down after perusing it, and write off letters to their friends, not about business, but out of their fullness of heart, and to wish old acquaintances a happy Christmas. Had the book appeared a fortnight earlier, all the prize cattle would have been gobbled up in pure love and friendship, Epping denuded of sausages, and not a turkey left in Norfolk. His Royal Highness's fat stock would have fetched unheard-of prices, and Alderman Bannister would have been tired of slaying. But there is a Christmas for 1844, too; the book will be as early then as now, and so let speculators look out.

As for TINY TIM, there is a certain passage in the book regarding that young gentleman, about which a man should hardly venture to speak in print or in public, any more than he would of any other affections of his private heart. There is not a reader in England but that little creature will be a bond of union between the author and him; and he will say of Charles Dickens, as the woman just now, "GOD BLESS HIM!" What a feeling is this for a writer to be able to inspire, and what a reward to reap!

(*Fraser's Magazine*, February 1844.)

## A NEW SPIRIT OF THE AGE.*

THERE is an easy candour about Mr. Horne which ought to encourage all persons to deal with him with similar sincerity. He appears to us to be generous, honest, in the main good-humoured (for in the only instance in which his spleen is shown in the two volumes of the "New Spirit of the Age," it is pardonable, on account of a sort of clumsy sincerity), and he admires rightly, and not mean persons nor qualities. But having awarded the "New Spirit of the Age" praise so far, the critic finds himself at a loss for further subjects of

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*A New Spirit of the Age.* Edited by R. H. Horne. London: Smith and Elder.

commendation—nay, may feel himself called upon to elevate his voice in tones akin to reproof. For it is not only necessary that a man should be a perfectly honest and well-meaning individual, but that he should have something novel, or striking, or witty, or profound, to make his works agreeable or useful to the world. Thus to say that "Shakespeare is a great poet," that "hot roast beef is an excellent food for man, and may be advantageously eaten cold the next day," that "two multiplied by three equals six," that "her Majesty Queen Anne has ceased to exist," is to advance what is perfectly just and reasonable; but other thinkers have attained the same knowledge of facts and history, and, coinciding perfectly with every one of the propositions, may not care to have them discussed in print. A number of such undeniable verities are gravely discussed in the two portly volumes entitled the "New Spirit of the Age." Why the "New Spirit"? Is the work offered as a successor to Hazlitt's book, which bore (without the epithet) the same title? The author of the "Spirit of the Age" was one of the keenest and brightest critics that ever lived. With partialities and prejudices innumerable, he had a wit so keen, a sensibility so exquisite, an appreciation of humour, or pathos, or even of the greatest art, so lively, quick, and cultivated, that it was always good to know what were the impressions made by books, or men, or pictures on such a mind; and that, as there were not probably a dozen men in England with powers so varied, all the rest of the world might be rejoiced to listen to the opinions of this accomplished critic. He was of so different a caste to the people who gave authority in his day—the pompous big-wigs and schoolmen, who never could pardon him his familiarity of manner, so unlike their own—his popular, too popular habits and sympathies, so much beneath their dignity—his loose, disorderly education, gathered here and there at bookstalls or picture galleries, where he laboured a penniless student, in lonely journeys over Europe, tramped on foot (and not made according to the fashion of the regular critics of the day, by the side of a young nobleman in a postchaise), in every school of knowledge, from Saint Peter's at Rome to Saint Giles's in London. In all his modes of life and thought he was so different from the established authorities, with their degrees and white neckcloths, that they hooted the man down with all the power of their lungs, and disdained to hear truth that came from such a ragged philosopher.

We do not believe that Mr. Horne has inherited any portion of the stained, travel-worn old mantle which Hazlitt left behind him. He is enveloped in a good stout suit of undeniable Bow-Bell cut, rather more splendid in the way of decoration than is usual out of the district; but it is the wear of an honest, portly, good-humoured man. Under the fine waistcoat there beats a kindly heart, and in the pocket there is a hand that has a warm grasp for a friend and a welcome twopence for the poor.

To drop this tailor's metaphor (which will not be quarrelled with by those who remember that Mr. Carlyle has written a volume upon it), we will briefly say, that beyond the qualifications of justice and good-humour, we cannot see that Mr. Horne has any right to assume the critical office. In the old "Spirit of the Age," you cannot read a page that does not contain something startling, brilliant—some strange paradox, or some bright, dazzling truth. Be the opinion right or wrong, the reader's mind is always set a-thinking—amazed, if not by the novelty or justness of the thoughts, by their novelty and daring. There are no such rays started from the lantern of Horne. There are words—such a cornucopia of them as the world has few examples of; but the thoughts are scarce in the midst of this plentifulness, the opinions for the most part perfectly irreproachable, and the *ennui* caused by their utterance profound.

The "Spirit of the Age" gives us pictures of a considerable number of the foremost literary characters of the day. It is to be followed, should the design of the projectors be carried out, "by the political spirit of the age, the scientific spirit of the age, the artistical spirit of the age, and the historical, biographical, and critical spirit of the age"—nay, an infantile spirit of the age is also hinted at as a dreadful possibility. The matter is serious, as will be seen. Only give Mr. Horne encouragement to the task, and he will go and do it. He never doubts about anything. He would write the dancing spirit of the age, or the haberdashing spirit of the age, with as little hesitation, and give you a dissertation upon bombazines, or a disquisition on the true principles of the fandango. In the interest of the nation, people ought to speak, and beg him to be quiet. Now is the time to entreat him to hold his hand, otherwise all ranks and classes in the empire, from Doctor Wiseman to Fanny Elssler, may find themselves caught, their bodies and souls turned inside out, so to speak, by this frightful observer, and consigned to posterity in red calico. For the sake of the public, we say, stop; we go down on our knees, like Lord Brougham, and say so.

Mr. Horne has received assistance in his task from "several eminent individuals," but their names are not; and, as the editor says, with a becoming simplicity, that he deliberated with himself "a good half-hour" as to "whether he should try to please everybody," and determined, after the conclusion of that tremendous cogitation, to try and please only one—namely, himself—he stands the sponsor of the eminent individuals who remain in the shade, and we trust heartily that his satisfaction is complete.

From the tone of the volumes it would seem so. There is not the least pride about the author, who only delivers his opinions for what they will fetch, saying to the public, "Take your change out of that; I believe it to be pure gold." Nor will he be angry, he says, if any sceptic should doubt the authenticity of the bullion. This calm faith is a quality possessed only by the very highest souls.

The calm genius glances over the entire field of English literature; from Doctor Pusey to *Punch* nothing escapes the searching inevitable inquiry. He weighs all claims in the balance of his intelligence, and metes to each his due. Hazlitt used sometimes to be angry; Horne never is. Twice in the course of his lectures he lays "an iron hand," as he calls it (perhaps leaden would have been the better epithet; but Mr. Horne is, as we have said, a judge of his own metal), upon unlucky offenders; but it is in the discharge of his moral duties, and his pleasure, clearly, is to preach rather than to punish. Indeed, whatever may be thought with regard to the quality of the doctrine, all must agree that the preacher is a kindly soul, and would hurt no man alive.

We cannot invite the reader to discuss all the opinions contained in the "Spirit," but we may glance at a couple of the most elaborate (though not the best) notices to be found in the volume, the first of which thus opens with the author's opinion upon—what shall we say?—upon things in general :—

"If an extensive experience and knowledge of the world be certain in most cases to render a man suspicious, full of doubts and incredulities, equally certain is it that with other men such experience and such knowledge exercise this influence at rare intervals only, or in a far less degree ; while in some respects the influence acts in a directly opposite way, and the extraordinary things they have seen or suffered cause them to be very credulous and of open-armed faith to embrace strange novelties. They are not startled at the sound of fresh wonders in the moral or physical world ; they laugh at no feasible theory ; and can see truth through the refractions of paradox and contradictory extremes. They *know* that there are more things in heaven and on earth than in 'your philosophy.' They observe the fables and the visions of one age become the facts and practices of a succeeding age—perhaps even of a few years after their first announcement, and before the world has done laughing : they are slow to declare any character of action to be unnatural, having so often witnessed some of the extreme lights and shadows which flit upon the outskirts of nature's capacious circle, and have perhaps themselves been made to feel the bitter reality of various classes of anomaly previously unaccountable, if not incredible. They have discovered that in matters of practical conduct a greater blunder cannot be made than to 'judge others by yourself,' or what you think, feel, and fancy of yourself. But having found out that the world is not 'all alike,' though like enough for the charities of real life, they identify themselves with other individualities, then search within for every actual and imaginary resemblance to the great majority of their fellow-creatures, which may give them a more intimate knowledge of aggregate nature, and thus enlarge the bounds of unexclusive sympathy.

"To men of this genial habit and maturity of mind, if also they have an observing eye for externals, there is usually a very tardy admission of the alleged madness of a picture of scenery, or the supposed grossness of a caricature of the human countenance. The traveller and the voyager, who has, moreover, an eye for art, has often seen enough to convince him that the genius of Turner and Martin has its foundation not only in elemental but in actual truth ; nor could such an observer go into any large concourse of people (especially the poorer classes, where the unsuppressed character has been allowed to rise completely to the surface) without seeing several faces which, by the addition of the vices of social man, might cause many a dumb animal to feel indignant at the undoubtedly deteriorated resemblance. The curse of evil circumstances acting upon the 'third and fourth generation,' when added to the 'sins of the fathers,' can and does turn the lost face of humanity into something worse than brutish. As with the face, so it is with the character of mankind :

nothing can be too lofty, too noble, too lovely to be natural; nor can anything be too vicious, too brutalized, too mean, or too ridiculous. It is observable, however, that there are many degrees and fine shades in these frequent degradations of man to the mere animal. Occasionally they are no degradation, but rather an advantage, as a falcon eye, or a lion brow, will strikingly attest. But more generally the effect is either gravely humorous or grotesquely comic; and in these cases the dumb original is not complimented. For you may see a man with a bull's forehead or neck and a mean grovelling countenance (while that of the bull is physically grand and high-purposed), and the dog, the sheep, the bird, and the ape, in all their varieties, are often seen with such admixtures as are really no advantage. Several times in an individual's life he may meet in the actual world with most of the best and worst kind of faces and characters of the world of fiction. It is true that there are not to be found a whole tribe of Quilps and Quasimodos (you would not *wish* it); but once in the life of the student of character he may have a glimpse of just such a creature, and that, methinks, were quite familiar proof both for nature and art. Those who have exclusively portrayed the pure ideal in grandeur or beauty, and those who have exclusively or chiefly portrayed monstrosities and absurdities, have been recluse men, who drew with an inward eye, and copied from their imaginations; and the men who have given us the largest amount of truth under the greatest varieties of forms, have always been those who went abroad into the world in all its ways; and in the works of such men will always be found those touches of nature which can only be copied at first hand, and the extremes of which originalities are never unnaturally exceeded. There are no caricatures in the portraits of Hogarth, nor are there any in those of Dickens. The most striking thing in both is their apparently inexhaustible variety and truth of character."

The above sentence may be put down as thus:—Extensive knowledge of the world makes some men incredulous, some men less incredulous, some men exceedingly credulous. These latter, taking experience and history into account, end by being astonished at nothing. They have remarked "the lights and shadows flitting in the outskirts of nature's capacious circle" so as to make themselves aware of "the bitter reality of various classes of anomaly." They then find that they must not judge of others by themselves; they then identify themselves with other individualities; and they then plunge into a process entirely undescribable, in which they search within for an actual and imaginary resemblance to the majority of their fellow-creatures, a more intimate knowledge of aggregate nature by which "they enlarge the bounds of their sympathy."

If these people have an eye for externals, they will scarce allow that any picture is mad, or the grossness of any caricature; and, as regards the latter, they will see in the poorer classes such faces, resembling animals, as might make the animals themselves ashamed of the human types. In faces, or souls, there is nothing too hideous on the one side, or too pure on the other. (Then follow further illustrations of the fact by which apes, sheep, birds, and high-purposed bulls are made to be ashamed of their likenesses among men.) All these points are to be observed by the man of genius; Hogarth and Dickens are men of genius: therefore there is no distortion in the works of Hogarth and Dickens.

What does all this mean, letting alone the big words?—letting alone "the lights and shadows flitting on the outskirts of nature's circle," the process of searching within for the imaginary resemblances with mankind, the distinction between "actual and elementary truth," the indignation of the dumb animals, the physical high-purpose of the bull's head? It means, as we take it, that there are amazing varieties in nature; that what seems monstrous and absurd is often natural; that Dickens and Hogarth have observed many of these extremes, and that there are no caricatures in their portraits. After a wind and war of words exploding incoherently over five pages, you get an assertion that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy;" an assertion that men are like animals in features, which is of similar novelty; and an assertion that Dickens and Hogarth do not caricature, which anybody may believe or disbelieve at pleasure.

Bating the confusion of metaphors, this is all very well meaning; but well meaning is not enough for the "Spirit of the Age." Men cannot go on in this way, unwrapping little stale truths from the midst of such enormous envelopes as these. We have no time for such labour. We have the debates to read, Lord Brougham up every night, the League and anti-League meetings, and private business to attend to. Ah, Mr. Horne, why did you take Hazlitt's name in vain?

Having brought Mr. Dickens and Hogarth together, the "Spirit of the Age" proceeds to say that both are moral comic artists, and that they are alike; then, to show that they are unlike, or, in other words, that Hogarth is Hogarth after all, and Dickens Dickens. He notices with just approval the kindly spirit which animates both—the peeps of love and sweetness which we have in their darkest scenes. He discovers Mr. Dickens's propensity to animate inanimate objects, and make nature bear witness to the ludicrous or the tragic moral in the author's mind. He shows also Mr. Dickens's manner of writing rhythmical prose, and takes the pains to set out some passages in blank verse, of different metres, for the reader's benefit. Has not every one with a fair share of brains made the same discoveries long ago? and was there a necessity to propound them now, any more than to declare that apple-pie is good, and Queen Elizabeth no more?

The second volume of the series opens with a fine portrait of Mr. Tennyson, and much hearty and just approbation on the writer's part of the merits of that great poet. These just remarks are prefaced by such stuff as this:—

> "The poetic fire is one simple and intense element in human nature. It has its source in the divine mysteries of our existence; it develops with the first abstract delight of childhood, the first youthful aspiration towards something beyond our mortal reach; and eventually becomes the master passion of those who are possessed with it in the highest degree, and the most ennobling and refining influence that can be exercised upon the passions of others. At times, and in various degrees, all are open to the influence of the poetic element. Its objects are palpable to the external senses, in proportion as individual perception and sensibility have been habituated to contemplate them with interest and delight; and palpable to the imagination in proportion as an individual possesses this faculty, and has habituated it to ideal subjects and profoundly sympathetic reflections. If there be a third condition of its presence, it must be that of a certain consciousness of dreamy glories in the soul, with vague emotions, aimless impulses, and prophetic sensations, which may be said to tremble on the extreme verge of the fermenting source of that poetic fire by which the life of humanity is purified and adorned. The first and second of these two conditions must be clear to all; the last will not receive so general an admission, and perhaps may not be so intelligible to everybody as could be wished. We thus arrive at the conclusion that the poetic element, though simple and entire, has yet various forms and modifications of development according to individual nature and circumstance, and, therefore, that its loftiest or subtlest manifestations are not equally apparent to the average mass of human intelligence. He, then, who can give a form and expression to

these lofty or these subtle manifestations, in a way that shall be the most intelligible to the majority, is he who best accomplishes the mission of a poet."

It is the speech we, however, before quoted, spoken in different words; for our lecturer, before entering on his subject, seems to be partial to prefacing it by a general roar, to call the attention of the audience. But what have we here? "The poetic fire is one simple and intense element of our nature." What does this mean—this simple and intense element? Suppose he had begun by saying that the poetic genius was a subtle and complex essence distilled from the innumerable conduits which lead from the alembic of the brain. We should have been just as wise, should have had just as much notion of the fluid as of the fire, and the deductions might have been continued. Some men have more poetic fire, some less; in some it is strong, in some vague—which we take to be the meaning of the big words. The assertion which follows we gladly admit, that Mr. Tennyson is a poet of the highest class, and one "whose writings may be considered as peculiarly lucid to all competent understandings that have cultivated a love for poetry." In this pompous way our author will talk. We do not here quarrel with the sentiment—which is, that the best judges of poetry think Mr. Tennyson a good poet—but with the manner of expressing it, the persevering flatulence of words. Mr. Horne then turns away to speak of Keats. Like Tennyson, and yet unlike, and, with a true and honest admiration for the genius of both (for, as we have said before, Mr. Horne's admirations appear to us to be well placed, and his sympathies generous and noble), he begins to characterize the poet, as if impelled by his usual afflatus. He is tumbling about among the "essences" and "elements" forthwith. "He has painted the inner and essential life of the gods;" "his imagination identified itself with the essence of things;" "his influence has been spiritual in its ideality;" and, profiting by his example, "kindred spirits will recognize the voice from other spheres, into their own hearts, and to work out the purpose of their souls." As for Tennyson, "the art *stands* up in his poems self-proclaimed; and not any mere modification of thought and language, but the operation of a separate and definite power in the human faculties." "He has the most wonderful command of language, without having recourse to exotic terminologies." Certain of "his heroines are transcendentalisms of the senses, examples of the Homeric εἴδωλα, or rather descendants of the εἴδωλα, lovely *underbodies*, which no German critic would hesitate to take to his visionary arms." But we, says the "Spirit of the Age," are such a people for "beef"!

Well, why not? Beef is better than this—beef is better than the wind—better, nay, more poetical, than exotic terminologies; the "underbody" of the sirloin is better than the descendants of the Greek εἴδωλον whom German philosophers are in the habit of hugging. Above all, the practisers of βοολατρεία call their god by his name of Beef. It would be just as easy as not to call it an element or an eon; to call soup an essence, or a round of beef a circle of the gods, or cabbage a green horticultural emanation, which commingled with concoct particles of the animal which the Egyptians worship, what Brahmins adore, and whose form once Zeus assumed, is denominated in the Anglo-Saxon vocabulary bubble-and-squeak. But it is best not to seek after exotic terminologies, and so the beef-eaters say bubble-and-squeak at once. This bull-baiting is ungrateful and unnatural. Let not the noble animal die gored to death, and by a Horne.

For a great deal of benefit has the author of the "Spirit of the Age" had from the despised quadruped. He is "morally high-purposed," as he says bullocks are physically. He is never ungenerous or unmanly; his sympathies are honourable and well placed; and he tells the truth as far as he knows it. So as he deals with others ought he to be done by; and as in these volumes he has not hesitated to lay hold of an amusing poet, and worry his harmless phantasies as if they were the gravest and deepest crimes; and as he has taken to himself the title formerly adopted by the most brilliant of critics, and as he has no business to be left in possession of that dignity of spirit of the age; and as he mistakes words for meanings, and can see no further into millstones than other folk—so let the critic, imitating his words to the unlucky wag in question, lay a friendly hand on his shoulder, and say, yawning, "Friend, a great deal too much of this."

(*Morning Chronicle*, April 2, 1844.)

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## BARMECIDE BANQUETS, WITH JOSEPH BREGION AND ANNE MILLER.

GEORGE SAVAGE FITZ-BOODLE, ESQUIRE, TO THE REVEREND LIONEL GASTER, FELLOW AND TUTOR OF SAINT BONIFACE COLLEGE, OXON.

Pall Mall, *October* 25, 1845.

My dear Lionel,—There is a comfort to think that, however other works and masterpieces bearing my humble name have been received by the public—namely, with what I cannot but think (and future ages will, I have no doubt, pronounce) to be unmerited obloquy and inattention the present article, at least, which I address to you through the public prints, will be read by every one of the numerous readers of this Magazine. What a quantity of writings by the same hand have you, my dear friend, pored over! How much delicate wit, profound philosophy (lurking hid under harlequin's black mask and spangled jacket, nay, under clown's white lead and grinning vermilion)—how many quiet wells of deep-gushing pathos, have you failed to remark as you hurried through those modest pages, for which the author himself here makes an apology. Not that I quarrel with my lot, or rebel against that meanest of all martyrdoms, indifference, with which a callous age has visited me; not that I complain because I am not appreciated by the present century. No, no! He who lives at this time ought to know it better than to be vexed by its treatment of him; he who pines because Smith or Snooks doesn't appreciate him, has a poor, puny vein of endurance, and pays those two personages too much honour.

Pardon, dear Lionel, the egotism of the above little disquisition. If (as undoubtedly is the case) Fitz-Boodle is a *grande âme inconnue*, a *génie incompris*, you cannot say that I complain. I don't push cries of distress, like my friend Sir Lytton If I am a martyr, who ever saw me out of temper?

I lie smiling on my rack or gridiron, causing every now and then an emotion of pity in the bystanders at my angelic good-humour. I bear the kicks of the world with smiling meekness, as Napoleon used to say Talleyrand could. No one could tell from the jolly and contented expression of my face what severe agonies were felt—what torturous indignities were inflicted elsewhere.

I think about my own exceedingly select class of readers with a rueful modesty, when I recollect how much more lucky other authors are. Here, for instance, I say to myself, looking upon the neat, trim, tight, little, handsome book, signed by Joseph Bregion and Anne Miller—"Here is a book whereof the public will infallibly purchase thousands. Maidens and matrons will read and understand it. Smith will buy it, and present it to his lady; Snooks will fully enter into the merit of it, and recommend its perusal to his housekeeper. Nor will it be merely enjoyed by these worthy humdrum people, but men of learning and genius will find subject of interest and delectation in it. I dare say it will find a place in bishops' libraries, or on the book-shelves of men of science, or on the tables of poets and painters; for it is suited to the dullest and the highest intelligence." And where is the fool or the man of genius that is insensible to the charms of a good dinner? I myself have been so much amused and instructed by the reading of the "Practical Cook" that I have purchased, out of my own pocket, several copies for distribution among my friends. Everybody can understand it and get benefit by it. You, not the least among the number, my reverend and excellent friend; for though your mornings are passed in the study of the heathen classics, or over your favourite tomes of patristic lore—though of forenoons you astonish lecture-rooms with your learning, and choose to awe delighted undergraduates—yet I know that an hour comes daily when the sage feels that he is a man, when the reverend expounder of Austin and Chrysostom forsakes his study-table for another, which is spread in the common room, whereon, by the cheerful glimmer of wax tapers, your eye rests complacently upon crystal flasks mantling with the red juices of France and Portugal, and glittering silver dishes, smoking with viands prepared by your excellent college cook.

Do you remember the week I once passed at Saint Boniface College, honoured to be your guest and that of the society? I have dined in many countries of Europe and Asia since then; I have feasted with aldermen, and made one at Soyer's house-dinners; I have eaten the produce of Borel's larder, and drunk Clos-Vougeot at the "Trois Frères;" I have discussed the wine of Capri, and know the difference of the flavour of the oysters of Poldoodie and the Lucrine Lake; I have examined bouillabaisse at Marseilles and pilaff at Constantinople; I have consorted with epicures of all ages and nations;—but I never saw men who relished a dinner better than the learned fellows of Saint Boniface! "How Gaster will relish this book!" I thought to myself a hundred times as I revelled over the pages of Anne Miller and Joseph Bregion.

I do not believe, however, that those personages—namely, Bregion, "formerly cook to Prince Rasumowski" (I knew his highness intimately), "to Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, the Russian Ambassador at Paris, etc., and Anne Miller, cook in several English families of distinction"—are the real authors of this excellent and truly "Practical Cook." A distinguished amateur of cookery and almost every other science, a man whose erudition is as varied and almost as profound as your own, a practical philosopher, who has visited every capital in Europe, their victuals noted and their wines surveyed, is, I have reason to think, the real genius under whose presiding influence Anne and Joseph have laboured. For instance, of the Portuguese and Spanish dishes here described, the invaluable collection of Turkish and Indian receipts, the Sicilian and Hungarian receipts, it is not probable that Joseph or Anne should have had much personal experience; whereas it is my firm opinion that the occult editor of the "Practical Cook" has tasted and tested every one of the two hundred and twenty-three thousand edible and potable formulæ contained in the volume. A great genius, he has a great appetite and digestion. Such are part of the gifts of genius. In my own small way, and at a single dinner at Brussels, I remember counting twenty-nine dishes of which I partook. By such a process alone, and even supposing that he did not work at breakfast or supper, a man would get through 10,480 dishes in a year, so that twenty years' perseverance (and oh, how richly would that industry be repaid!) would carry you through the whole number above specified.

Such a gormandizing encyclopædia was indeed wanted, and is a treasure now that we have it complete. You may feast with any nation in the world as you turn over the pages of this delightful volume. In default of substantial banquets, even imaginary ones are pleasant. I have always relished Alnaschar's dinner, off lamb and pistachio-nuts, with the jolly Barmecide, and could, with an easy and thankful heart, say grace over that light repast. What a fine, manly, wholesome sense of roast and boiled, so to speak, there is in the "Iliad"! In my mind I have often and often cut off great collops of the smoking beeves under Achilles' tent, and sat down to a jovial scrambling dinner along with Penelope's suitors at Ithaca. What appetites Ariosto's heroes have, and the reader with them! (Tasso's Armida dinners are rather theatrical in my mind, gilt pasteboard cups with nothing in them, wooden pullets and pine apples, and so forth.) In Sir Walter Scott, again, there reigns a genuine and noble feeling for victuals. Witness King James's cockaleekie, those endless admirable repasts in "Ivanhoe," especially that venison pasty in "Quentin Durward," of the flavour of which I have the most distinct notion, and to which I never sit down without appetite, nor quit unsatisfied. The very thought of these meals, as, recalling them one by one, I note them down, creates a delightful tickling and longing, and makes one quite hungry.

For these spiritual banquets, of course, all cookery-books are good; but this of the so-called Miller and Bregion is unrivalled. I have sent you a copy down to Oxford, and would beg you, my dear Lionel, to have it in your dressing-room. If you have been taking too many plovers' eggs, or *foie gras* patty, for breakfast, if you feel yourself a trifle heavy or incommoded after a hot luncheon, you naturally mount your cob, take a gentle breathing for a couple of hours on the Blenheim or Bagley road, and return to dress for dinner at the last minute, still feeling that you have not got your appetite quite back, and, in spite of the exercise, that you are not altogether up to the good things of the fellows' table. In this case (which may often occur), take my advice. Instead of riding for two hours, curtail your exercise, and only trot for an hour and forty minutes. Spend these twenty minutes in your easy-chair over the "Practical Cook." Begin almost at any page. After the first few paragraphs the languor and heaviness begin to disappear. The idea of dining, which was quite disagreeable to you half an hour since, begins to be no longer repulsive—a new interest springs up in your breast for things edible—fancy awakens the dormant appetite, which the coarse remedy of a jolt on horseback had failed to rouse, and, as the second bell rings, you hasten down to Hall with eagerness, for you know and feel that you are hungry. For some time I had the book by my bedside, and used to read it of nights; but this is most dangerous. Twice I was obliged to get up and dress myself at two o'clock in the morning, and go out to hunt for some supper.

As you begin at the preface of the book it charms you with its philosophical tone.

> "Far are we from saying that a dinner should not be a subject of morning or mid-day meditation or of luxurious desire; but in the present advanced state of civilization, and of medical and chemical knowledge, something more than kneading, baking, stewing, and boiling are necessary in any nation pretending to civilization. The metropolis of England exceeds Paris in extent and population; it commands a greater supply of all articles of consumption, and contains a greater number and variety of markets, which are better supplied. We greatly surpass the French in mutton, we produce better beef, lamb, and pork, and are immeasurably superior both in the quantity and quality of our fish, our venison, and our game; yet we cannot compare, as a nation, with the higher, the middle, or the lower classes in France, in the science of preparing our daily food. The only articles of food in the quality of which the French surpass us are veal and fowl; but such is the skill and science of their cooks, that with worse mutton, worse beef, and worse lamb than ours, they produce better chops, cutlets, steaks, and better made dishes of every nature and kind whatsoever. In *fricassées*, *ragoûts*, *salmis*, *quenelles*, *purées*, *filets*, and more especially in the dressing of vegetables, our neighbours surpass us; and we see no good reason why we should not imitate them in a matter in which they are so perfect, or why their more luxurious, more varied, more palatable, and more dainty cookery, should not be introduced among the higher and middle classes to more general notice."

No Joseph Bregion, though Rasumowski's *chef;* no Anne Miller, though cook to ever so many English families of distinction, could write like this. No, no. This is not merely a practical cook, but a practical philosopher, whose pen we think we recognize, and who wishes to reconcile ourselves and our Gallic neighbours by the noble means of a good dinner. There is no blinking the matter here; no foolish vainglory and vapouring contempt of Frenchmen, such as some Britons are wont to indulge in, such as all Frenchmen endeavour to make pass for real. Scotland, they say, is the best cultivated country of Europe; and why?—because it is the most barren. Your Neapolitan peasant lolls in the sunshine all day, leaving his acres to produce spontaneous melons and volunteer grapes, with which the lazy farmer nourishes himself. Your canny Scot invents manures, rotatory crops, subsoil-ploughs, tile-drains, and other laborious wonders of agriculture, with which he forces reluctant Nature to be bountiful to him. And as with the fruits of the field, so it is with the beasts thereof: because we have fine mutton to our hand, we neglect cookery. *The French, who have worse mutton, worse beef, and worse lamb than ours, produce better chops, cutlets, and steaks.* This sentence should be painted up as a motto in all our kitchens. Let cooks blush when they read it. Let housekeepers meditate upon it. I am not writing in a burlesque or bantering strain. Let this truth be brought home to the bosoms of English kitchens, and the greatest good may be done.

The grand and broad principles of cookery or cookics thus settled, the authors begin to dissert upon the various branches of the noble science, regarding all of which they have to say something new, or pleasant, or noble. Just read the heads of the chapters: what a pleasant smack and gusto they have!—

RULES NECESSARY TO BE OBSERVED BY COOKS IN THE REGULATION AND MANAGEMENT OF THEIR LARDER.
OBSERVATIONS AS TO UNDRESSED MEATS.
OBSERVATIONS ON THE KITCHEN AND ITS UTENSILS.
OBSERVATIONS ON AND DIRECTIONS FOR CARVING.
GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON ENGLISH SOUPS AND BROTHS, AND DIRECTIONS CONCERNING THEM.
OBSERVATIONS ON MEAT IN GENERAL.

The mere titles themselves are provocative of pleasant thoughts and savoury meditations. I seize on them. I sniff them spiritually. I eye them (with the eyes of the imagination) yearningly. I have seen little penniless boys eyeing meat and puddings in cookshops so—no pleasant occupation perhaps to the hungry—but good and wholesome for such as have dined to-day and can afford to do so to-morrow. Even after dinner, I say this book is pleasant to read and think over. I hate the graceless wretch who begins to be disgusted with eating so soon as his own appetite is satisfied. Your truly hospitable man loves to see others eating happily around him, though satiety has caused him to lay down his own knife and fork; the spectacle of a hungry fellow-creature's enjoyment gives a benevolent gormandizer pleasure. I am writing this very line after an excellent repast of three courses; and yet this mere account of an English dinner awakens in me an active interest and a manly and generous sympathy.

"*On Laying out a Table.*—The manner of laying out a table is nearly the same in all parts of the United Kingdom; yet there are trifling local peculiarities to which the mistress of a house must attend. A centre ornament, whether it be a *dormant*, a *plateau*, an *épergne*, or a *candelabra*, is found so convenient, and contributes so much to the good appearance of the table, that a fashionable dinner is now seldom or never set out without something of this kind.

"Utility should be the true principle of beauty, at least in affairs of the table, and, above all, in the substantial first course. A very false taste is, however, often shown in centre ornaments. Strange ill-assorted nosegays and bouquets of artificial flowers begin to droop or look faded among hot steams. Ornamental articles of family plate, carved, chased, or merely plain, can never be out of place, however old-fashioned. In desserts, richly-cut glass is ornamental. We are far, also, from proscribing the foliage and moss in which fruits are sometimes seen bedded. The sparkling imitation of frost-work, which is given to preserved fruits and other things, is also exceedingly beautiful; as are many of the trifles belonging to French and Italian confectionery.

"Beautifully white damask, and a green cloth underneath, are indispensable.

"In all ranks, and in every family, one important art in housekeeping is to make what remains from one day's entertainment contribute to the elegance or plenty of the next day's dinner. This is a principle understood by persons in the very highest ranks of society, who maintain the most splendid and expensive establishments. Vegetables, ragoûts, and soups may be re-warmed, and jellies and blancmange remoulded, with no deterioration of their qualities. Savoury or sweet patties, croquets, rissoles, *vol-au-vents*, fritters, tartlets, etc., may be served with almost no cost, where cookery is going forward on a large scale. In the French kitchen, a numerous class of culinary preparations, called *entrées de dessert*, or made-dishes of left things, are served even at grand entertainments.

"At dinners of any pretension, the First Course consists of soups and fish, removed by boiled poultry, ham, or tongue, roasts, stews, etc.; and of vegetables, with a few made-dishes, as ragoûts, curries, hashes, cutlets, patties, fricandeaux, etc., in as great variety as the number of dishes permits. For the Second Course, roasted poultry or game at the top and bottom, with dressed vegetables, omelets, macaroni, jellies, creams, salads, preserved fruit, and all sorts of sweet things and pastry, are employed—endeavouring to give an article of each sort, as a jelly and a cream, as will be exemplified in bills of fare which follow. This is a more common arrangement than three courses, which are attended with so much additional trouble both to the guests and servants.

"Whether the dinner be of two or three courses, it is managed nearly in the same way. Two dishes of fish dressed in different ways—if suitable—should occupy the top and bottom; and two soups, a white and a brown, or a mild and a high-seasoned, are best disposed on each side of the centre-piece: the fish-sauces are placed between the centre-piece and the dish of fish to which each is appropriate; and this, with the decanted wines drunk during dinner, forms the first course. When there are rare French or Rhenish wines, they are placed in the original bottles, in ornamented wine-vases, between the centre-piece and the top and bottom dishes; or if four kinds, they are ranged round the plateau. If one bottle, it is placed in a vase in the centre.

"The Second Course at a purely English dinner, when there are three, consists of roasts and stews for the top and bottom; turkey or fowls, or fricandeau, or ham garnished, or tongue, for the sides; with small made-dishes for the corners, served in covered dishes, as *palates*, curry of any kind, *ragoût* or *fricassée* of rabbits, stewed mushrooms, etc., etc.

"The Third Course consists of game, confectionery, the more delicate vegetables dressed in the French way, puddings, creams, jellies, etc.

"Caraffes, with the tumblers belonging to and placed over them, are laid at proper intervals. Where hock, champagne, etc., etc., are served, they are handed round between the courses. When the third course is cleared away, cheese, butter, a fresh salad, or sliced cucumber, are usually served; and the finger-glasses precede the dessert. At many tables, particularly in Indian houses, it is customary merely to hand quickly round a glass vessel or two filled with simple, or simply perfumed tepid water, made by the addition of a little rose or lavender water, or a home-made strained infusion of rose-leaves or lavender spikes. Into this water each guest may dip the corner of his napkin, and with this refresh his lips and the tips of his fingers.

"The Dessert, at an English table, may consist merely of two dishes of fine fruit for the top and bottom; common or dried fruits, filberts, etc., for the corners or sides; and a cake for the middle, with ice-pails in hot weather. Liqueurs are at this stage handed round, and the wines usually drunk after dinner are placed decanted on the table along with the dessert. The ice-pails and plates are removed as soon as the company finish their ice. This may be better understood by following the exact arrangement of what is considered a fashionable dinner of three courses and a dessert."

Now what can be finer than this description of a feed? How it recalls old days and old dinners, and makes one long for the return of friends to London and the opening of the dining campaign! It is not far removed, praised be luck! Already the lawyers are coming back (and, let me tell you, some of the judges give uncommonly good dinners); railroad speculations are bringing or keeping a good number of men of fortune about town; presently we shall have Parliament, the chief good of which institution is, as I take it, that it collects in London respectable wealthy dinner-giving families; and then the glorious operations will commence again, and I hope that you, dear Lionel (on your occasional visits to London), and your humble servant and every good epicure, will, six times at least in every week, realize that delightful imaginary banquet here laid out in type.

But I wish to offer a few words of respectful remonstrance and approving observation regarding the opinions delivered above. The description of the dinner, as it actually exists, we will pass over; but it is of dinners as they should be that I would speak. Some statements in the Bregion-Miller account I would question; of others I deplore that they should be true.

In the first place—as to central ornaments, have them, as handsome, as massive as you like; but be hanged to flowers! I say. And, above all, no candelabra on the table—no cross-lights: faces are not seen in the midst of the abominable cross-lights, and you don't know who is across the table. Have your lights rich and brilliant overhead, blazing on the sideboard, and gleaming hospitably from as many sconces as you please along the walls; but no lights on the table. "Roses, bouquets, moss, and foliage," I have an utter contempt for as quite foolish ornaments, that have no right to appear in atmospheres composed of the fumes of ham, gravy, soup, game, lobster sauce, etc. Away with all poetastering at dinner-parties. Though your friends Plato and Socrates crowned themselves with garlands at dinner, I have always fancied Socrates an ass for his pains. Fancy old Noddly, of your college, or your own venerable mug or mine, set off with a wreath of tulips or a garland of roses, as we ladled down the turtle-soup in your hall! The thought is ridiculous and odious. Flowers were not made to eat—away with them! I doubt even whether young unmarried ladies should be allowed to come down to dinner. They are a sort of flowers—pretty little sentimental gewgaws—what can *they* know about eating? They should only be brought down for balls, and should dine upon roast mutton in the nursery.

"Beautiful white damask and a green cloth are indispensable." Ah, my dear Lionel, on this head I exclaim, let me see the old mahogany back again, with the crystal, and the wine quivering and gleaming in it. I am sorry for the day when the odious fashion of leaving the cloth down was brought from across the water. They leave the cloth on a French table because it is necessary to disguise it: it is often a mere set of planks on tressels, the meanness of which they disguise, as they disguise the poverty of their meat. Let us see the naked mahogany; it means, I think, not only a good dinner, but *a good drink after dinner*. In houses where they leave the cloth down, you know they are going to shirk their wine. And what is a dinner without a subsequent drink? A mockery—an incomplete enjoyment at least. Do you and I go out to dine that we may have the pleasure of drinking tea in the drawing-room, and hearing Miss Anne or Miss Jane sing? Fiddlededee! I can get the best singing in the world for half-a-guinea! Do we expend money in cabs, kid-gloves, and awful waistcoats, in order to get muffins and tea? Bah! Nay, does any man of sense declare honestly that he likes ladies' conversation? I have read in novels that it was pleasant—the refinement of woman's society—the delightful influence of a female presence, and so forth; but say now, as a man of the world and an honest fellow, did you ever get any good out of women's talk? What a bore a clever woman is!—what a frightful bore a mediocre respectable woman is! And every woman who is worth anything will confess as much. There is no woman but *one* after all.

But mum! I am getting away from the dinner-table; they it was who dragged me from it, and it was for parsimony's sake, and to pleasure them, that the practice of leaving on the cloth for dessert was invented.

This I honestly say as a diner-out in the world: if I accept an invitation to a house where the dessert-cloth practice is maintained (it must be, I fear, in large dinners of *apparat* now, but I mean in common *réunions* of ten or fourteen)—if I accept a dessert-cloth invitation, and a mahogany invitation subsequently comes, I fling over dessert-cloth. To ask you to a dinner without a drink is to ask you to half a dinner.

This I say is the interest of every diner-out. An unguarded passage in the above description, too, might give rise to a fatal error, and be taken advantage of by stingy curmudgeons who are anxious for any opportunity of saving their money and liquor—I mean those culpably careless words, "*Where hock, champagne, etc., etc., are served, they are handed round between the courses.*" Of course they are handed round between the courses; but they are handed round during the courses too. A man who sets you down to a driblet of champagne—who gives you a couple of beggarly glasses between the courses, and winks to John, who froths up the liquor in your glass, and screws up the remainder of the bottle for his master's next day's drinking—such a man is an impostor and despicable snob. This fellow must not be allowed an excuse for his practice; the wretch must not be permitted to point to Joseph Bregion and Anne Miller for an authority, and say they declare that champagne is to be served only between the courses. No, no! you poor lily-livered wretch! If money is an object to you, drink water (as we have all done, perhaps, in an angust state of domestic circumstances, with a good heart); but if there is to be champagne, have no stint of it, in the name of Bacchus! Profusion is the charm of hospitality; have plenty, if it be only beer. A man who offers champagne by driblets is a fellow who would wear a pinchbeck breastpin, or screw on spurs to his boots to make-believe that he kept a horse. I have no words of scorn sufficiently strong to characterize the puny coward, shivering on the brink of hospitality, without nerve to plunge into the generous stream!

Another word should be said to men of moderate means about that same champagne. It is actually one of the cheapest of wines, and there is no wine out of which, to speak commercially, you get your returns so directly. The popping, and fizzing, and agreeable nervous hurry in pouring and drinking, give it a prestige and an extra importance: it makes twice the appearance, has twice the effect, and doesn't cost you more than a bottle of your steady, old brown sherry, which has gathered on his head the interest of accumulated years in your cellar. When people have had plenty of champagne, they fancy they have been treated liberally. If you wish to save, save upon your hocks, Sauternes, and Moselles, which count for nothing, but disappear down careless throats like so much toast-and-water.

I have made this remark about champagne. All men of the world say they don't care for it; all gourmands swear and vow that they prefer Sillery a thousand times to sparkling; but look round the table and behold! We all somehow drink it. All who say they like the Sillery will be found drinking the sparkling. Yes, beloved sparkler, you are an artificial, barley-sugared, brandied beverage, according to the dicta of connoisseurs. You are universally sneered at, and said to have no good in you. But console yourself; you are universally drunken—you are the wine of the world—you are the liquor in whose bubbles lies the greatest amount of the sparkle of good spirits. May I die, but I will not be ashamed to proclaim my love for you! You have given me much pleasure, and never any pain; you have stood by me in many hard moments, and cheered me in many dull ones; you have whipped up many flagging thoughts, and dissipated many that were gloomy; you have made me hope, ay, and forget. Ought a man to disown such a friend?

Incomparably the best champagne I know is to be found in England. It is the most doctored, the most brandied, the most barley-sugared, the most *winy* wine in the world. As such let us hail, and honour, and love it.

Those precious words about *réchauffés*, and the art of making the remains of one day's entertainment contribute to the elegance and plenty of the next day's dinner, cannot be too fondly pondered over by housekeepers, or too often brought into practice. What is it, ladies, that so often drives out men to clubs, and leaves the domestic hearth desolate—what but bad dinners? And whose fault is the bad dinners but yours—yours, forsooth, who are too intellectual to go into the kitchen, and too delicate to think about your husband's victuals? I know a case in which the misery of a whole life, nay, of a whole series of little and big lives, arose from a wife's high and mighty neglect of the good things of life—where *ennui*, estrangement, and subsequent ruin and suicide, arose out of an obstinate practice of serving a leg of mutton three days running in a small respectable family.

My friend, whom I shall call Mortimer Delamere (for why not give the unfortunate fellow as neat and as elegant a name as possible, as I am obliged to keep his own back out of regard to his family?)—Mortimer Delamere was an ornament of the Stock Exchange, and married at the age of twenty-five.

Before marriage he had a comfortable cottage at Sutton, whither he used to drive after business hours, and where you had roast ducks, toasted cheese, steaks and onions, wonderful bottled stout and old port, and other of those savoury but somewhat coarse luxuries with which home-keeping bachelors sometimes recreate their palates. He married, and quitted his friends and his little hospitalities, his punch and his cigars, for a genteel wife and house in the Regent's Park, where I once had the misfortune to take pot-luck with him.

That dinner, which I never repeated, showed me at once that Delamere's happiness was a wreck. He had cold mutton and mouldy potatoes. His genteel wife, when he humbly said that he should have preferred the mutton hashed, answered superciliously that the kitchen was not her province—that as long as there was food sufficient she did not heed its quality. She talked about poetry and the Reverend Robert Montgomery all the evening, and about a quarter of an hour after she had left us to ourselves and the dessert, summoned us to exceedingly weak and muddy coffee in the drawing-room, where she subsequently entertained us with bad music, sung with her own cracked, false, genteel voice. My usual politeness and powers of conversation did not, of course, desert me even under this affliction; and she was pleased say, at the close of the entertainment, that she had en yed a highly intellectual evening, and hoped Mr. Fitz-oodle would repeat his visit. Mr. Fitz-Boodle would have en her at Jericho first!

But what was the consequence of a life of this sort? here the mutton is habitually cold in a house, depend on the affection grows cold too. Delamere could not bear at comfortless, flavourless, frigid existence. He took refge in the warmth of a club. He frequented not only the brary and coffee-room, but, alas! the smoking-room and ard-room. He became a *viveur* and jolly dog about town, eglecting the wife who had neglected him, and who is now eparated from him, and proclaimed to be a martyr by her enteel family; whereas, in fact, her own selfishness was the ause of his falling away. Had she but condescended to ash his mutton and give him a decent dinner, the poor ellow would have been at home to this day; would never ave gone to the club, or played with Mr. Denman, who on his money; would never have been fascinated by enhora Dolora, who caused his duel with Captain Tufto; ould never have been obliged to fly to America after issuing ills which he could not take up—bills, alas! with someody else's name written on them.

I venture to say that if the "Practical Cook" had been ublished, and Mrs. Delamere had condescended to peruse t; if she had read pages 30–32, for instance, with such simple eceipts as these—

## BILLS OF FARE FOR PLAIN FAMILY DINNERS.

### DINNERS OF FIVE DISHES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| | Peas or Mulligatawny Soup. | |
| Potatoes browned below the Roast. | Apple Dumpling, or Plain Fritters. | Mashed Turnips or Pickles. |
| | Roast Shoulder of Mutton. | |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| | Haddocks boiled, with Parsley and Butter Sauce. | |
| Potatoes. | Newmarket Pudding. | Rice or Pickles. |
| | Haricot, Curry, Hash, or Grill, *of the Mutton of the former day.* | |

Knuckle of Veal Ragoût, *or with Rice.*
Stewed Endive. A Charlotte. Potatoes.
Roast of Pork, or Pork Chops—*Sage Sauce, or Sauce Piquante.*

Boiled Cod, with Oyster, Egg, or Dutch Sauce.
Potatoes. Mutton Broth. Carrots or
Scrag of Mutton, with Turnips.
Caper Sauce, or Parsley and Butter.

Cod Curry, or a Béchamel, of the Fish of former day.
Scolloped Oysters. Rice Pudding. Mashed Potatoes.
Roast Ribs of Beef.

Bouilli, *garnished with Onions.*
Beef Cecils, of the
Marrow Bones. Soup *of the Bouilli.* Roast Ribs of the
former day.
Lamb Chops, with Potatoes.
*Vegetables on the Side-table.*

she would have had her husband at home every day. As I read them over myself, dwelling upon each, I say inwardly, "Could I find a wife who did not sing, and who would daily turn me out such dinners as these, Fitz-Boodle himself would be a family man." See there how the dishes are made to play into one another's hands—how the roast shoulder of mutton of Monday (though there is no mention made of the onion sauce) becomes the curry or grill of Tuesday; how the boiled cod of Thursday becomes the béchamel of Friday, a still better thing than boiled cod! Feed a man according to those receipts, and I engage to say he *never* would dine out, especially on Saturdays, with that delicious bouilli garnished with onions—though, to be sure, there is a trifle too much beef in the *carte* of the day, and I, for my part, should prefer a dish of broiled fish in the place of the lamb chops with potatoes, the dinner as it stands here being a trifle too *brown.*

One day in the week a man might have a few friends, and give them any one of these:—

### Good Family Dinners of Seven Dishes.

Crimped Salmon.
*Lobster Sauce, or Parsley and Butter.*
Mashed Potatoes, Mince Pies, *or Rissoles.*
*in small shapes.*

Irish Stew.
(*Remove*—Apple-pie.)
Oxford Dumplings. Mince Veal.
Pickles.
Roast of Beef.

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Irish Stew, or Haricot of Mutton.
Chickens. Mashed Potatoes.
Fritters.
Apple Sauce. Tongue on Spinach,
or a Piece of Ham.
Stubble Goose.

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Fried Soles.
Savoury Patties. Onion Soup. Salad.
(*Remove*—A Charlotte.)
Macaroni. *Sliced Cucumber*. Veal Sweetbreads.
Saddle of Mutton roasted.

Very moderate means might enable a man to give such a dinner as this; and how good they all are! I should like to see eight good fellows over No. 3, for instance—six men, say, and two ladies. They would not take any onion soup, of course, though all the men would; but the veal sweetbreads and the remove, a *charlotte*, are manifestly meant for them. There would be no champagne, the dinner is too jolly and *bourgeois* for that; but after they had partaken of a glass of wine and had retired, just three bottles of excellent claret would be discussed by us six, and every man who went upstairs to coffee would make himself agreeable. In such a house the coffee would be good. The way to make good coffee is a secret known only to very few housekeepers—it is to have plenty of coffee.

Thus do Joseph Bregion and Anne Miller care for high and low. They provide the domestic dinner to be calm in the bosoms of private families; they invent bills of fare for the jolly family party, that pleasantest of all meetings; and they expand upon occasion and give us the magnificent parade banquet of three courses, at which kings or fellows of colleges may dine. If you will ask your cook at Saint Boniface to try either of the dinners marked for January or February, and will send your obedient servant a line, he for one will be happy to come down and partake of it at Oxford.

I could go on prattling in this easy innocent way for hours, my dear Lionel, but the Editor of this Magazine (about whose capabilities I have my own opinion) has limited me to space, and that space is now pretty nearly occupied. I should like to have had a chat with you about the Indian dishes, the chapter on which is very scientific and savoury. The soup and broth chapter is rich, learned, and philosophical. French cookery is not, of course, *approfondi* or elaborately described, but nobly *raisonné*, like one of your lectures on a Greek play, where you point out in eloquent terms the salient beauties, sketch with masterly rapidity the principal characters, and gracefully unweave the complications of the metre. But I have done. The "Practical Cook" will triumph of his own force without my puny aid to drag the wheels of his car. Let me fling a few unpretending flowers over it, and sing *Io* to the victor! Happy is the writer, happy the possessor, happy above all the publishers of such a book!

Farewell, dear Lionel! Present my respectful remembrances to the master of your college and our particular chums in the common-room. I am come to town for Christmas, so you may send the brawn to my lodgings as soon as you like.

Your faithful

G. S. F.-B.

(*Fraser's Magazine*, November 1845.)

# A BROTHER OF THE PRESS ON THE HISTORY OF A LITERARY MAN, LAMAN BLANCHARD, AND THE CHANCES OF THE LITERARY PROFESSION.

## IN A LETTER TO THE REVEREND FRANCIS SYLVESTER AT ROME, FROM MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH, ESQUIRE.

LONDON, *Feb.* 20, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR,—Our good friend and patron, the publisher of this Magazine, has brought me your message from Rome, and your demand to hear news from the *other* great city of the world As the forty columns of the *Times* cannot satisfy our reverence's craving, and the details of the real great evolution of England which is actually going on do not ufficiently interest you, I send you a page or two of random peculations upon matters connected with the literary proession. They were suggested by reading the works and the biography of a literary friend of ours, lately deceased, and or whom every person who knew him had the warmest and sincerest regard. And no wonder. It was impossible to help trusting a man so thoroughly generous and honest, and oving one who was so perfectly gay, gentle, and amiable.

A man can't enjoy everything in the world, but what deightful gifts and qualities are these to have! Not having known Blanchard as intimately as some others did, yet, I ake it, he had in his life as much pleasure as falls to most men—the kindest friends, the most affectionate family, a heart to enjoy both, and a career not undistinguished, which I hold to be the smallest matter of all. But we have a cowardly dislike, or compassion for, the fact of a man dying poor. Such a one is rich, bilious, and a curmudgeon, without heart or stomach to enjoy his money, and we set him down as respectable. Another is morose or passionate, his whole view of life seen bloodshot through passion, or jaundiced through moroseness; or he is a fool who can't see, or feel, or enjoy anything at all, with no ear for music, no eye for beauty, no heart for love, with nothing except money: we meet such people every day, and respect them somehow. That donkey browses over five thousand acres; that madman's bankers come bowing him out to his carriage. You feel secretly pleased at shooting over the acres, or driving in the carriage. At any rate, nobody thinks of compassionating their owners. We are a race of flunkeys, and keep our pity for the poor.

I don't mean to affix the plush personally upon the kind and distinguished gentleman and writer who has written Blanchard's Memoir; but it seems to me that it is couched n much too despondent a strain, that the lot of the hero of the little story was by no means deplorable, and that there is not the least call at present to be holding up literary men as martyrs. Even that prevailing sentiment which regrets that means should not be provided for giving them leisure, for enabling them to perfect great works in retirement, that they should waste away their strength with fugitive literature, etc., I hold to be often uncalled for and dangerous. I believe, if most men of letters were to be pensioned, I am sorry to say I believe they wouldn't work at all; and of others, that the labour which is to answer the calls of the day is the one quite best suited to their genius. Suppose Sir Robert Peel were to write to you, and, enclosing a cheque for £20,000, instruct you to pension any fifty deserving authors, so that they might have leisure to retire and write "great" works, on whom would you fix?

People in the big-book interest, too, cry out against the fashion of fugitive literature, and no wonder. For instance—

The *Times* gave an extract the other day from a work by one Doctor Carus, physician to the King of Saxony, who attended his royal master on his recent visit to England, and has written a book concerning the journey. Among other London lions, the illustrious traveller condescended to visit one of the largest and most remarkable, certainly, of metropolitan roarers—the *Times* printing-office; of which, the Doctor, in his capacity of a man of science, gives an exceedingly bad, stupid, and blundering account.

Carus was struck with "disgust," he says, at the prodigious size of the paper, and at the thought which suggested itself to his mind from this enormity. There was as much printed every day as would fill a thick volume. It required ten years of life to a philosopher to write a volume. The issuing of these daily tomes was unfair upon philosophers, who were put out of the market; and unfair on the public, who were made to receive (and, worse still, to get a relish for) crude daily speculations, and frivolous ephemeral news, when they ought to be fed and educated upon stronger and simpler diet.

We have heard this outcry a hundred times from the bigwig body. The world gives up a lamentable portion of its time to fleeting literature; authors who might be occupied upon great works fritter away their lives in producing endless hasty sketches. Kind, wise, and good Doctor Arnold deplored the fatal sympathy which the "Pickwick Papers" had created among the boys of his school; and it is a fact that

*Punch* is as regularly read among the boys at Eton as the Latin Grammar.

Arguing for liberty of conscience against any authority, however great—against Doctor Arnold himself, who seems to me to be the greatest, wisest, and best of men that has appeared for eighteen hundred years—let us take a stand at once, and ask, Why should not the day have its literature? Why should not authors make light sketches? Why should not the public be amused daily or frequently by kindly fictions? It is well and just for Arnold to object. Light stories of Jingle and Tupman, and Sam Weller quips and cranks, must have come with but a bad grace before that pure and lofty soul. The trivial and familiar are out of place there; the harmless joker must walk away abashed from such a presence, as he would be silent and hushed in a cathedral. But all the world is not made of that angelic stuff. From his very height and sublimity of virtue he could but look down and deplore the ways of small men beneath him. I mean, seriously, that I think the man was of so august and sublime a nature that he was not a fair judge of us, or of the ways of the generality of mankind. One has seen a delicate person sicken and faint at the smell of a flower: it does not follow that the flower was not sweet and wholesome in consequence; and I hold that laughing and honest story-books are good, against all the doctors.

Laughing is not the highest occupation of a man, very certainly; or the power of creating it the height of genius. I am not going to argue for that. No more is the blacking of boots the greatest occupation. But it is done, and well and honestly, by persons ordained to that calling in life, who arrogate to themselves (if they are straightforward and worthy shoeblacks) no especial rank or privilege on account of their calling; and not considering boot-brushing the greatest effort of earthly genius, nevertheless select their Day and Martin, or Warren, to the best of their judgment, polish their upper leathers as well as they can, satisfy their patrons, and earn their fair wage.

I have chosen the unpolite shoeblack comparison, not out of disrespect to the trade of literature; but it is as good a craft as any other to select. In some way or other, for daily bread and hire, almost all men are labouring daily. Without necessity, they would not work at all, or very little, probably. In some instances you reap Reputation along with Profit from your labour; but Bread, in the main, is the incentive. Do not let us try to blink this fact, or imagine that the men of the press are working for their honour and glory, or go onward impelled by an irresistible afflatus of genius. If only men of genius were to write, Lord help us! how many books would there be? How many people are there even capable of appreciating genius? Is Mr. Wakley's or Mr. Hume's opinion about poetry worth much? As much as that of millions of people in this honest stupid empire; and they have a right to have books supplied for them as well as the most polished and accomplished critics have. The literary man gets his bread by providing goods suited to the consumption of these. This man of letters contributes a police report; that, an article containing some downright information; this one, as an editor, abuses Sir Robert Peel, or lauds Lord John Russell, or *vice versâ*—writing to a certain class who coincide in his views, or are interested by the question which he moots. The literary character, let us hope or admit, writes quite honestly; but no man supposes he would work perpetually but for money. And as for immortality, it is quite beside the bargain. Is it reasonable to look for it, or to pretend that you are actuated by a desire to attain it? Of all the quill-drivers, how many have ever drawn that prodigious prize? Is it fair even to ask that many should? Out of a regard for poor dear posterity and men of letters to come, let us be glad that the great immortality number comes up so rarely. Mankind would have no time otherwise, and would be so gorged with old masterpieces that they could not occupy themselves with new, and future literary men would have no chance of a livelihood.

To do your work honestly, to amuse and instruct your reader of to-day, to die when your time comes and go hence with as clean a breast as may be—may these be all yours and ours, by God's will. Let us be content with our *status* as literary craftsmen, telling the truth as far as may be, hitting no foul blow, condescending to no servile puffery, filling not a very lofty but a manly and honourable part. Nobody says that Doctor Locock is wasting his time because he rolls about daily in his carriage, and passes hours with the nobility and gentry, his patients, instead of being in his study wrapt up in transcendental medical meditation. Nobody accuses Sir Fitzroy Kelly of neglecting his genius because he will take anybody's brief, and argue it in court for money, when he might sit in chambers with his oak sported, and give up his soul to investigations of the nature, history, and improvement of law. There is no question but that either of these eminent persons, by profound study, might increase their knowledge in certain branches of their profession; but in the meanwhile the practical part must go on—causes come on for hearing, and ladies lie in, and some one must be there. The commodities in which the lawyer and the doctor deal are absolutely required by the public, and liberally paid for. Every day, too, the public requires more literary handicraft done: the practitioner in that trade gets a better pay and place. In another century, very likely, his work will be so necessary to the people, and his market so good, that his prices will double and treble, his social rank rise; he will be getting what they call "honours," and dying in the bosom of the genteel. Our calling is only sneered at because it is not well paid. The world has no other criterion for respectability. In heaven's name, what made people talk of setting up a statue to Sir William Follett? What had he done? He had made £300,000. What has George the Fourth done that he, too, is to have a brazen image? He was an exemplar of no greatness, no good quality, no duty in life; but a type of magnificence, of beautiful coats, carpets, and gigs, turtle-soup, chandeliers, cream-coloured horses, and delicious Maraschino: all these good things he expressed and represented; and the world, respecting them beyond all others, raised statues to "the first gentleman in Europe." Directly the men of letters get rich, they will come in for their share of honour too; and a future writer in this miscellany may be getting ten guineas where we get one, and dancing at Buckingham Palace, while you and your humble servant, dear Padre Francesco, are glad to smoke our pipes in quiet over the sanded floor of the little D——.

But the happy *homme de lettres*, whom I imagine in futurity kicking his heels *vis-à-vis* to a duchess in some fandango at the Court of her Majesty's grandchildren, will be in reality no better or honester, or more really near fame, than the quill-driver of the present day, with his doubtful position and small gains. Fame, that guerdon of high genius, comes quite independent of Berkeley Square, and is a republican institution. Look around in our own day among the holders of the pen: begin (without naming names, for that is odious) and count on your fingers those whom you will back in the race for immortality. How many fingers have you that are left untold? It is an invidious question. Alas! dear ——, and dear * *, and dear † †, you who think you are safe, there is futurity, and limbo, and blackness for you, beloved friends! *Cras ingens iterabimus æquor:* there's no use denying it, or shirking the fact; in we must go, and disappear for ever and ever.

And after all, what is this Reputation, the cant of our trade, the goal that every scribbling penny-a-liner demurely pretends that he is hunting after? Why should he get it? Why can't we do without it? We only fancy we want it. When people say of such and such a man who is dead, "He neglected his talents; he frittered away in fugitive publications time and genius, which might have led to the production of a great work"—this is the gist of Sir Bulwer Lytton's kind and affecting biographical notice of our dear friend and comrade Laman Blanchard, who passed away so melancholily last year.

I don't know anything more dissatisfactory and absurd than that insane test of friendship which has been set up by some literary men—namely, admiration of their works. Say that this picture is bad, or that poem poor, or that article stupid, and there are certain authors and artists among us who set you down as an enemy forthwith, or look upon you as a *faux-frère*. What is there in common with the friend and his work of art? The picture or article once done and handed over to the public is the latter's property, not the author's, and to be estimated according to its honest value; and so, and without malice, I question Sir Bulwer Lytton's statement about Blanchard—namely, that he would have been likely to produce with leisure, and under favourable circumstances, a work of the highest class. I think his education and habits, his quick easy manner, his sparkling hidden fun, constant tenderness, and brilliant good-humour were best employed as they were. At any rate he had a duty, much more imperative upon him than the preparation of questionable great works—to get his family their dinner. A man must be a very Great man, indeed, before he can neglect this precaution.

His three volumes of essays, pleasant and often brilliant as they are, give no idea of the powers of the author, or even of his natural manner, which, as I think, was a thousand times more agreeable. He was like the good little child in the fairy tale—his mouth dropped out all sorts of diamonds and rubies. His wit, which was always playing and frisking about the company, had the wonderful knack of never hurting anybody. He had the most singular art of discovering good qualities in people; in discoursing of which the kindly little fellow used to glow and kindle up, and emphasize with the most charming energy. Good-natured actions of others, good jokes, favourite verses of friends, he would bring out fondly whenever they met, or there was question of them; and he used to toss and dandle their sayings or doings about, and hand them round to the company, as the delightful Miss Slowboy does the baby in the last Christmas Book. What was better than wit in his talk was, that it was so genial. He *enjoyed* thoroughly, and chirped over his wine with a good humour that could not fail to be infectious. His own hospitality was delightful—there was something about it charmingly brisk, simple, and kindly. How he used to laugh! As I write this, what a number of pleasant hearty scenes come back! One can hear his jolly, clear laughter, and see his keen, kind, beaming Jew face—a mixture of Mendelssohn and Voltaire.

Sir Bulwer Lytton's account of him will be read by all his friends with pleasure, and by the world as a not uncurious specimen of the biography of a literary man. The memoir savours a little too much of the funeral oration. It might have been a little more particular and familiar, so as to give the public a more intimate acquaintance with one of the honestest and kindest of men who ever lived by pen. And yet, after a long and friendly intercourse with Blanchard, I believe the praises Sir Lytton bestows on his character are by no means exaggerated: it is only the style in which they are given, which is a little too funereally encomiastic. The memoir begins in this way, a pretty and touching design of Mr. Kenny Meadows heading the biography:—

"To most of those who have mixed generally with the men who, in our day, have chosen literature as their profession, the name of Laman Blanchard brings recollections of peculiar tenderness and regret. Amidst a career which the keenness of anxious rivalry renders a sharp probation to the temper and the affections, often yet more embittered by that strife of party, of which, in a Representative Constitution, few men of letters escape the eager passions and the angry prejudice—they recall the memory of a competitor without envy, a partisan without gall; firm as the firmest in the maintenance of his own opinions, but gentle as the gentlest in the judgment he passed on others.

"Who, among our London brotherhood of letters, does not miss that simple cheerfulness—that inborn and exquisite urbanity—that childlike readiness to be pleased with all—that happy tendency to panegyrize every merit, and to be lenient to every fault? Who does not recall that acute and delicate sensibility—so easily wounded, and therefore so careful not to wound—which seemed to infuse a certain intellectual fine breeding, of forbearance and sympathy, into every society where it insinuated its gentle way? Who, in convivial meetings, does not miss, and will not miss for ever, the sweetness of those unpretending talents—the earnestness of that honesty which seemed unconscious it was worn so lightly—the mild influence of that exuberant kindness which softened the acrimony of young disputants, and reconciled the secret animosities of jealous rivals? Yet few men had experienced more to sour them than Laman Blanchard, or had gone more resolutely through the author's hardening ordeal of narrow circumstance, of daily labour, and of that disappointment in the higher aims of ambition, which must almost inevitably befall those who retain ideal standards of excellence, to be reached but by time and leisure, and who are yet condemned to draw hourly upon unmatured resources for the practical wants of life. To have been engaged from boyhood in such struggles, and to have preserved, undiminished, generous admiration for those more fortunate, and untiring love for his own noble yet thankless calling—and this with a constitution singularly finely strung, and with all the nervous irritability which usually accompanies the indulgence of the imagination—is a proof of the rarest kind of strength, depending less upon a power purely intellectual, than upon the higher and more beautiful heroism which woman, and such men alone as have the best feelings of a woman's nature, take from instinctive enthusiasm for what is great, and uncalculating faith in what is good.

"It is, regarded thus, that the character of Laman Blanchard assumes an interest of a very elevated order. He was a choice and worthy example of the professional English men of letters in our day. He is not to be considered in the light of the man of daring and turbulent genius, living on the false excitement of vehement calumny and uproarious praise. His was a career not indeed obscure, but sufficiently quiet and unnoticed to be solaced with little of the pleasure with which, in aspirants of a noisier fame, gratified and not ignoble vanity rewards the labour and stimulates the hope. For more than twenty years he toiled on through the most fatiguing paths of literary composition, mostly in periodicals, often anonymously; pleasing and lightly instructing thousands, but gaining none of the prizes, whether of weighty reputation or popular renown, which more fortunate chances, or more pretending modes of investing talent, have given in our day to men of half his merits."

Not a feature in this charming character is flattered, as far as I know. Did the subject of the memoir feel disappointment in the higher aims of ambition? Was his career not solaced with pleasure? Was his noble calling a thankless one? I have said before, his calling was not thankless; his career, in the main, pleasant; his disappointment, if he had one of the higher aims of ambition, one that might not uneasily be borne. If every man is disappointed because he cannot reach supreme excellence, what a mad, misanthropical world ours would be! Why should men of letters aim higher than they can hit, or be "disappointed" with the share of brains God has given them? Nor can you say a man's career is unpleasant who was so heartily liked and appreciated as Blanchard was, by all persons of high intellect, or low, with whom he came in contact. He had to bear with some, but not unbearable, poverty. At home he had everything to satisfy his affection; abroad, every sympathy and consideration met this universally esteemed, good man. Such a calling as his is *not* thankless, surely. Away with this discontent and morbid craving for renown! A man who writes (Tennyson's) "Ulysses," or "Comus," *may* put in his claim for fame if you will, and demand and deserve it; but it requires no vast power of intellect to write most sets of words, and have them printed in a book—to write this article, for instance, or the last novel, pamphlet, book of travels. Most men with a decent education and practice of the pen could go and do the like, were they so professionally urged. Let such fall into the rank and file, and shoulder their weapons, and load and fire cheerfully. An everyday writer has no more right to repine because he loses the great prizes, and can't write like Shakespeare, than he has to be envious of Sir Robert Peel, or Wellington, or King Hudson, or Taglioni. Because the sun shines above, is a man to warm himself and admire; or to despond because he can't in his person flare up like the sun? I don't believe that Blanchard was by any means an amateur martyr, but was, generally speaking, very decently satisfied with his condition.

Here is the account of his early history—a curious and interesting one:—

"Samuel Laman Blanchard was born of respectable parents in the middle class at Great Yarmouth, on the 15th of May 1803. His mother's maiden name was Mary Laman. She married first Mr. Cowell, at St. John's Church, Bermondsey, about the year 1796. He died in the following year. In 1799 she was married again, to Samuel Blanchard, by whom she had seven children, but only one son, the third child, christened Samuel Laman.

"In 1805, Mr. Blanchard (the father) appears to have removed to the metropolis, and to have settled in Southwark as a painter and glazier. He was enabled to give his boy a good education—an education, indeed, of that kind which could not but unfit young Laman for the calling of his father; for it developed the abilities and bestowed the learning which may be said to lift a youth morally out of trade, and to refine him at once into a gentleman. At six years old he was entered a scholar of Saint Olave's School, then under the direction of the Reverend Doctor Blenkorm. He became the head Latin scholar, and gained the chief prize in each of the last three years he remained at the academy. When he left, it was the wish of the master and trustees that he should be sent to college, one boy being annually selected from the pupils, to be maintained at the university, for the freshman's year, free of expense; for the charges of the two remaining years the parents were to provide. So strong, however, were the hopes of the master for his promising pupil, that the trustees of the school consented to depart from their ordinary practice, and offered to defray the collegiate expenses for two years. Unfortunately, the offer was not accepted. No wonder that poor Laman regretted in after life the loss of this golden opportunity. The advantages of a university career to a young man in his position, with talents and application, but without interest, birth, and fortune, are incalculable. The pecuniary independence afforded by the scholarship and the fellowship is in itself no despicable prospect; but the benefits which distinction, fairly won at those noble and unrivalled institutions, confers, are the greatest where least obvious: they tend usually to bind the vagueness of youthful ambition to the secure reliance on some professional career, in which they smooth the difficulties and abridge the novitiate. Even in literature a college education not only tends to refine the taste, but to propitiate the public. And in all the many walks of practical and public life, the honours gained at the university never fail to find well-wishers amongst powerful contemporaries, and to create generous interest in the fortunes of the aspirant.

"But my poor friend was not destined to have one obstacle smoothed away from his weary path.* With the natural refinement of his disposition, and the fatal cultivation of his intellectual susceptibilities, he was placed at once in a situation which it was impossible that he could fill with steadiness and zeal. Fresh from classical studies, and his emulation warmed by early praise and schoolboy triumph, he was transferred to the drudgery of a desk in the office of Mr. Charles Pearson, a proctor in Doctors' Commons. The result was inevitable: his mind, by a natural reaction, betook itself to the pursuits most hostile to such a career. Before this, even from the age of thirteen, he had trifled with the Muses; he now conceived in good earnest the more perilous passion for the stage.

"Barry Cornwall's 'Dramatic Scenes' were published about this time. They exercised considerable influence over the taste and aspirations of young Blanchard, and many dramatic sketches of brilliant promise, bearing his initials, S. L. B., appeared in a periodical work existing at that period called *The Drama.* In them, though the conception and general treatment are borrowed from Barry Cornwall, the style and rhythm are rather modelled on the peculiarities of Byron. Their promise is not the less for the imitation they betray. The very characteristic of genius is to be imitative—first of authors, then of nature. Books lead us to fancy feelings that are not yet genuine. Experience is necessary to record those which colour our own existence; and the style only becomes original in proportion as the sentiment it expresses is sincere. More touching, therefore, than these 'Dramatic Sketches,' was a lyrical effusion on the death of Sidney Ireland, a young friend to whom he was warmly attached, and over whose memory, for years afterwards, he often shed tears. He named his eldest son after that early friend. At this period, Mr. Douglas Jerrold had written three volumes of Moral Philosophy, and Mr. Buckstone, the celebrated comedian, volunteered to copy the work for the juvenile moralist. On arriving at any passage that struck his fancy, Mr. Buckstone communicated his delight to his friend Blanchard, and the emulation thus excited tended more and more to sharpen the poet's distaste to all avocations incompatible with literature. Anxious, in the first instance, to escape from dependence on his father (who was now urgent that he should leave the proctor's desk for the still more ungenial mechanism of the paternal trade), he meditated the best of all preparatives to dramatic excellence—namely, a practical acquaintance with the stage itself: he resolved to become an actor. Few indeed are they in this country who have ever succeeded eminently in the literature of the stage, who have not either trod its boards, or lived habitually in its atmosphere. Blanchard obtained an interview with Mr. Henry Johnston, the actor, and recited, in his presence, passages from Glover's 'Leonidas.' He read admirably—his elocution was faultless, his feeling exquisite. Mr. Johnston was delighted with his powers; but he had experience and wisdom to cool his professional enthusiasm, and he earnestly advised the aspirant not to think of the stage. He drew such a picture of the hazards of success—the obstacles to a position—the precariousness even of a subsistence, that the poor boy's heart sunk within him. He was about to resign himself to obscurity and trade, when he suddenly fell in with the manager of the Margate theatre. This gentleman proposed to enroll him in his own troop, and the proposal was eagerly accepted, in spite of the warnings of Mr. Henry Johnston. 'A week,' says Mr. Buckstone (to whom I am indebted for these particulars, and whose words I now quote), 'was sufficient to disgust him with the beggary and drudgery of the country player's life; and as there were no "Harlequins" steaming it from Margate to London Bridge at that day, he performed his journey back on foot, having, on reaching Rochester, but his last shilling—the poet's veritable last shilling—in his pocket.

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* "The elder Blanchard is not to be blamed for voluntarily depriving his son of the advantages proffered by the liberal trustees of Saint Olave's. It appears from a communication by Mr. Keymer (brother-in-law to Laman Blanchard) that the circumstances of the family at that time were not such as to meet the necessary expenses of a student—even for the *last* year of his residence at the university."

" 'At that time a circumstance occurred, which my poor friend's fate has naturally brought to my recollection. He came to me late one evening, in a state of great excitement; informed me that his father had turned him out of doors; that he was utterly hopeless and wretched, and was resolved to destroy himself. I used my best endeavours to console him, to lead his thoughts to the future, and hope in what chance and perseverance might effect for him. Our discourse took a livelier turn; and after making up a bed on a sofa in my own room, I retired to rest. I soon slept soundly, but was awakened by hearing a footstep descending the stairs. I looked towards the sofa, and discovered he had left it. I heard the street door close. I instantly hurried on my clothes, and followed him. I called to him, but received no answer; I ran till I saw him in the distance also running; I again called his name; I implored him to stop, but he would not answer me. Still continuing his pace, I became alarmed, and doubled my speed. I came up with him near to Westminster Bridge; he was hurrying to the steps leading to the river. I seized him; he threatened to strike me if I did not release him; I called for the watch; I entreated him to return; he became more pacified, but still seemed anxious to escape from me. By entreaties, by every means of persuasion I could think of, by threats to call for help, I succeeded in taking him back. The next day he was more composed, but I believe rarely resided with his father after that time. Necessity compelled him to do something for a livelihood, and in time he became a reader in the office of Messrs. Bayliss, in Fleet Street. By that employ, joined to frequent contributions to the *Monthly Magazine*, at that time published by them, he obtained a tolerable competence.

" 'Blanchard and Jerrold had serious thoughts of joining Lord Byron in Greece; they were to become warriors, and assist the poet in the liberation of the classic land. Many a nightly wandering found them discussing their project. In the midst of one of these discussions they were caught in a shower of rain, and sought shelter under a gateway. The rain continued; when their patience becoming exhausted, Blanchard, buttoning up his coat, exclaimed, "Come on, Jerrold! what use shall we be to the Greeks if we stand up for a shower of rain?" So they walked home, and were heroically wet through.'"

It would have been worth while to tell this tale more fully; not to envelop the chief personage in fine words, as statuaries do their sitters in Roman togas, and, making them assume the heroic-conventional look, take away from them that infinitely more interesting one which Nature gave them. It would have been well if we could have had this stirring little story in detail. The young fellow, forced to the proctor's desk, quite angry with the drudgery, theatre-stricken, poetry-stricken, writing dramatic sketches in Barry Cornwall's manner, spouting "Leonidas" before a manager, driven away starving from home, and, penniless and full of romance, courting his beautiful young wife. "*Come on, Jerrold! what use shall we be to the Greeks if we stand up for a shower of rain?*" How the native humour breaks out of the man! Those who knew them can fancy the effect of such a pair of warriors steering the Greek fire-ships, or manning the breach at Missolonghi. Then there comes that pathetic little outbreak of despair, when the poor young fellow is nearly giving up: his father banishes him, no one will buy his poetry, he has no chance on his darling theatre, no chance of the wife that he is longing for. Why not finish with life at once? He has read "Werther," and can understand suicide. "None," he says, in a sonnet,—

> "None, not the hoariest sage, may tell of all
> The strong heart struggles with before it fall."

If Respectability wanted to point a moral, isn't there one here? Eschew poetry, avoid the theatre, stick to your business, do not read German novels, do not marry at twenty. All these injunctions seem to hang naturally on the story.

And yet the young poet marries at twenty, in the teeth of poverty and experience; labours away, not unsuccessfully; puts Pegasus into harness; rises in social rank and public estimation; brings up happily round him an affectionate family; gets for himself a circle of the warmest friends, and thus carries on, for twenty years, when a providential calamity visits him and the poor wife almost together, and removes them both.

In the beginning of 1844, Mrs. Blanchard, his affectionate wife and the excellent mother of his children, was attacked with paralysis, which impaired her mind, and terminated fatally at the end of the year. Her husband was constantly with her, occupied by her side, whilst watching her distressing malady, in his daily task of literary business. Her illness had the severest effect upon him. He, too, was attacked with partial paralysis and congestion of the brain, during which first seizure his wife died. The rest of the story was told in all the newspapers of the beginning of last year. Rallying partially from his fever at times, a sudden catastrophe overwhelmed him. On the night of the 14th February, in a gust of delirium, having his little boy in bed by his side, and having said the Lord's Prayer but a short time before, he sprang out of bed in the absence of his nurse (whom he had besought not to leave him), and made away with himself with a razor. He was no more guilty in his death than a man who is murdered by a madman, or who dies of the rupture of a blood-vessel. In his last prayer he asked to be forgiven, as he in his whole heart forgave others, and not to be led into that irresistible temptation under which it pleased Heaven that the poor wandering spirit should succumb.

At the very moment of his death his friends were making the kindest and most generous exertions in his behalf. Such a noble, loving, and generous creature is never without such. The world, it is pleasant to think, is always a good and gentle world to the gentle and good, and reflects the benevolence with which they regard it. This memoir contains an affecting letter from the poor fellow himself, which indicates Sir Edward Bulwer's admirable and delicate generosity towards him. "I bless and thank you always," writes the kindly and affectionate soul, to another excellent friend, Mr. Forster. There were other friends, such as Mr. Fonblanque, Mr. Ainsworth, with whom he was connected in literary labour, who were not less eager to serve and befriend him.

As soon as he was dead, a number of other persons came forward to provide means for the maintenance of his orphan family. Messrs. Chapman and Hall took one son into their publishing house, another was provided for in a merchant's house in the City, the other is of an age and has the talents to follow and succeed in his father's profession. Mr. Colburn and Mr. Ainsworth gave up their copyrights of his Essays, which are now printed in three handsome volumes, for the benefit of his children.

Out of Blanchard's life (except from the melancholy end, which is quite apart from it) there is surely no ground for drawing charges against the public of neglecting literature. His career, untimely concluded, is in the main a successful one. In truth, I don't see how the aid or interposition of Government could in any way have greatly benefited him, or how it was even called upon to do so. It does not follow that a man would produce a great work even if he had leisure. Squire Shakespeare of Stratford, with his lands and rents, and his arms over his porch, was not the working Shakespeare; and indolence (or contemplation, if you like) is no unusual quality in the literary man. Of all the squires who have had acres and rents, all the holders of lucky easy Government places, how many have written books, and of what worth are they? There are some persons whom Government, having a want of, employs and pays—barristers, diplomatists, soldiers, and the like; but it doesn't want poetry, and can do without tragedies. Let men of letters stand for themselves. Every day enlarges their market, and multiplies their clients. The most skilful and successful among the cultivators of light literature have such a hold upon the public feelings, and awaken such a sympathy, as men of the class never enjoyed until now. Men of science and learning, who aim at other distinction, get it; and, in spite of Doctor Carus's disgust, I believe there was never a time when so much of the practically useful was written and read, and every branch of book-making pursued, with an interest so eager.

But I must conclude. My letter has swelled beyond the proper size of letters, and you are craving for news: have you not to-day's *Times*' battle of Ferozeshah? Farewell.

M. A. T.

(*Fraser's Magazine*, March 1846.)

## STRICTURES ON PICTURES.

### A LETTER FROM MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH, ESQUIRE, TO MONSIEUR ANATOLE VICTOR ISIDOR HYACINTHE ACHILLE HERCULE DE BRICABRAC, PEINTRE D'HISTOIRE, RUE MOUFFETARD, A PARIS.

LORD'S HOTEL, NEW STREET, COVENT GARDEN,
*Tuesday*, 15*th May.*

I PROPOSE to be both learned and pleasant in my remarks upon the exhibitions here; for I know, my dear Bricabrac, that it is your intention to translate this letter into French, for the benefit of some of your countrymen who are anxious about the progress of the fine arts: when I say some, I mean all, for, thanks to your Government patronage, your magnificent public galleries, and, above all, your delicious sky and sunshine, there is not a scavenger in your nation who has not a feeling for the beauty of Nature, which is, my dear Anatole, neither more nor less than Art.

You know nothing about art in this country—almost as little as we know of French art. One Gustave Planche, who makes visits to London, and writes accounts of pictures in your reviews, is, believe me, an impostor. I do not mean a private impostor, for I know not whether Planche is a real or assumed name, but simply a quack on matters of art. Depend on it, my dear young friend, that there is nobody like Titmarsh: you will learn more about the arts in England from this letter than from anything in or out of print.

Well, then, every year, at the commencement of this blessed month of May, wide open the doors of three picture galleries, in which figure all the works of genius which our brother artists have produced during the whole year. I wish you could see my historical picture of "Heliogabalus in the Ruins of Carthage," or the full-length of Sir Samuel Hicks and his Lady—sitting in a garden light, Lady H. reading the "Book of Beauty," Sir Samuel catching a butterfly which is settling on a flower-pot. This, however, is all egotism. I am not going to speak of *my* works, which are pretty well known in Paris already, as I flatter myself, but of other artists—some of them men of merit, as well as myself.

Let us commence, then, with the commencement—the Royal Academy. That is held in one wing of a little building like a gin-shop, which is near St. Martin's Church. In the other wing is our National Gallery. As for the building, you must not take *that* as a specimen of our skill in the fine arts. Come down the Seven Dials, and I will show you many modern structures of which the architect deserves far higher credit.

But, bad as the place is—a pigmy abortion, in lieu of a noble monument to the greatest school of painting in the greatest country of the modern world (you may be angry, but I'm right in *both* cases)—bad as the outside is, the interior, it must be confessed, is marvellously pretty, and convenient for the reception and exhibition of the pictures it will hold. Since the old pictures have got their new gallery, and their new scouring, one hardly knows them. O Ferdinand, Ferdinand, that *is* a treat, that National Gallery, and no mistake! I shall write to you fourteen or fifteen long letters about it some day or other. The apartment devoted to the Academy exhibition is equally commodious: a small room for miniatures and aquarelles, another for architectural drawings, and three saloons for pictures—all very small, but well lighted and neat; no interminable passage, like your five hundred yards at the Louvre, with a slippery floor, and tiresome straggling cross-lights. Let us buy a catalogue, and walk straight into the gallery, however; we have been a long time talking, *de omnibus rebus*, at the door.

Look, my dear Isidor, at the first names in the catalogue, and thank your stars for being in such good company. Bless us and save us, what a power of knights is here!

Sir William Beechey.
Sir Martin Shee.
Sir David Wilkie.
Sir Augustus Callcott.
Sir W. J. Newton.
Sir Geoffrey Wyattville.
Sir Francis Chantrey.
Sir Richard Westmacott.
Sir Michael Angelo Titmarsh—

not yet, that is; but I shall be, in course, when our little liege lady—Heaven bless her!—has seen my portrait of Sir Sam and Lady Hicks.

If all these gentlemen in the list of Academicians and Associates are to have titles of some sort or other, I should propose :—

1. Baron BRIGGS. (At the very least, he is out and out the best portrait-painter of the set.)
2. DANIEL, PRINCE MACLISE. (His Royal Highness's pictures place him very near to the throne indeed.)
3. Edwin, Earl of Landseer.
4. The Lord Charles Landseer.
5. The Duke of Etty.
6. Archbishop Eastlake.
7. His Majesty KING MULREADY.

King Mulready, I repeat, in double capitals; for, if this man has not the crowning picture of the exhibition, I am no better than a Dutchman. His picture represents the "Seven Ages," as described by a poet whom you have heard of—one Shakespeare, a Warwickshire man. And there they are, all together: the portly justice, and the quarrelsome soldier; the lover leaning apart, and whispering sweet things in his pretty mistress's ear; the baby hanging on her gentle mother's bosom; the schoolboy, rosy and lazy; the old man crabbed and stingy; and the old, old man of all, sans teeth, sans eyes, sans ears, sans everything;—but why describe them? You will find the thing better done in Shakespeare, or possibly translated by some of your Frenchmen. I can't say much about the drawing of this picture, for here and there are some queer-looking limbs; but—oh, Anatole!—the intention is godlike. Not one of those figures but has a grace and a soul of his own: no conventional copies of the stony antique; no distorted caricatures, like those of your "classiques," David, Girodet, and Co. (the impostors!)—but such expressions as a great poet would draw, who thinks profoundly and truly, and never forgets (he could not if he would) grace and beauty withal. The colour and manner of this noble picture are neither of the Venetian school, nor the Florentine, nor the English, but of the Mulready school. Ah! my dear Floridor! I wish that you and I, ere we die, may have erected such a beautiful monument to hallow and perpetuate our names. Our children—my boy, Sebastian Piombo Titmarsh, will see this picture in his old age, hanging by the side of the Raffaelles in our National Gallery. I sometimes fancy, in the presence of such works of genius as this, that my picture of Sir Sam and Lady Hicks is but a magnificent error after all, and that it will die away and be forgotten.

To this, then, of the whole gallery, I accord the palm, and cannot refrain from making a little sketch, illustrative of my feelings.

I have done everything, you see, very accurately, except Mr. Mulready's face; for, to say truth, I never saw that gentleman, and have no idea of his personal appearance.

Near to "All the world's a stage" is a charming picture, by Archbishop Eastlake; so denominated by me, because the rank is very respectable, and because there is a certain purity and religious feeling in all Mr. Eastlake does, which eminently entitles him to the honours of the prelacy. In this picture, Gaston de Foix (he whom Titian painted, his mistress buckling on his armour) is parting from his mistress. A fair, peaceful garden is round about them; and here his lady sits, and clings to him as though she would cling for ever. But look! yonder stands the page and the horse pawing; and beyond the wall which bounds the quiet garden and flowers you see the spears and pennons of knights, the banners of King Louis and De Foix, "the thunderbolt of Italy." Long shining rows of steel-clad men are marching stately by, and with them must ride Count Gaston—to conquer and die at Ravenna. You can read his history, my dear friend, in Lacretelle or Brantôme; only, perhaps, not so well expressed as it has just been by me.

Yonder is Sir David Wilkie's grand picture, "Queen Victoria holding her First Council." A marvellous painting, in which one admires the exquisite richness of the colour, the breadth of light and shadow, the graceful dignity and beauty of the principal figure, and the extraordinary skill with which all the figures have been grouped, so as to produce a grand and simple effect. What can one say more, but admire the artist who has made, out of such unpoetical materials as a table of red cloth, and fifty unoccupied middle-aged gentlemen, a beautiful and interesting picture? Sir David has a charming portrait, too, of Mrs. Maberly, in dark crimson velvet, and delicate white hat and feathers—a marvel of colour, though somewhat askew in the drawing.

The Earl of Landseer's best picture, to my thinking, is that which represents her Majesty's favourite dogs and parrot. He has, in painting, an absolute mastery over

Κύνεσσιν
Οἰωνοῖσί τε πᾶσι—

that is, he can paint all manner of birds and beasts as nobody else can. To tell you a secret, I do not think he understands how to paint the great beast man quite so well—or, at least, to do what is the highest quality of an artist, to place *a soul* under the ribs as he draws them. They are, if you like, the most dexterous pictures that ever were painted, but not *great* pictures. I would much rather look at yonder rough Leslie than at all the wonderful painting of parrots or greyhounds, though done to a hair or a feather.

Leslie is the only man in this country who translates Shakespeare into form and colour. Old Shallow and Sir Hugh, Slender and his man Simple, pretty Anne Page and the Merry Wives of Windsor, are here joking with the fat knight, who, with a monstrous gravity and profound brazen humour, is narrating some tale of his feats with the wild Prince and Poins. Master Brooke is offering a tankard to Master Slender, who will not drink, forsooth.

This picture is executed with the utmost simplicity, and almost rudeness; but is charming, from its great truth of effect and expression. Wilkie's pictures (in his latter style) seem to begin where Leslie's end; the former's men and women look as if *the bodies had been taken out of them*, and only the surface left. Lovely as the queen's figure is, for instance, it looks like a spirit, and not a woman; one may almost see through her into the waistcoat of Lord Lansdowne, and so on through the rest of the transparent heroes and statesmen of the company.

Opposite the queen is another charming performance of Sir David—a bride dressing, amidst a rout of bridesmaids and relations. Some are crying, some are smiling, some are pinning her gown; a back door is open, and a golden sun shines into a room which contains a venerable-looking bed and tester, probably that in which the dear girl is to—but *parlons d'autres choses*. The colour of this picture is delicious, and the effect faultless: Sir David does everything for a picture nowadays but the *drawing*. Who knows? Perhaps it is as well left out.

Look yonder, down to the ground, and admire a most beautiful fantastic Ariel.

> "On the bat's back do I fly,
> After sunset merrily."

Merry Ariel lies at his ease, and whips with gorgeous peacock's feather his courser, flapping lazily through the golden evening sky. This exquisite little picture is the work of Mr. Severn, an artist who has educated his taste and his hand in the early Roman school. He has not the dash and dexterity of the latter which belong to some of our painters, but he possesses that solemn earnestness and simplicity of mind and purpose which make a religion of art, and seem to be accorded only to a few in our profession. I have heard a pious pupil of Mr. Ingres (the head of your academy at Rome) aver stoutly that, in matters of art, Titian was Antichrist, and Rubens, Martin Luther. They came with their brilliant colours, and dashing worldly notions, upsetting that beautiful system of faith in which art had lived hitherto. Portraits of saints and martyrs, with pure eyes turned heavenward, and (as all true sanctity will) making those pure who came within their reach, now gave way to wicked likenesses of men of blood, or dangerous, devilish, sensual portraits of tempting women. Before Titian, a picture was the labour of years. Why did this reformer ever come among us and show how it might be done in a day? He drove the good angels away from painters' easels, and called down a host of voluptuous spirits instead, who ever since have held the mastery there.

Only a few artists of our country (none in yours, where the so-called Catholic school is a mere theatrical folly), and some among the Germans, have kept to the true faith, and eschewed the temptations of Titian and his like. Mr. Eastlake is one of these. Who does not recollect his portrait of Miss Bury?

Not a simple woman—the lovely daughter of the authoress of "Love," "Flirtation," and other remarkable works—but a glorified saint. Who does not remember his Saint Sebastian: his body bare, his eyes cast melancholy down; his limbs, as yet untouched by the arrows of his persecutors, tied to the fatal tree? Those two pictures of Mr. Eastlake would merit to hang in a gallery where there were only Raffaelles besides. Mr. Severn is another of the school. I don't know what hidden and indefinable charm there is in his simple pictures; but I never can look at them without a certain emotion of awe—without that thrill of the heart with which one hears country children sing the Old Hundredth, for instance. The singers are rude, perhaps, and the voices shrill; but the melody is still pure and godlike. Some such majestic and pious harmony is there in these pictures of Mr. Severn. Mr. Mulready's mind has lately gained this same kind of inspiration. I know no one else who possesses it, except, perhaps, myself. Without flattery, I may say that my picture of "Heliogabalus at Carthage" is *not* in the popular taste, and has about it some faint odour of celestial incense.

Do not, my dear Anatole, consider me too great an ass for persisting upon this point, and exemplifying Mr. Severn's picture of the "Crusaders catching a First View of Jerusalem" as an instance. Godfrey and Tancred, Raymond and Ademar, Beamond and Rinaldo, with Peter and the Christian host, behold at length the day dawning.

> "E quando il sol gli aridi campi fiede
>    Con raggi assai ferventi, e in alto sorge,
> Ecco apparir Gerusalem si vede,
>    Ecco additar Gerusalem si scorge;
> Ecco da mille voci unitamente
> Gerusalemme salutar si sente."

Well, Godfrey and Tancred, Peter, and the rest, look like little wooden dolls; and as for the horses belonging to the crusading cavalry, I have seen better in gingerbread. But what then? There is a higher ingredient in beauty than mere form; a skilful hand is only the second artistical quality, worthless, my Anatole, without the first, which is *a great heart.* This picture is beautiful, in spite of its defects—as many women are. Mrs. Titmarsh is beautiful, though she weighs nineteen stone.

Being on the subject of religious pictures, what shall I say of Mr. Ward's? Anything so mysteriously hideous was never seen before now; they are worse than all the horrors in your Spanish Gallery at Paris. As Eastlake's are of the Catholic, these may be called of the Muggletonian school of art—monstrous, livid, and dreadful, as the dreams of a man in the scarlet fever. I would much sooner buy a bottled baby with two heads as a pleasing ornament for my cabinet; and should be afraid to sit alone in a room with "ignorance, envy, and jealousy filling the throat, and widening the mouth of calumny endeavouring to bear down truth!"

Mr. Maclise's picture of "Christmas" you will find excellently described in the May number of a periodical of much celebrity among us, called *Fraser's Magazine.* Since the circulation of that miscellany is almost as extensive in Paris as in London, it is needless in this letter to go over beaten ground, and speak at length of the plot of this remarkable picture. There are five hundred merry figures painted on this canvas—gobbling, singing, kissing, carousing. A line of jolly serving-men troop down the hall stairs, and bear the boar's head in procession up to the daïs, where sit the good old English gentleman and his guests and family; a set of mummers and vassals are crowded round a table, gorging beef and wassail; a bevy of blooming girls and young men are huddled in a circle, and play at hunt the slipper. Of course, there are plenty of stories told at the huge hall fire, and kissing under the glistening mistletoe bough. But I wish you could see the wonderful accuracy with which all these figures are drawn, and the extraordinary skill with which the artist has managed to throw into a hundred different faces a hundred different characters and individualities of joy. Every one of these little people is smiling, but each has his own particular smile. As for the colouring of the picture, it is, between ourselves, atrocious; but a man cannot have all the merits at once. Mr. Maclise has for his share humour such as few painters ever possessed, and a power of drawing such as never was possessed by *any other*—no, not by one, from Albert Dürer downwards. His scene from the

"Vicar of Wakefield" is equally charming. Moses' shining grinning face; the little man in red who stands on tiptoe, and painfully scrawls his copy; and the youngest of the family of the Primroses, who learns his letters on his father's knee, are perfect in design and expression. What might not this man do if he would read and meditate a little, and profit by the works of men whose taste and education were superior to his own.

Mr. Charles Landseer has two *tableaux de genre*, which possess very great merit. His characters are a little too timid, perhaps, as Mr. Maclise's are too bold; but the figures are beautifully drawn, the colouring and effect excellent, and the accessories painted with great faithfulness and skill. "The Parting Benison" is, perhaps, the more interesting picture of the two.

And now we arrive at Mr. Etty, whose rich luscious pencil has covered a hundred glowing canvases, which every painter must love. I don't know whether the Duke has this year produced anything which one might have expected from a man of his rank and consequence. He is, like great men, lazy, or indifferent, perhaps, about public approbation; and also, like great men, somewhat too luxurious and fond of pleasure. For instance, here is a picture of a sleepy nymph, most richly painted, but tipsy-looking, coarse, and so naked as to be unfit for appearance among respectable people at an exhibition. You will understand what I mean. There are some figures without a rag to cover them, which look modest and decent for all that; and others, which may be clothed to the chin, and yet are not fit for modest eyes to gaze on. *Verbum sat*—this naughty "Somnolency" ought to go to sleep in her night-gown.

But here is a far nobler painting—the Prodigal kneeling down lonely in the stormy evening, and praying to Heaven for pardon. It is a grand and touching picture; and looks as large as if the three-foot canvas had been twenty. His wan wretched figure and clasped hands are lighted up by the sunset; the clouds are livid and heavy; and the wind is howling over the solitary common, and numbing the chill limbs of the poor wanderer. A goat and a boar are looking at him with horrid obscene eyes. They are the demons of

Lust and Gluttony, which have brought him to this sad pass. And there seems no hope, no succour, no ear for the prayer of this wretched, wayworn, miserable man, who kneels there alone, shuddering. Only above, in the gusty blue sky, you see a glistening, peaceful, silver star, which points to home and hope, as clearly as if the little star were a signpost, and home at the very next turn of the road.

Away, then, O conscience-stricken Prodigal! and you shall find a good father, who loves you; and an elder brother, who hates you—but never mind that; and a dear, kind, stout old mother, who liked you twice as well as the elder, for all his goodness and psalm-singing, and has a tear and a prayer for you night and morning; and a pair of gentle sisters, maybe; and a poor young thing down in the village, who has never forgotten your walks in the quiet nut-woods, and the birds' nests you brought her, and the big boy you thrashed because he broke the eggs. He is squire now, the big boy, and would marry her; but she will not have him—not she!—her thoughts are with her dark-eyed, bold-browed, devil-may-care playmate, who swore she should be his little wife—and then went to college—and then came back sick and changed—and then got into debt—and then—— But never mind, man! down to her at once. She will pretend to be cold at first; and then shiver, and turn red, and deadly pale; and then she tumbles into your arms, with a gush of sweet tears, and a pair of rainbows in her soft eyes, welcoming the sunshine back to her bosom again! To her, man!—never fear, miss! Hug him, and kiss him, as though you would draw the heart from his lips.

When she has done, the poor thing falls stone pale and sobbing on young Prodigal's shoulder; and he carries her, quite gently, to that old bench where he carved her name fourteen years ago, and steals his arm round her waist, and kisses her hand, and soothes her. Then comes out the poor widow, her mother, who is pale and tearful too, and tries to look cold and unconcerned. She kisses her daughter, and leads her trembling into the house. "You will come to us to-morrow, Tom?" says she, as she takes his hand at the gate.

*To-morrow!* To be sure he will; and this very night, too, after supper with the old people. (Young Squire Prodigal never sups, and has found out that he must ride into town, to arrange about a missionary meeting with the Reverend Doctor Slackjaw.) To be sure, Tom Prodigal will go: the moon will be up, and who knows but Lucy may be looking at it about twelve o'clock. At one, back trots the young squire, and he sees two people whispering at a window; and he gives something very like a curse, as he digs into the ribs of his mare, and canters, clattering, down the silent road.

Yes—but, in the meantime, there is the old housekeeper, with "Lord bless us!" and "Heaven save us!" and "Who'd have thought ever again to see his dear face? And master to forget it all, who swore so dreadful that he would never see him! As for missis, she always loved him." There, I say, is the old housekeeper, logging the fire, airing the sheets, and flapping the feather beds—for Master Tom's room has never been used this many a day; and the young ladies have got some flowers for his chimney-piece, and put back his mother's portrait, which they have had in their room ever since he went away and forgot it, woe is me! And old John, the butler, coachman, footman, valet, factotum, consults with master about supper.

"What can we have?" says master; "all the shops are shut, and there's nothing in the house."

*John.* "No, no more there isn't; only Guernsey's calf. Butcher kill'd'n yasterday, as your honour knowth."

*Master.* "Come, John, a calf's enough. Tell the cook to *send us up that.*"

And he gives a hoarse haw! haw! at his wit; and Mrs. Prodigal smiles too, and says, "Ah, Tom Prodigal, you were always a merry fellow!"

Well, John Footman carries down the message to cook, who is a country wench, and takes people at their word; and what do you think she sends up?

*Top Dish.*

Fillet of veal, and bacon on the side-table.

*Bottom Dish.*

Roast ribs of veal.

*In the Middle.*

Calf's-head soup (à la tortue).
Veal broth.

*Between.*

Boiled knuckle of veal, and parsley sauce.
Stewed veal, with brown sauce and forced meat balls.

*Entremets.*

Veal olives (for sauce, see stewed veal).
Veal cutlets (panées, sauce piquante).
Ditto (en papillote).
Scotch collops.
Fricandeau of veal (piqué au lard à la chicorée).
Minced veal.
Blanquet of veal.

*Second Course.*

Curry of calf's-head.
Sweetbreads.
Calf's-foot jelly.

See, my dear Anatole, what a world of thought can be conjured up out of a few inches of painted canvas.

And now we come to the great and crowning picture of the exhibition, my own historical piece, namely, "Heliogabalus in the Ruins of Carthage." In this grand and finished perform——

* * * * *

*_** Mr. Titmarsh's letter stops, unfortunately, here. We found it, at midnight the 15th–16th May, in a gutter of St. Martin's Lane, whence a young gentleman had been just removed by the police. It is to be presumed that intoxication could be his only cause for choosing such a sleeping place, at such an hour; and it had probably commenced as he was writing the above fragment. We made inquiries at Lord's Coffee House, of Mr. Moth (who, from being the active and experienced head-waiter, is now the obliging landlord of that establishment), and were told that a gentleman unknown had dined there at three, and had been ceaselessly occupied in writing and drinking until a quarter to twelve, when he abruptly left the house. Mr. Moth regretted to add, that the stranger had neglected to pay for thirteen glasses of gin-and-water, half a pint of porter, a bottle of soda-water, and a plate of ham-sandwiches, which he had consumed in the course of the day.

We have paid Mr. Moth (whose very moderate charges, and excellent stock of wines and spirits, cannot be too highly commended), and shall gladly hand over to Mr. Titmarsh the remaining sum which is his due. Has he any more of his rhapsody?—O. Y.

(*Fraser's Magazine*, June 1838.)

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## A SECOND LECTURE ON THE FINE ARTS, BY MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH, ESQUIRE.

### THE EXHIBITIONS.

Jack Straw's Castle, Homestead.

My dear Bricabrac,—You, of course, remember the letter on the subject of our exhibitions which I addressed to you this time last year. As you are now lying at the Hôtel Dieu, wounded during the late unsuccessful *émeute* (which I think, my dear friend, is the seventeenth you have been engaged in), and as the letter which I wrote last year was received with unbounded applause by the people here, and caused a sale of three or four editions of this Magazine, I cannot surely, my dear Bricabrac, do better than send you another sheet or two, which may console you under your present bereavement, and at the same time amuse the British public, who now know their friend Titmarsh as well as you in France know that little scamp Thiers.

Well, then, from "Jack Straw's Castle," an hotel on Hampstead's breezy heath, which Keats, Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, F. W. N. Bayley, and others of our choicest spirits, have often patronized, and a heath of which every pool, bramble, furze-bush-with-clothes-hanging-on-it-to-dry, steep, stock, stone, tree, lodging-house, and distant gloomy background of London city, or bright green stretch of sunshiny Hertfordshire meadows, has been depicted by our noble English landscape painter, Constable, in his own Constabulary way—at "Jack Straw's Castle," I say, where I at this present moment am located (not that it matters in the least, but the world is always interested to know where men of genius are accustomed to disport themselves), I cannot do better than look over the heap of picture-gallery catalogues which I brought with me from London, and communicate to you, my friend in Paris, my remarks thereon.

A man with five shillings to spare may at this present moment half kill himself with pleasure in London town, and in the neighbourhood of Pall Mall, by going from one picture gallery to another, and examining the beauties and absurdities which are to be found in each. There is first the National Gallery (entrance, nothing), in one wing of the little gin-shop of a building so styled near Saint Martin's Church; in another wing is the exhibition of the Royal Academy (entrance, one shilling; catalogue, one ditto). After having seen this, you come to the Water-Colour Exhibition in Pall Mall East; then to the gallery in Suffolk Street; and, finally, to the New Water-Colour Society in Pall Mall—a pretty room, which formerly used to be a gambling-house, where many a bout of seven's-the-main, and iced champagne, has been had by the dissipated in former days. All these collections (all the modern ones, that is) deserve to be noticed, and contain a deal of good, bad, and indifferent wares, as is the way with all other institutions in this wicked world.

*Commençons donc avec le commencement*—with the exhibition of the Royal Academy, which consists, as everybody knows, of thirty-eight knight and esquire Academicians, and nineteen simple and ungenteel Associates, who have not so much as a shabby Mister before their names. I recollect last year facetiously ranging these gentlemen in rank, according to what I conceived to be their merits—King Mulready, Prince Maclise, Lord Landseer, Archbishop Eastlake (according to the best of my memory, for "Jack Straw," strange to say, does not take in *Fraser's Magazine*), and so on. At present, a great number of newcomers, not Associates even, ought to be elevated to these aristocratic dignities; and, perhaps, the order ought to be somewhat changed. There are many more good pictures (here and elsewhere) than there were last year. A great stride has been taken in matters of art, my dear friend. The young painters are stepping forward. Let the old fogies look to it; let the old Academic Olympians beware, for there are fellows among the rising race who bid fair to oust them from sovereignty. They have not yet arrived at the throne, to be sure, but they are near it. The lads are not so good as the best of the Academicians; but many of the Academicians are infinitely worse than the lads, and are old, stupid, and cannot improve, as the younger and more active painters will.

If you are particularly anxious to know what is the best picture in the room, not the biggest (Sir David Wilkie's is the biggest, and exactly contrary to the best), I must request you to turn your attention to a noble river-piece by J. W. M. Turner, Esquire, R.A., "The Fighting *Téméraire*"—as grand a painting as ever figured on the walls of any Academy, or came from the easel of any painter. The old *Téméraire* is dragged to her last home by a little, spiteful, diabolical steamer. A mighty red sun, amidst a host of flaring clouds, sinks to rest on one side of the picture, and illumines a river that seems interminable, and a countless navy that fades away into such a wonderful distance as never was painted before. The little demon of a steamer is belching out a volume (why do I say a volume? not a hundred volumes could express it) of foul, lurid, red-hot, malignant smoke, paddling furiously, and lashing up the water round about it; while behind it (a cold grey moon looking down on it), slow, sad, and majestic, follows the brave old ship, with death, as it were, written on her. I think, my dear Bricabrac (although, to be sure, your nation would be somewhat offended by such a collection of trophies), that we ought not, in common gratitude, to sacrifice entirely these noble old champions of ours, but that we should have somewhere a museum of their skeletons, which our children might visit, and think of the brave deeds which were done in them. The bones of the *Agamemnon* and the *Captain*, the *Vanguard*, the *Culloden*, and the *Victory*, ought to be sacred relics, for Englishmen to worship almost. Think of them when, alive, and braving the battle and the breeze, they carried Nelson and his heroes victorious by the Cape of St. Vincent, in the dark waters of Aboukir, and through the fatal conflict of Trafalgar. All these things, my dear Bricabrac, are, you will say, absurd, and not to the purpose. Be it so; but Bow-Bellites as we are, we Cockneys feel our hearts leap up when we recall them to memory, and every clerk in Threadneedle Street feels the strength of a Nelson when he thinks of the mighty actions performed by him.

It is absurd, you will say (and with a great deal of reason), for Titmarsh, or any other Briton, to grow so poetically enthusiastic about a four-foot canvas, representing a ship, a steamer, a river, and a sunset. But herein surely lies the power of the great artist. He makes you see and think of a great deal more than the objects before you; he knows how to soothe or to intoxicate, to fire or to depress, by a few notes, or forms, or colours, of which we cannot trace the effect to the source, but only acknowledge the power. I recollect, some years ago, at the theatre at Weimar, hearing Beethoven's "Battle of Vittoria," in which, amidst a storm of glorious music, the air of "God save the King" was introduced. The very instant it began, every Englishman in the house was bolt upright, and so stood reverently until the air was played out. Why so? From some such thrill of excitement as makes us glow and rejoice over Mr. Turner and his "Fighting *Téméraire;*" which I am sure, when the art of translating colours into music or poetry shall be discovered, will be found to be a magnificent national ode or piece of music.

I must tell you, however, that Mr. Turner's performances are for the most part quite incomprehensible to me; and that his other pictures, which he is pleased to call "Cicero at his Villa," "Agrippina with the Ashes of Germanicus," "Pluto carrying off Proserpina," or what you will, are not a whit more natural, or less mad, than they used to be in former years, since he has forsaken nature, or attempted (like your French barbers) to embellish it. *On n'embellit pas la nature*, my dear Bricabrac; one may make pert caricatures of it, or mad exaggerations, like Mr. Turner in his fancy pieces. O ye gods! why will he not stick to copying her majestical countenance, instead of daubing it with some absurd antics and fard of his own? Fancy pea-green skies, crimson-lake trees, and orange and purple grass; fancy cataracts, rainbows, suns, moons, and thunderbolts; shake them well up, with a quantity of gamboge, and you will have an idea of a fancy picture by Turner. It is worth a shilling alone to go and see "Pluto and Proserpina." Such a landscape! such figures! such a little red-hot coal-scuttle of a chariot! As Nat Lee sings—

> "Methought I saw a hieroglyphic bat
> Skim o'er the surface of a slipshod hat;
> While, to increase the tumult of the skies,
> A damned potato o'er the whirlwind flies."

If you can understand these lines, you can understand one of Turner's landscapes; and I recommend them to him, as a pretty subject for a piece for next year.

Etty has a picture on the same subject as Turner's "Pluto carrying off Proserpina;" and if one may complain that in the latter the figures are not indicated, one cannot at least lay this fault to Mr. Etty's door. His figures *are* drawn, and a deuced deal *too much* drawn. A great large curtain of fig-leaves should be hung over every one of this artist's pictures, and the world should pass on, content to know that there are some glorious colours painted beneath. His colour, indeed, is sublime—I doubt if Titian ever knew how to paint flesh better—but his taste! Not David nor Girodet ever offended propriety so—scarcely ever Peter Paul himself, by whose side, as a colourist and a magnificent heroic painter, Mr. Etty is sometimes worthy to stand. I wish he would take Ariosto in hand, and give us a series of designs from him. His hand would be the very one for those deep luscious landscapes, and fiery scenes of love and battle. Besides "Proserpine," Mr. Etty has two more pictures—"Endymion," with a dirty, affected, beautiful, slatternly Diana, and a portrait of the "Lady Mayoress of York," which is a curiosity in its way. The line of her ladyship's eyes and mouth (it is a front face) are made to meet at a point in a marabou feather which she wears in her turban, and close to her cheekbone; while the expression of the whole countenance is so fierce, that you would imagine it a Lady Macbeth, and not a Lady Mayoress. The picture has, nevertheless, some very fine painting about it—as which of Mr. Etty's pieces has not?

The artists say there is very fine painting, too, in Sir

David Wilkie's great "Sir David Baird;" for my part, I hink very little. You see a great quantity of brown paint; n this is a great flashing of torches, feathers, and bayonets. You see in the foreground, huddled up in a rich heap of corpses and drapery, Tippoo Sahib; and swaggering over him on a step, waving a sword for no earthly purpose, and wearing a red acket and buckskins, the figure of Sir David Baird. The picture is poor, feeble, theatrical; and I would just as soon have Mr. Hart's great canvas of "Lady Jane Grey" (which is worth exactly twopence-halfpenny) as Sir David's poor picture of "Seringapatam." Some of Sir David's portraits are worse even than his historical compositions. They seem to be painted with snuff and tallow-grease; the faces are merely indicated, and without individuality; the forms only half-drawn, and almost always wrong. What has come to the hand that painted "The Blind Fiddler" and "The Chelsea Pensioners"? Who would have thought that such a portrait as that of "Master Robert Donne," or the composition entitled "The Grandfather," could ever have come from the author of "The Rent Day" and "The Reading of the Will"? If it be but a contrast to this feeble, flimsy, transparent figure of Master Donne, the spectator cannot do better than cast his eyes upwards, and look at Mr. Linnell's excellent portrait of "Mr. Robert Peel." It is real substantial nature, carefully and honestly painted, and without any flashy tricks of art. It may seem ungracious in "us youth" thus to fall foul of our betters; but if Sir David has taught us to like good pictures, by painting them formerly, we cannot help criticizing if he paints bad ones now; and bad they most surely are.

From the censure, however, must be excepted the picture of "Grace before Meat," which, a little misty and feeble perhaps in drawing and substance, in colour, feeling, composition, and expression, is exquisite. The eye loves to repose upon this picture, and the heart to brood over it afterwards. When, as I said before, lines and colours come to be translated into sounds, this picture, I have no doubt, will turn out to be a sweet and touching hymn-tune, with rude notes of cheerful voices, and peal of soft, melodious organ, such as one hears stealing over the meadows on sunshiny

Sabbath-days, while waves under cloudless blue the peaceful golden corn. Some such feeling of exquisite pleasure and content is to be had, too, from Mr. Eastlake's picture of "Our Lord and the Little Children." You never saw such tender, white faces and solemn eyes, and sweet forms of mothers round their little ones bending gracefully. These pictures come straight to the heart, and then all criticism and calculation vanish at once; for the artist has attained his great end, which is to strike far deeper than the sight, and we have no business to quarrel about defects in form and colour, which are but little parts of the great painter's skill.

Look, for instance, at another piece of Mr. Eastlake's, called, somewhat affectedly, "La Svegliarina." The defects of the painter, which one does not condescend to notice when he is filled with a great idea, become visible instantly when he is only occupied with a small one, and you see that the hand is too scrupulous and finikin, the drawing weak, the flesh chalky and unreal. The very same objections exist to the other picture, but the subject and the genius overcome them.

Passing from Mr. Eastlake's pictures to those of a greater genius, though in a different line—look at Mr. Leslie's little pieces. Can anything be more simple—almost rude—than their manner, and more complete in their effect upon the spectator? The very soul of comedy is in them. There is no coarseness, no exaggeration; but they gladden the eye, and the merriment which they excite cannot possibly be more pure, gentlemanlike, or delightful. Mr. Maclise has humour, too, and vast powers of expressing it; but whisky is not more different from rich burgundy than his fun from Mr. Leslie's. To our thinking, Leslie's little head of "Sancho" is worth the whole picture from "Gil Blas" which hangs by it. In point of workmanship this is, perhaps, the best picture that Mr. Maclise ever painted; the colour is far better than that usually employed by him, and the representation of objects carried to such an extent as we do believe was never reached before. There is a poached egg, which one could swallow; a trout that beats all the trout that was ever seen; a copper pan, scoured so clean that you might see your face in it; a green blind, through which the sun comes; and a wall, with the sun shining on it, that De Hooghe could not surpass. This young man has the greatest power of hand that was ever had, perhaps, by any painter in any time or country. What does he want? Polish, I think, thought, and cultivation. His great picture of "King Richard and Robin Hood" is a wonder of dexterity of hand, but coarse, I think, and inefficient in humour. His models repeat themselves too continually. Allen-à-Dale, the harper, is the very counterpart of Gil Blas; and Robin Hood is only Apollo with whiskers—the same grin, the same display of grinders, the same coarse, luscious mouth belongs to both. In the large picture everybody grins, and shows his whole *râtelier;* and you look at them and say, "These people seem all very jolly." Leslie's characters do not laugh themselves, but they make *you* laugh; and this is where the experienced American artist beats the dashing young Irish one. We shall say nothing of the colour of Mr. Maclise's large picture. Some part appears to us to be excellent, and the whole piece, as far as execution goes, is worthy of his amazing talents and high reputation. Mr. Maclise has but one portrait; it is, perhaps, the best in the exhibition—sober in colour, wonderful for truth, effect, and power of drawing.

In speaking of portraits, there is never much to say; and they are fewer, and for the most part more indifferent, than usual. Mr. Pickersgill has a good one—a gentleman in a green chair—and one or two outrageously bad. Mr. Phillips's "Doctor Sheppard" is a finely-painted head and picture; his Lady Dunraven, and her son, as poor, ill-drawn, and ill-coloured a performance as can possibly be. Mr. Wood has a pretty head; Mr. Stone a good portrait of a very noble-looking lady, the Hon. Mrs. Blackwood; Mr. Bewick a good one; and there are, of course, many others whose names might be mentioned with praise or censure, but whom we will, if you please, pass over altogether.

The great advance of the year is in the small historical compositions, of which there are many that deserve honourable mention. Redgrave's "Return of Olivia to the Vicar" has some very pretty painting and feeling in it; "Quentin Matsys," by the same artist, is tolerably good. D. Cowper's "Othello relating his Adventures," really beautiful; as is Cope's "Belgian Family." All these are painted with grace.

feeling, and delicacy; as are E. M. Ward's "Cimabue and Giotto" (there is in Tiepolo's etchings the self-same composition, by the way), and Herbert's elegant picture of the "Brides of Venice." Mr. Severn's composition from the "Ancient Mariner" is a noble performance, and the figure of the angel with raised arm awful and beautiful too. It does good to see such figures in pictures as those and the above invented and drawn; for they belong, as we take it, to the best school of art, of which one is glad to see the daily spread among our young painters.

Mr. Charles Landseer's "Pillage of a Jew's House" is a very well and carefully painted picture, containing a great many figures and good points; but we are not going to praise it—it wants vigour, to our taste, and what you call *actualité*. The people stretch their arms and turn their eyes the proper way, but as if they were in a tableau, and paid for standing there. One longs to see them all in motion and naturally employed.

I feel, I confess, a kind of delight in finding out Mr. Edwin Landseer in a bad picture; for the man paints so wonderfully well that one is angry that he does not paint better, which he might with half his talent and without half his facility. "Van Amburgh and the Lions" *is* a bad picture, and no mistake; dexterous, of course, but flat and washy. The drawing even of the animals is careless; that of the man bad, though the head is very like, and very smartly painted. Then there are other dog-and-man portraits—"Miss Peel with Fido," for instance. Fido is wonderful; and so are the sponges, and hair-brushes, and looking-glass, prepared for the dog's bath. And the drawing of the child's face, as far as the lines and expression go, is very good; but the face is covered with flesh-coloured paint, and not flesh, and the child looks like a wonderful doll, or imitation child, and not a real young lady, daughter of a gentleman who was prime minister last week. (By-the-bye, my dear Bricabrac, did you ever read of such a pretty Whig game as that, and such a nice *coup d'état?*) There, again, is the beautiful little Princess of Cambridge, with a dog and a piece of biscuit. The dog and the biscuit are just perfection; but the princess is no such thing—only a beautiful apology for a princess, like that which Princess

Penelope *didn't* send the other day to the Lord Mayor of London.

We have to thank you (and not our Academy, which has hung the picture in a most scurvy way) for Mr. Scheffer's "Prêche Protestant." This fine composition has been thrust down on the ground, and trampled under foot, as it were, by a great number of worthless Academics; but it merits one of the very best places in the gallery, and I mention it to hint an idea to your worship, which only could come from a great mind like that of Titmarsh—to have, namely, some day, a great European congress of paintings, which might be exhibited at one place—Paris, say, as the most central, or, better still, travel about, under the care of trusty superintendents, as they might, without fear of injury. I think such a circuit would do much to make the brethren known to one another; and we should hear quickly of much manly emulation, and stout training for the contest. If you will mention this to Louis Philippe the next time you see that *roi citoyen* (mention it soon, for, egad! the next *émeute* may be successful; and who knows when it will happen?)—if you will mention this at the Tuileries, *we* will take care of Saint James's; for I suppose that you know, in spite of the Whigs, her most sacred Majesty reads every word of *Fraser's Magazine*, and will be as sure to see this on the first of next month as Lord Melbourne will be to dine with her on that day.

But let us return to our muttons. I think there are few more of the oil pictures about which it is necessary to speak; and besides them, there are a host of miniatures, difficult to expatiate upon, but pleasing to behold. There are Chalon's ogling beauties, half a dozen of them; and the skill with which their silks and satins are dashed in by the painter is a marvel to the beholder. There are Ross's heads, that to be seen must be seen through a microscope. There is Saunders, who runs the best of the miniature men very hard; and Thorburn, with Newton, Robertson, Rochard, and a host of others. And, finally, there is the sculpture room, containing many pieces of clay and marble, and, to my notions, but two good things, a sleeping child (ridiculously called the Lady Susan Somebody), by Westmacott; and the bust of Miss

Stuart, by Macdonald: never was anything on earth more exquisitely lovely.

These things seen, take your stick from the porter at the hall door, cut it, and go to fresh picture galleries; but ere you go, just by way of contrast, and to soothe your mind, after the glare and bustle of the modern collection, take half an hour's repose in the National Gallery, where, before the "Bacchus and Ariadne," you may see what the magic of colour is; before "Christ and Lazarus" what is majestic, solemn grace, and awful beauty; and before the new "Saint Catherine" what is the real divinity of art. Oh, Eastlake and Turner!—oh, Maclise and Mulready! you are all very nice men; but what are you to the men of old?

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Issuing then from the National Gallery—you may step over to Farrance's by the way, if you like, and sip an ice, or bolt a couple of dozen forced-meat balls in a basin of mock-turtle soup—issuing, I say, from the National Gallery, and after refreshing yourself or not, as your purse or appetite permits, you arrive speedily at the Water-Colour Exhibition, and cannot do better than enter. I know nothing more cheerful or sparkling than the first *coup d'œil* of this little gallery. In the first place, you never can enter it without finding four or five pretty women, that's a fact—pretty women with pretty pink bonnets peeping at pretty pictures, and with sweet whispers vowing that Mrs. Seyffarth is a dear, delicious painter, and that her style is "so soft;" and that Miss Sharpe paints every bit as well as her sister; and that Mr. Jean Paul Frederick Richter draws the loveliest things, to be sure, that ever were seen. Well, very likely the ladies are right, and it would be unpolite to argue the matter; but I wish Mrs. Seyffarth's gentlemen and ladies were not so dreadfully handsome, with such white pillars of necks, such long eyes and lashes, and such dabs of carmine at the mouth and nostrils. I wish Miss Sharpe would not paint Scripture subjects, and Mr. Richter great goggle-eyed, red-cheeked, simpering wenches, whose ogling has become odious from its repetition. However, the ladies like it, and, of course, must have their way.

If you want to see *real* nature, now—real expression, real startling home poetry—look at every one of Hunt's heads.

Hogarth never painted anything better than these figures, taken singly. That man rushing away frightened from the beer barrel is a noble head of terror; that Miss Jemima Crow, whose whole body is a grin, regards you with an ogle that all the race of Richters could never hope to imitate. Look at yonder card-players: they have a penny pack of the devil's books, and one has just laid down the king of trump! I defy you to look at him without laughing, or to examine the wondrous, puzzled face of his adversary without longing to hug the greasy rogue. Come hither, Mr. Maclise, and see what genuine comedy is—you who can paint better than all the Hunts and Leslies, and yet not near so well. If I were the Duke of Devonshire, I would have a couple of Hunts in every room in all my houses: if I had the blue-devils (and even their graces are, I suppose, occasionally so troubled), I would but cast my eyes upon these grand good-humoured pictures, and defy care. Who does not recollect "Before and After the Mutton Pie," the two pictures of that wondrous boy? Where Mr. Hunt finds his models, I cannot tell: they are the very flower of the British youth; each of them is as good as "Sancho." Blessed is he that has his portfolio full of them.

There is no need to mention to you the charming landscapes of Cox, Copley Fielding, De Wint, Gastineau, and the rest. A new painter, somewhat in the style of Harding, is Mr. Callow; and better, I think, than his master or original, whose colours are too gaudy to my taste, and effects too glaringly theatrical.

Mr. Cattermole has, among others, two very fine drawings: a large one, the most finished and the best coloured of any which have been exhibited by this fine artist; and a smaller one, "The Portrait," which is charming. The portrait is that of Jane Seymour or Anne Boleyn; and Henry VIII. is the person examining it, with the Cardinal at his side, the painter before him, and one or two attendants. The picture seems to me a perfect masterpiece, very simply coloured and composed, but delicious in effect and tone, and telling the story to a wonder. It is much more gratifying, I think, to let a painter tell his own story in this way, than to bind him down to a scene of "Ivanhoe" or "Uncle Toby;" or worse still, to an illustration of some wretched story in some wretched fribble Annual. Woe to the painter who falls into the hands of Mr. Charles Heath! (I speak, of course, not of Mr. Heath personally, but in a Pickwickian sense—of Mr. Heath the Annual-monger). He ruins the young artist, sucks his brains out, emasculates his genius so as to make it fit company for the purchasers of Annuals! Take, for instance, that unfortunate young man, Mr. Corbould, who gave great promise two years since, painted a pretty picture last year, and now—he has been in the hands of the Annual-mongers, and has left well-nigh all his vigour behind him. Numerous Zuleikas and Lalla Rookhs, which are hanging about the walls of the Academy and the New Water-Colour Gallery, give lamentable proofs of this—such handsome Turks and leering sultanas—such Moors, with straight noses and pretty curled beards! Away, Mr. Corbould! away while it is yet time, out of the hands of these sickly, heartless Annual-sirens! and ten years hence, when you have painted a good, vigorous, healthy picture, bestow the tear of gratitude upon Titmarsh, who tore you from the lap of your crimson-silk-and-gilt-edged Armida.

Mr. Cattermole has a couple, we will not say of imitators, but of friends, who admire his works very much: these are Mr. Nash and Mr. Lake Price. The former paints furniture and old houses, the latter old houses and furniture, and both very pretty. No harm can be said of these miniature scene-painters. On the contrary, Mr. Price's "Gallery at Hardwicke" is really remarkably dexterous, and the chairs, tables, curtains, and pictures are nicked off with extraordinary neatness and sharpness—and then? why then, no more is to be said. Cobalt, sepia, and a sable pencil will do a deal of work, to be sure—and very pretty it is, too, when done; and as for finding fault with it, that nobody will and can—but an artist wants something more than sepia, cobalt, and sable pencils, and the knowledge how to use them. What do you think, my dear Bricabrac, of a little *genius?—that's* the picture-painter, depend on it.

Being on the subject of water-colours, we may as well step into the New Water-Colour Exhibition—not so good as the old, but very good. You will see here a large drawing by Mr. Corbould of a tournament, which will show at once how clever that young artist is, and how weak and *manièré*. You will see some charming, unaffected English landscapes by Mr. Sims; and a capital Spanish Girl by Hicks, of which the flesh-painting cannot be too much approved. It is done without the heavy white with which water-colour artists are now wont to belabour their pictures, and is therefore frankly and clearly painted, as all transparent water-colour drawing must be. The same praise of clearness, boldness, and depth of tone must be given to Mr. Absolon, who uses no white, and only just so much stippling as is necessary. His picture has the force of oil, and we should be glad to see his manner more followed.

Mr. Haghe's "Town Hall of Courtray" has attracted, and deservedly, a great deal of notice. It is a very fine and masterly architectural drawing, rich and sombre in effect, the figures introduced being very nearly as good as the rest of the picture. Mr. Haghe, we suppose, will be called to the Upper House of water-colour painters, who might well be anxious to receive into their ranks many persons belonging to the new society. We hope, however, the latter will be faithful to themselves. There is plenty of room for two galleries, and the public must, ere long, learn to appreciate the merits of the new one. Having spoken a word in favour of Mr. Johnston's pleasing and quaintly-coloured South American sketches, we have but to bend our steps to Suffolk Street, and draw this discourse to a close.

Here is a very fine picture, indeed, by Mr. Hurlstone—"Olympia attacked by Bourbon's Soldiers in Saint Peter's, and flying to the Cross." Seen from the farther room, this picture is grand in effect and colour, and the rush of the armed men towards the girl finely and vigorously expressed. The head of Olympia has been called too calm by the critics. It seems to me most beautiful, and the action of the figure springing forward and flinging its arms round the cross nobly conceived and executed. There is a good deal of fine Titianic painting in the soldiers' figures (oh, that Mr. Hurlstone would throw away his lamp-black !), and the background of the church is fine, vast, and gloomy. This is the best historical picture to be seen anywhere this year. Perhaps the worst is the one which stands at the other end of the room, and which strikes upon the eye as if it were an immense water-colour sketch of a feeble picture by President West. Speaking of historical paintings, I forgot to mention a large and fine picture by Mr. Dyce—the "Separation of Edwy and Elgiva;" somewhat crude and odd in colour, with a good deal of exaggeration in the countenances of the figures, but having grandeur in it, and unmistakable genius. There is a figure of an old woman seated, which would pass muster very well in a group of Sebastian Piombo.

A capitally painted head by Mr. Stone, called the "Sword-bearer," almost as fresh, bright, and vigorous as a Vandyke, is the portrait, we believe, of a brother artist, the clever actor Mr. M'Ian. The latter's picture of "Sir Tristram in the Cave" deserves especial remark and praise, and is really as fine a dramatic composition as one will often see. The figures of the knight and the lady asleep in the foreground are novel, striking, and beautifully easy. The advance of the old king, who comes upon the lovers; the look of the hideous dwarf, who finds them out; and behind, the line of spears that are seen glancing over the rocks, and indicating the march of the unseen troops, are all very well conceived and arranged. The piece deserves engraving; it is wild, poetic, and original. To how many pictures, nowadays, can one apply the two last terms?

There are some more new pictures, in the midst of a great quantity of trash, that deserve notice. Mr. D. Cowper is always good; Mr. Stewart's "Grandfather" contains two excellent likenesses, and is a pleasing little picture. Mr. Hurlstone's "Italian Boy," and "Girl with a Dog," are excellent. And in this pleasant mood, for fear of falling into an angry fit on coming to look further into the gallery, it will be as well to conclude. Wishing many remembrances to Mrs. Bricabrac, and better luck to you in the next *émeute*, I beg here to bid you farewell, and entreat you to accept the assurances of my distinguished consideration. M. A. T.

*Au* CITOYEN BRUTUS NAPOLEON BRICABRAC, *Réfugié d'Avril*, *Blessé de Mai*, *Condamné de Juin*, *Décoré de Juillet*, *etc.*, *etc.* *Hôtel Dieu*, *à Paris.*

(*Fraser's Magazine*, June 1839.)

# A PICTORIAL RHAPSODY BY MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH.

## WITH AN INTRODUCTORY LETTER TO MR. YORKE.

My dear Yorke,—Do you remember the orders which you gave me at the close of our dinner last week at the Clarendon?—that dinner which you always provide upon my arrival in town from my country-seat, knowing full well that Titmarsh before he works must dine, and when he dines must dine well. Do you, I say, remember the remarks which you addressed to me? Probably not; for that third bottle of Clos-Vougeot had evidently done your business, and you were too tipsy even to pay the bill.

Well, let bills be bills, and what care we? There is Mr. James Fraser, our employer, master, publisher, purse-bearer, and friend, who has such a pleasure in paying that it is a pity to balk him; and I never saw a man look more happy than he when he lugged out four five-pound notes to pay for that dinner of ours. What a scene it was! You asleep with your head in a dish of melted raspberry-ice; Mr. Fraser calm, beneficent, majestic, counting out the thirteens to the waiters; the Doctor and Mr. John Abraham Heraud singing, "Suoni la tromba intrepida," each clutching the other's hand, and waving a punch-ladle or a dessert-knife in the unemployed paw, and the rest of us joining in chorus when they came to "gridando liberta." But I am wandering from the point. The address which you delivered to me on drinking my health was in substance this:—

"Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, the splendid feast of which you have partaken, and the celebrated company of individuals whom you see around you, will show you in what estimation myself and Mr. Fraser hold your talents—not that the latter point is of any consequence, as I am the sole editor of the Magazine. Sir, you have been called to the metropolis from a very distant part of the country; your coach-hire and personal expenses have been defrayed; you have been provided with a suit of clothes that *ought* to become you, for they have been for at least six months the wonder of the town while exhibited on my own person; and you may well fancy that all these charges have not been incurred on our parts without an expectation of some corresponding return from you. You are a devilish bad painter, sir. But never mind: Hazlitt was another, and old Peter Pindar was a miserable dauber; Mr. Alexander Pope, who wrote several pretty poems, was always busy with brush and palette, and made sad work of them. You, then, in common with these before-named illustrations, as my friend Lady Morgan calls them [Sir Charles returned thanks], are a wretched artist; but a tolerable critic—nay, a good critic—nay, let me say to your face, the best critic, the clearest, the soundest, the gayest, the most eloquent, the most pathetic, and, above all, the most honest critic, in matters of art that is to be found in her Majesty's dominions. And therefore, Mr. Titmarsh, for we must give the deuce his due, you have been brought from your cottage near John O'Groat's or Land's End—I forget which—therefore you have been summoned to London at the present season.

"Sir, there are at this moment no less than five public exhibitions of pictures in the metropolis; and it will be your duty carefully to examine every one of them during your residence here, and bring us a full and accurate report upon all the pieces exhibited which are remarkable for goodness, badness, or mediocrity."

I here got up, and laying my hand on my satin waistcoat, looked up to heaven, and said, "Sir, I——"

"Sit down, sir, and keep your eternal wagging jaws quiet! Waiter! whenever that person attempts to speak, have the goodness to fill his mouth with olives or a damson cheese. To proceed. Sir, and you, gentlemen, and you, O intelligent public of Great Britain! (for I know that every word I say is in some way carried to you) you must all be aware, I say, how wickedly—how foully, basely, meanly—how, in a word, with every deteriorating adverb that ends in *ly*—in *ly*, gentlemen [here Mr. Yorke looked round, and myself and Mr. Fraser, rather alarmed lest we should have let slip a pun, began to raise a low, faint laugh]—you have all of you seen how the world has been imposed upon by persons calling themselves critics, who, in daily, weekly, monthly prints, protrude their nonsense upon the town. What are these men? Are they educated to be painters? No! Have they a taste for painting? No! I know of newspapers in this town, gentlemen, which send their reporters indifferently to a police-office or a picture-gallery, and expect them to describe Correggio or a fire in Fleet Street with equal fidelity. And, alas! it must be confessed that our matter-of-fact public of England is itself but a dull appreciator of the arts, and is too easily persuaded by the dull critics who lay down their stupid laws.

"But we cannot expect, Mr. Titmarsh, to do any good to our beloved public by telling them merely that their instructors are impostors. Abuse is no argument, foul words admit of no pretence (you may have remarked that I never use them myself, but always employ the arts of gentlemanly persuasion), and we must endeavour to create a reform amongst the nations by simply preaching a purer and higher doctrine. Go you among the picture-galleries, as you have done in former years, and prattle on at your best rate. Don't philosophize, or define, or talk big—for I will cut out every line of such stuff—but speak in a simple, natural way, without fear, and without favour.

"Mark that latter word 'favour' well; for you are a great deal too tender in your nature, and too profuse of compliments. Favour, sir, is the curse of the critical trade; and you will observe how a spirit of *camaraderie* and partisanship prevails in matters of art especially. The picture-critics, as I have remarked, are eminently dull—dull and loud; perfectly ignorant upon all subjects connected with art, never able to guess at the name of an artist without a catalogue and a number, quite unknowing whether a picture be well or ill drawn, well or ill painted. They must prate, nevertheless, about light and shade, warm and cool colour, keeping, chiaroscuro, and such other terms, from the Painters' Cant Dictionary, as they hear bandied about among the brethren of the brush.

"You will observe that such a critic has ordinarily his one or two idols that he worships—the one or two painters, namely, into whose studios he has free access, and from whose opinions he forms his own. There is Dash, for instance, of the *Star* newspaper. Now and anon you hear him discourse of the fine arts, and you may take your affidavit that he has just issued from Blank's *atelier.* All Blank's opinions he utters—utters and garbles, of course; all his likings are founded on Blank's dicta, and all his dislikings. 'Tis probable that Blank has a rival, one Asterisk, living over the way. In Dash's eye Asterisk is the lowest of creatures. At every fresh exhibition you read how 'Mr. Blank has transcended his already transcendent reputation;' 'Myriads are thronging round his glorious canvases;' 'Billions have been trampled to death while rushing to examine his grand portrait of Lady Smigsmag;' 'His picture of Sir Claude Calipash is a gorgeous representation of aldermanic dignity and high, chivalric grace!' As for Asterisk, you are told, 'Mr. Asterisk has two or three pictures—pretty, but weak, repetitions of his old faces and subjects in his old namby-pamby style. The Committee, we hear, rejected most of his pictures: the Committee are very compassionate. How *dared* they reject Mr. Blank's stupendous historical picture of So-and-so'?"

[Here, my dear sir, I am sorry to say that there was a general snore heard from the guests round the table, which rather disturbed the flow of your rhetoric. You swallowed down two or three pints of burgundy, however, and continued.]

"But I must conclude. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, you know your duty. You are an honest man [loud cheers, the people had awakened during the pause]. You must go forth determined to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, as far as you, a fallible creature [cries of 'No, no!'] know it. If you see a good picture, were it the work of your bitterest enemy—and you have hundreds—praise it."

"I will," gasped I.

"Hold your tongue, sir, and don't be interrupting me with your perpetual orations! If you see a bad picture, were it the work of your dearest associate, your brother, the friend of your bosom, your benefactor—cut, slash, slaughter him without mercy. Strip off humbug, sir, though it cover your best boon companion. Praise merit, though it belong to your fiercest foe, your rival in the affections of your mistress, the man from whom you have borrowed money, or taken a beating in private!"

"Mr. Yorke," said I, clenching my fists and starting up, "this passes endurance; were you not intox——" But two waiters here seized and held me down, luckily for you.

"Peace, Titmarsh" (said you); "'twas but raillery. Be honest, my friend, is all that I would say; and if you write a decent article on the exhibitions, Mr. Fraser will pay you handsomely for your trouble; and in order that you may have every facility for visiting the picture-galleries, I myself will give you a small sum in hand. Here are ten shillings —five exhibitions, five shillings; catalogues, four. You will have twelve pence for yourself to take refreshments in the intervals."

I held out my hand, for my anger had quite disappeared.

"Mr. Fraser," said you, "give the fellow half a sovereign; and, for Heaven's sake, teach him to be silent when a gentleman is speaking!"

What passed subsequently need not be stated here, but the above account of your speech is a pretty correct one; and, in pursuance of your orders, I busied myself with the exhibitions on the following day. The result of my labours will be found in the accompanying report. I have the honour, sir, of laying it at your feet, and of subscribing myself,

With the profoundest respect and devotion,
Sir,
Your very faithful and obedient Servant,
MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH.

*Moreland's Coffee House, Dean Street, Soho.*

## ΡΑΨΩιΔΙΑ ἢ ΓΡΑΜΜΑ Α′.

### THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

HAD the author of the following paragraphs the pen of a Sir Walter Scott or a Lady Morgan, he would write something excessively brilliant and witty about the first day of the exhibition, and of the company which crowd the rooms upon that occasion. On Friday the Queen comes (Heaven bless her Majesty!) attended by her courtiers and train, and deigns, with Royal eyes, to examine the works of her Royal Academicians. Her, as we are given to understand, the

President receives, bowing profoundly, awe-stricken; his gold chain dangles from his presidential bosom, and sweet smiles of respectful courtesy light up his venerable face. Walking by her Majesty's side, he explains to her the wonders of the show. "That, may it please your Majesty, is a picture representing yourself, painted by the good knight, Sir David Wilkie: deign to remark how the robes seem as if they were cut out of British oak, and the figure is as wooden as the figurehead of one of your Majesty's men-of-war. Opposite is your Majesty's Royal Consort, by Mr. Patten. We have the honour to possess two more pairs of Pattens in this Academy—ha, ha! Round about you will see some of my own poor works of art. Yonder is Mr. Landseer's portrait of your Majesty's own cockatoo, with a brace of Havadavats. Please your Royal Highness to look at the bit of biscuit; no baker could have done it more natural. Fair Maid of Honour, look at that lump of sugar; couldn't one take an affidavit, now, that it cost elevenpence a pound? Isn't it sweet? I know only one thing sweeter, and that's your Ladyship's lovely face!"

In such lively conversation might we fancy a bland President discoursing. The Queen should make august replies; the lovely, smiling Maids of Honour should utter remarks becoming their innocence and station (turning away very red from that corner of the apartment where hang certain Venuses and Andromedas, painted by William Etty, Esquire); the gallant prince, a lordly, handsome gentleman, with a slight foreign accent, should curl the dark moustache that adorns his comely lip, and say, "Potztausend! but dat bigture of First Loaf by Herr von Mulready ist wunderschön!" and courtly chamberlains, prim goldsticks, and sly polonaises of the Court should take their due share in the gay scene, and deliver their portions of the dialogue of the little drama.

All this, I say, might be done in a very sprightly, neat way, were poor Titmarsh an Ainsworth or a Lady Morgan; and the scene might be ended smartly with the knighting of one of the Academicians by her Majesty on the spot. As thus: —"The Royal party had stood for three-and-twenty minutes in mute admiration before that tremendous picture by Mr. Maclise, representing the banquet in the hall of Dunsinane

'Gory shadow of Banquo,' said Lady Almeria to Lady Wilhelmina, 'how hideous thou art!' 'Hideous! hideous yourself, marry!' replied the arch and lovely Wilhelmina. 'By my halidome!" whispered the seneschal to the venerable prime minister, Lord Melborough—'by cock and pie, Sir Count, but it seems to me that yon Scottish kerne, Macbeth, hath a shrewd look of terror!' 'And a marvellous unkempt beard,' answered the Earl; 'and a huge mouth gaping wide for very terror, and a hand palsied with fear.' 'Hoot awa, mon!" cried an old Scots general, 'but the chield Macbeth (I'm descanded from him leeneally in the saxty-ninth generation) knew hoo to wield a guid claymore!' 'His hand looks as if it had dropped a hot potato!' whispered a roguish page, and the little knave's remark caused a titter to run through the courtly circle, and brought a smile upon the cheek of the President of the Academy, who, sooth to say, had been twiddling his chain of office between his finger and thumb, somewhat jealous of the praise bestowed upon his young rival.

"'My Lord of Wellington,' said her Majesty, 'lend me your sword.' The veteran, smiling, drew forth that trenchant sabre—that spotless blade of battle that had flashed victorious on the plains of far Assaye, in the breach of storm-girt Badajoz, in the mighty and supreme combat of Waterloo! A tear stood in the hero's eyes as he fell on his gartered knee; and holding the blade between his finger and thumb, he presented the hilt to his liege lady. 'Take it, madam,' said he; 'sheathe it in this old breast, if you will, for my heart and sword are my sovereign's. Take it, madam, and be not angry if there is blood upon the steel—'tis the blood of the enemies of my country!' The Queen took it; and as the young and delicate creature waved that tremendous war-sword, a gentleman near her remarked that surely never lighted on the earth a more delightful vision. 'Where is Mr. Maclise?' said her Majesty. The blushing painter stepped forward. 'Kneel! kneel!' whispered fifty voices; and, frightened, he did as they ordered him. 'Sure she's not going to cut my head off?' he cried to the good knights, Sir Augustus Callcott and Sir Isaac Newton, who were standing. 'Your name, sir?' said the Ladye of England. 'Sure you know it's Maclise!' cried the son of Erin. 'Your Christian name?' shrieked Sir Martin Shee in agony. 'Christian name, is it? Oh, then, it's Daniel Malcolm, your Majesty, and much at your service!' She waved the sword majestically over his head, and said, 'Rise up, Sir Malcolm Maclise!'

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"The ceremony was concluded, the brilliant *cortège* moved away, the Royal barouches received the illustrious party, the heralds cried, 'Largesse, Largesse!' and flung silver pennies among the shouting crowds in Trafalgar Square; and when the last man-at-arms that accompanied the Royal train had disappeared, the loud *vivas* of the crowd were heard no more, the shrill song of the silver clarions had died away, his brother painters congratulated the newly-dubbed chevalier, and retired to partake of a slight collation of bread and cheese and porter in the keeper's apartments."

Were we, I say, inclined to be romantic—did we dare to be imaginative—such a scene might be depicted with considerable effect; but as it is, we must not allow poor fancy to get the better of reason, and declare that to write anything of the sort would be perfectly uncalled for and absurd. Let it simply be stated that on the Friday her Majesty comes and goes. On the Saturday the Academicians have a private view for the great personages—the lords of the empire and their ladies, the editors of the newspapers and their friends; and after they have seen as much as possible, about seven o'clock the Academicians give a grand feed to their friends and patrons.

In the arrangement of this banquet, let us say roundly that Messieurs de l'Académie are vastly too aristocratic. Why were *we* not asked? The dinner is said to be done by Gunter; and though the soup and fish are notoriously cold and uncomfortable, we are by no means squeamish, and would pass over this gross piece of neglect. We long, too, to hear a bishop say grace, and to sit cheek by jowl with a duke or two. Besides, we could make some return: a good joke is worth a plateful of turtle; a smart, brisk pun is quite as valuable as a bottle of champagne; a neat anecdote deserves a slice of venison, with plenty of fat and currant jelly; and so on. On such principles of barter we might be disposed to treat. But a plague on this ribaldry and beating about the bush! Let us leave the plates, and come at once to the pictures.

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Once or twice before, in the columns of this Magazine, we have imparted to the public our notions about Greek art, and its manifold deadly errors. The contemplation of such specimens of it as we possess hath always, to tell the truth, left us in a state of unpleasant wonderment and perplexity. It carries corporeal beauty to a pitch of painful perfection, and deifies the body and bones truly; but, by dint of sheer beauty, it leaves humanity altogether inhuman—quite heartless and passionless. Look at Apollo the divine: there is no blood in his marble veins, no warmth in his bosom, no fire or speculation in his dull, awful eyes. Laocoon writhes and twists in an anguish that never can, in the breast of any spectator, create the smallest degree of pity. Diana,

"La chasseresse
Blanche, au sein virginal,
Qui presse
Quelque cerf matinal," *

may run from this till Doomsday, and we feel no desire to join the cold, passionless huntress in her ghostly chase. Such monsters of beauty are quite out of the reach of human sympathy: they were purposely (by the poor, benighted heathens who followed this error, and strove to make their error as grand as possible) placed beyond it. They seemed to think that human joy and sorrow, passion and love, were mean and contemptible in themselves. Their gods were to be calm, and share in no such feelings. How much grander is the character of the Christian school, which teaches that love is the most beautiful of all things, and the first and highest element of beauty in art!

I don't know, madam, whether I make myself clearly understood in saying so much; but if you will have the kindness to look at a certain little picture by Mr. Eastlake in this gallery, you will see to what the observation applies, and that out of a homely subject, and a few simple figures not at all wonderful for excessive beauty or grandeur, the artist can make something infinitely more beautiful than Medicean Venuses, and sublimer than Pythian Apollos. Happy are you, Charles Lock Eastlake, Esquire, R.A.! I think you have in your breast some of that sacred fire that lighted the bosom of Raphael Sanctius, Esquire, of Urbino, he being a young man—a holy kind of Sabbath repose—a calm that comes not of feeling, but of the overflowing of it—a tender, yearning sympathy and love for God's beautiful world and creatures. Impelled by such a delightful sentiment, the gentle spirit of him in whom it dwells (like the angels of old, who first taught us to receive the doctrine that love was the key to the world) breathes always peace on earth, and goodwill towards men. And though the privilege of enjoying this happy frame of mind is accorded to the humblest as well as the most gifted genius, yet the latter must remember that the intellect can exercise itself in no higher way than in the practice of this kind of adoration and gratitude. The great artist who is the priest of nature is consecrated especially to this service of praise; and though it may have no direct relation to religious subjects, the view of a picture of the highest order does always, like the view of stars in a calm night, or a fair, quiet landscape in sunshine, fill the mind with an inexpressible content and gratitude towards the Maker who has created such beautiful things for our use.

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* Alfred de Musset.

And as the poet has told us how, not out of a wide landscape merely, or a sublime expanse of glittering stars, but of any very humble thing, we may gather the same delightful reflections (as out of a small flower, that brings us "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears")—in like manner we do not want grand pictures and elaborate yards of canvas so to affect us, as the lover of drawing must have felt in looking at the Raphael designs lately exhibited in London. These were little, faint scraps, mostly from the artist's pencil—small groups, unfinished single figures, just indicated—but the divine elements of beauty were as strong in them as in the grandest pieces; and there were many little sketches, not half an inch high, which charmed and affected one like the violet did Wordsworth, and left one in that unspeakable, complacent, grateful condition, which, as I have been endeavouring to state, is the highest aim of the art.

And if I might be allowed to give a hint to amateurs concerning pictures and their merit, I would say, look to have your *heart* touched by them. The best paintings address themselves to the best feelings of it, and a great many very clever pictures do not touch it at all. Skill and handling are great parts of a painter's trade, but heart is the first: this is God's direct gift to him, and cannot be got in any academy, or under any master. Look about, therefore, for pictures, be they large or small, finished well or ill, landscapes, portraits, figure-pieces, pen-and-ink sketches, or what not, that contain sentiment and great ideas. He who possesses these will be sure to express them more or less well. Never mind about the manner. He who possesses them not may draw and colour to perfection, and yet be no artist. As for telling you what sentiment is, and what it is not, wherein lies the secret of the sublime, there, madam, we must stop altogether; only, after reading Burke "On the Sublime," you will find yourself exactly as wise as you were before. I cannot tell why a landscape by Claude or Constable should be more beautiful—it is certainly not more dexterous—than a landscape by Mr. —— or Mr. ——. I cannot tell why Raphael should be superior to Mr. Benjamin Haydon (a fact which one person in the world may be perhaps inclined to doubt); or why "Vedrai, carino," in "Don Juan," should be more charming to me than "Suoni la tromba," before mentioned. The latter has twice as much drumming, trumpeting, and thundering in it. All these points are quite undefinable and inexplicable (I never read a metaphysical account of them that did not seem sheer dullness and nonsense); but we can have no doubt about them. And thus we come to Charles Lock Eastlake, Esquire, from whom we started about a page since; during which we have laid down, first, that sentiment is the first quality of a picture; second, that to say whether this sentiment exists or no rests with the individual entirely, the sentiment not being capable of any sort of definition. Charles Lock Eastlake, Esquire, possesses, to my thinking, this undefinable arch-quality of sentiment to a very high degree. And besides him, let us mention William Mulready, Esquire, Cope, Boxall, Redgrave, Herbert (the two latter don't show so much of it this year as formerly), and Richmond.

Mr. Eastlake's picture is as pure as a Sabbath hymn sung by the voices of children. He has taken a very simple subject—hardly any subject at all. But such suggestive points are the best, perhaps, that a painter can take; for with the illustration of a given subject out of a history or romance, when one has seen it, one has commonly seen all; whereas such a piece as this, which Mr. Eastlake calls "The Salutation of the Aged Friar," brings the spectator to a delightful, peaceful state of mind, and gives him matter to ponder upon long after. The story of this piece is simply this:—A group of innocent, happy-looking Italian peasants are approaching a couple of friars; a boy has stepped forward with a little flower, which he presents to the elder of these, and the old monk is giving him his blessing.

Now, it would be very easy to find fault with this picture, and complain of excessive redness in the shadows, excessive whiteness in the linen, of repetition in the faces—the smallest child is the very counterpart of one in the "Christ and the Little Children" by the same artist last year—the women are not only copies of women before painted by Mr. Eastlake, but absolutely copies of one another; the drawing lacks vigour, the flesh-tints variety (they seem to be produced, by the most careful stippling, with a brilliant composition of lake and burnt sienna, cooled off as they come to the edges with a little blue). But though, in the writer's judgment, there are in the picture every one of these faults, the merits of the performance incomparably exceed them, and these are of the purely sentimental and intellectual kind. What a tender grace and purity in the female heads! If Mr. Eastlake repeats his model often, at least he has been very lucky in finding or making her—indeed, I don't know in any painter, ancient or modern, such a charming character of female beauty. The countenances of the monks are full of unction; the children, with their mild-beaming eyes, are fresh with recollection of heaven. There is no affectation of middle-age mannerism, such as silly Germans and silly Frenchmen are wont to call Catholic art; and the picture is truly Catholic in consequence, having about it what the hymn calls "solemn mirth," and giving the spectator the utmost possible pleasure in viewing it. Now, if we might suggest to Mr. Lane, the lithographer, how he might confer a vast benefit upon the public, we would entreat him to make several large copies of pictures of this class, executing them with that admirable grace and fidelity which are the characteristics of all his copies. Let these be coloured accurately, as they might be, at a small charge, and poor people for a few guineas might speedily make for themselves delightful picture galleries. The colour adds amazingly to the charm of these pictures, and attracts the eye to them. And they are such placid, pious companions for a man's study that the continual presence of them could not fail to purify his taste and his heart.

I am not here arguing, let it be remembered, that Mr. Eastlake is absolute perfection; and will concede to those who find fault with him that his works are deficient in power, however remarkable for grace. Be it so. But, then, let us admire his skill in choosing such subjects as are best suited to his style of thinking, and least likely to show his faults. In the pieces ordinarily painted by him, grace and tender feeling are the chief requisites; and I don't recollect a work of his in which he has aimed at other qualities. One more picture besides the old Friar has Mr. Eastlake—a portrait of that beautiful Miss Bury whom our readers must recollect in the old house, in a black mantle, a red gown, with long golden hair waving over her shoulders, and a lily in her hand. The picture was engraved afterwards in one of the Annuals, and was one of the most delightful works that ever came from Mr. Eastlake's pencil. I can't say as much for the present portrait: the picture wants relief, and is very odd and heavy in colour. The handsome lady looks as if she wanted her stays. O beautiful lily-bearer of six years since! you should not have appeared like a mortal after having once shone upon us as an angel.

And now we are come to the man whom we delight to honour, Mr. Mulready, who has three pictures in the exhibition that are all charming in their way. The first ("Fair Time," 116) was painted, it is said, more than a score of years since; and the observer may look into it with some payment for his curiosity, for it contains specimens of the artist's old and new manner. The picture in its first state is somewhat in the Wilkie style of that day (oh for the Wilkie style of that day!), having many greys, and imitating closely the Dutchmen. Since then the painter has been touching up the figures in the foreground with his new and favourite lurid orange-colour; and you may see how this is stippled in upon the faces and hands, and borrow, perhaps, a hint or two regarding the Mulreadian secret.

What is the meaning of this strange colour?—these glowing, burning crimsons, and intense blues, and greens more green than the first budding leaves of spring, or the mignonette-pots in a Cockney's window at Brixton. But don't fancy that we are joking, or about to joke, at Mr. Mulready. These gaudy prismatic colours are wonderfully captivating to the eye; and amidst a host of pictures it cannot fail to settle on a Mulready in preference to all. But for consistency's sake a protest must be put in against the colour. It is pleasant, but wrong; we never saw it in nature—not even when looking through an orange-coloured glass. This point being settled, then, and our minds eased, let us look at the design and conception of "First Love;" and pray, sir, where in the whole works of modern artists will you find anything more exquisitely beautiful? I don't know what that young fellow, so solemn, so tender, is whispering into the ear of that dear girl (she is only fifteen now, but, *sapristi!* how beautiful she will be about three years hence!), who is folding a pair of slim arms round a little baby, and making-believe to nurse it, as they three are standing one glowing summer day under some trees by a stile. I don't know, I say, what they are saying; nor, if I could hear, would I tell—'tis a secret, madam. Recollect the words that the Captain whispered in your ear that afternoon in the shrubbery. Your heart throbs, your cheek flushes; the sweet sound of those words tells clear upon your ear, and you say, "Oh, Mr. Titmarsh, how *can* you?" Be not afraid, madam—never, never will I peach, but sing, in the words of a poet who is occasionally quoted in the House of Commons—

"Est et fideli tuta silentio
Merces. Vetabo qui Cereris sacrum
Vulgarit arcanæ, sub îsdem
Sit trabibus, fragilemve mecum
Solvat phaselum."

Which may be interpreted (with the slight alteration of the name of Ceres for that of a much more agreeable goddess)—

Be happy, and thy counsel keep,
'Tis thus the bard adviseth thee;
Remember that the silent lip
In silence shall rewarded be.
And fly the wretch who dares to strip
Love of its sacred mystery.

My loyal legs I would not stretch
Beneath the same mahogany;
Nor trust myself in Chelsea Reach,
In punt or skiff, with such as he.
The villain who would kiss and peach,
I hold him for mine enemy!

But to return to our muttons, I would not give a fig for the taste of the individual who does not see the exquisite beauty of this little group. Our artist has more passion than the before-lauded Mr. Eastlake, but quite as much delicacy and tenderness; and they seem to me to possess the poetry of picture-making more than any other of their brethren.

By the way, what is this insane yell that has been raised throughout the public press about Mr. Mulready's other performance, the Postage Cover, and why are the sages so bitter against it? The *Times* says it is disgraceful and ludicrous; the elegant writers of the *Weekly Dispatch* vow it is ludicrous and disgraceful; the same sweet song is echoed by papers, Radical and Conservative, in London and the provinces, all the literary gentlemen being alive, and smarting under this insult to the arts of the country. Honest gentlemen of the press, be not so thin-skinned! Take my word for it, there is no cause for such vehement anger—no good opportunity here for you to show off that exquisite knowledge of the fine arts for which you are so celebrated throughout the world. Gentlemen, the drawing of which you complain is *not* bad. The commonest engravers, who would be ashamed to produce such a design, will tell you, if they know anything of their business, that they could not make a better in a hurry. Every man who knows what drawing is will acknowledge that some of these little groups are charmingly drawn; and I will trouble your commonest engravers to design the Chinese group, the American, or the West Indian, in a manner more graceful and more characteristic than that of the much-bespattered post envelope.

I am not holding up the whole affair as a masterpiece—*pas si bête*. The "triumphant hallegory of Britannia ruling the waves," as Mathews used to call it, is a little stale, certainly, nowadays. But what would you have? How is the sublime to be elicited from such a subject? Let some of the common engravers, in their leisure moments, since the thing is so easy, make a better design, or the literary men who are so indignant invent one. The Government, no doubt, is not bound heart and soul to Mr. Mulready, and is willing to hear reason. *Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum:* though all the world shall turn on thee, O Government, in this instance Titmarsh shall stand by thee—ay, and without any hope of reward. To be sure, if my Lord Normanby absolutely insists—but that is neither here nor there. I repeat, the Post Office envelope is not bad, *quoad* design. That very lion, which some of the men of the press (the Daniels!) have been crying out about, is finely, carefully, and characteristically sketched; those elephants, I am sure, were closely studied before the artist in a few lines laid them down on his wood-block; and as for the persons who are to imitate the engraving so exactly, let them try. It has been done by the best wood-engraver in Europe. Ask any man in the profession if Mr. Thompson is not at the head of it. He has bestowed on it a vast deal of time, and skill, and labour; and all who know the difficulties of wood-engraving—of outline wood-engraving—and of rendering faithfully a design so very minute as this, will smile at the sages who declare that all the world could forge it. There was one provincial paper which declared, in a style peculiarly elegant, that a man "with a block of wood and a *bread-and-cheese* knife could easily imitate the envelope;" which remark, for its profound truth and sagacity, the London journals copied.

For shame, gentlemen! Do you think you show your knowledge by adopting such opinions as these, or prove your taste by clothing yourselves in the second-hand garments of the rustic who talks about bread and cheese? Try, Tyrotomos, upon whatever block thou choosest to practise; or be wise, and with appropriate bread-and-cheese knife cut only bread and cheese. Of bread, white and brown—of cheese, old, new, mouldy, toasted—the writer of the *Double-Gloster Journal*, the *Stilton Examiner*, the *Cheddar Champion*, and *North Wiltshire Intelligencer* may possibly be a competent critic, and (with mouth replete with the delicious condiment) may no doubt eloquently speak. But let us be cautious before we agree to and admiringly adopt his opinions upon matters of art. Mr. Thompson is the first wood-engraver in our country—Mr. Mulready one of the best painters in our or any school: it is hard that such men are to be assailed in such language, and by such a critic!

This artist's picture of an interior is remarkable for the same exaggerated colour, and for the same excellences. The landscape seen from the window is beautifully solemn, and very finely painted, in the clear, bright manner of Vandyke and Cranach, and the early German school.

Mr. Richmond's picture of "Our Lord after the Resurrection" deserves a much better place than it has in the ittle dingy, newly-discovered octagon closet; and leaves us to regret that he should occupy himself so much with water-colour portraits, and so little with compositions in oil. This picture is beautifully conceived, and very finely and carefully drawn and painted. One of the apostles is copied from Raphael, and the more is the pity: a man who could execute two such grand figures as the other two n the picture need surely borrow from no one. A water colour group, by the same artist (547, "The Children of Colonel Lindsay"), contains two charming figures of a young lady and a little boy, painted with great care and precision of design and colour, with great purity of sentiment, and without the least affectation. Let our aristocracy send their wives and children (the handsomest wives and children in the world) to be painted by this gentleman, and those who are like him. Miss Lindsay, with her plain, red dress and modest looks, is surely a thousand times more captivating than those dangerous smiling Delilahs in her neighbourhood, whom Mr. Chalon has painted. We must not be understood to undervalue this latter gentleman, however. His drawings are miracles of dexterity; every year they seem to be more skilful and more brilliant. Such satins and lace, such diamond rings and charming little lapdogs, were never painted before—not by Watteau, the first master of the *genre*, nor by Lancret, who was scarcely his inferior. A miniature on ivory by Mr. Chalon, among the thousand prim, pretty little pictures of the same class which all the ladies crowd about, is remarkable for its brilliancy of colour and charming freedom of handling; as is an oil sketch of masquerading figures, by the same painter, for the curious coarseness of the painting.

Before we leave the high-class pictures we must mention Mr. Boxall's beautiful "Hope," which is exquisitely refined and delicate in sentiment, colour, and execution. Placed close beneath one of Turner's magnificent tornadoes of colour, it loses none of its own beauty. As Uhland writes of a certain king and queen who are seated in state side by side,—

> "Der *Turner* furchtbar prächtig wie blut'ger Nordlichtschein,
> Der *Boxall* süss und milde, als blickte Vollmond drein."

Which signifies in English that,

> As beams the moon so gentle near the sun, that blood-red burner,
> So shineth William Boxall by Joseph Mallord Turner.

In another part of the room, and contrasting their quiet grace in the same way with Mr. Turner's glaring colours, are a couple of delightful pictures by Mr. Cope, with mottoes that will explain their subjects. "Help thy father in his age, and despise him not when thou art in thy full strength;" and "Reject not the affliction of the afflicted, neither turn away thy face from a poor man." The latter of these pictures is especially beautiful, and the figure of the female charity as graceful and delicate as may be. I wish I could say a great deal in praise of Mr. Cope's large altar-piece. It is a very meritorious performance; but here praise stops, and such praise is worth exactly nothing. A large picture must either be splendid, or else naught. This "Crucifixion" has a great deal of vigour, feeling, grace; BUT—— The but is fatal; all minor praises are drowned in it. Recollect, however, Mr. Cope, that Titmarsh, who writes this, is only giving his private opinion; that he is mortal; that it is barely possible that he should be in the wrong; and with this confession, which I am compelled (for fear you might overlook the circumstance) to make, you will, I daresay, console yourself, and do well. But men must gird themselves, and go through long trainings, before they can execute such gigantic works as altar-pieces. Handel, doubtless, wrote many little pleasing melodies before he pealed out the "Hallelujah" chorus; and so painters will do well to try their powers, and, if possible, measure and understand them, before they use them. There is Mr. Hart, for instance, who took in an evil hour to the making of great pictures. In the present exhibition is a decently small one; but the artist has overstretched himself in the former attempts. As one hears of gentlemen on the rack, the limbs are stretched one or two inches by the process, and the patient comes away by so much the taller; but he can't *walk* near so well as before, and all his strength is stretched out of him.

Let this be a solemn hint to a clever young painter, Mr. Elmore, who has painted a clever picture of "The Murder of Saint Thomas à Becket," for Mr. Daniel O'Connell. Come off your rack, Mr. Elmore, or you will hurt yourself. Much better is it to paint small subjects, for some time at least. "Non cuivis contingit adire Corinthum," as the proverb says; but there is a number of pleasant villages in this world besides, where we may snugly take up our quarters. By the way, what is the meaning of Tom à Becket's black cassock under his canonicals? Would John Tuam celebrate mass in such a dress? A painter should be as careful about his costumes as an historian about his dates, or he plays the deuce with his composition.

Now, in this matter of costume nobody can be more scrupulous than Mr. Charles Landseer, whose picture of Nell Gwynne is painted with admirable effect and honest scrupulousness. It is very good in colour, very gay in spirits (perhaps too refined, for Nelly never was such a hypocrite as to look as modest as that); but the gentlemen and ladies do not look as if they were accustomed to their dresses, for all their correctness, but had put them on for the first time. Indeed, this is a very small fault, and the merits of the picture are very great: every one of the accessories is curiously well painted—some of the figures very spirited (the drawer is excellent); and the picture one of the most agreeable in the whole gallery. Mr. Redgrave has another costume picture, of a rather old subject, from "The Rambler." A poor girl comes to be companion to Mr. and Mrs. Courtly, who are at piquet; their servants are bringing in tea, and the master and mistress are looking at the newcomer with a great deal of easy scorn. The poor girl is charming; Mrs. Courtly not quite genteel, but with a wonderful quilted petticoat; Courtly looks as if he were not accustomed to his clothes; the servants are very good; and as for the properties, as they would be called on the stage, these are almost too good, painted with a daguerreotypical minuteness that gives this and Mr. Redgrave's other picture of "Paracelsus" a finikin air, if we may use such a disrespectful term. Both performances, however, contain very high merit of expression and sentiment, and are of such a character as we seldom saw in our schools twenty years ago.

There is a large picture by a Scotch artist, Mr. Duncan, representing "The Entry of Charles Edward into Edinburgh," which runs a little into caricature, but contains a vast deal of character and merit, and which, above all, in the article of costume, shows much study and taste. Mr. Duncan seems to have formed his style upon Mr. Allan and Mr. Wilkie—I beg his pardon—Sir David. The former has a pleasing brown picture likewise on the subject of the Pretender. The latter's Maid of Saragossa and Spaniard at the Gun, any one may see habited as Irish peasants superintending "A Whisky Still," in the middle room, No. 252.

This picture, I say, any one may see and admire who pleases: to me it seems all rags, and duds, and a strange, straggling, misty composition. There are fine things, of course; for how can Sir David help painting fine things? In the "Benvenuto" there is superb colour, with a rich management of lakes especially, which has been borrowed from no master that we know of. The Queen is as bad a likeness and picture as we have seen for many a day. "Mrs. Ferguson of Raith," a magnificent picture indeed, as grand in effect as a Rubens or Titian, and having a style of its own. The little sketch from Allan Ramsay is delightful; and the nobleman and hounds (with the exception of his own clumsy vermilion robe) as fine as the fellow-sized portrait mentioned before. Allan Ramsay has given a pretty subject, and brought us a pretty picture from another painter, Mr. A. Johnston, who has illustrated those pleasant, quaint lines—

> "Last morning I was gay, and early out;
> Upon a dike I leaned, glow'ring about.
> I saw my Meg come linkin' o'er the lea;
> I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw na me."

And here let us mention with praise two small pictures in a style somewhat similar—"The Recruit," and "Hermann and Dorothea," by Mr. Poole. The former of these little pieces is very touching and beautiful. There is among the present exhibitioners no lack of this kind of talent, and we could point out many pictures that are equally remarkable for grace and agreeable feeling. Mr. Stone's "Annot Lyle" should not be passed over—a pretty picture, very well painted, the female head of great beauty and expression.

Now, if we want to praise performances showing a great deal of power and vigour, rather than grace and delicacy, there are Mr. Etty's "Andromeda" and "Venus." In the former, the dim figure of advancing Perseus galloping on his airy charger is very fine and ghostly; in the latter, the body of the Venus, and indeed the whole picture, is a perfect miracle of colour. Titian may have painted Italian flesh equally well, but he never, I think, could surpass the skill of Mr. Etty. The trunk of this voluptuous Venus is the most astonishing representation of beautiful English flesh and blood, painted in the grandest and broadest style. It s said that the Academy at Edinburgh has a room full of Etty's pictures: they could not do better in England than follow the example. But perhaps the paintings had better be kept *for the Academy only*, for the *profanum vulgus* are scarcely fitted to comprehend their peculiar beauties. A prettily-drawn, graceful, nude figure is "Bathsheba," by Mr. Fisher, of the street and city of Cork.

The other great man of Cork is Daniel Maclise by name; and if in the riot of fancy he hath by playful Titmarsh been raised to the honour of knighthood, it is certain that here Titmarsh is a true prophet, and that the sovereign will so elevate him, one day or other, to sit with other cavaliers at the Academic round table. As for his pictures—why, as for his pictures, madam, these are to be carefully reviewed in the next number of this Magazine, for the present notice has noticed scarcely anybody, and yet stretched to an inordinate length. "Macbeth" is not to be hurried off under six pages; and for this June number Mr. Fraser vows that he has no such room to spare.

We have said how Mr. Turner's pictures blaze about the rooms. It is not a little curious to hear how artists and the public differ in their judgments concerning them—the enthusiastic wonder of the first-named, the blank surprise and incredulity of the latter. "The new moon; or, I've lost my boat: you shan't have your hoop," is the ingenious title of one—a very beautiful picture, too, of a long, shining sea-sand, lighted from the upper part of the canvas by the above-named luminary of night, and from the left-hand corner by a wonderful wary boy in a red jacket—the best painted figure that we ever knew painted by Joseph Mallord Turner, Esquire.

He and Mr. Ward vie with each other in mottoes for their pictures. Ward's epigraph to the S——'s nest is wondrous poetic.

277. The S——'s Nest. S. Ward, R.A.

> "Say they that happiness lives with the great,
> On gorgeous trappings mixt with pomp and state?
> More frequent found upon the simple plain,
> In poorest garb, with Julia, Jess, or Jane;
> In sport or slumber, as it likes her best,
> Where'er she *lays* she finds it a S——'s nest."

Ay, and a S——'s eggs, too, as one would fancy, were great geniuses not above grammar. Mark the line, too,—

> "On gorgeous trappings *mixt* with pomp and state,"

and construe the whole of this sensible passage.

Not less sublime is Mr. Ward's fellow-Academician :—

230. "Slavers throwing overboard the Dead and Dying: Typhon coming on." J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

> "Aloft all hands, strike the topmasts and belay !
> Yon angry setting sun and fierce-edged clouds
> Declare the Typhon's coming.
> Before it sweeps your decks, throw overboard
> The dead and dying—ne'er heed their chains.
> Hope, Hope, fallacious Hope !
> Where is thy market now ?"—*MS. Fallacies of Hope.*

Fallacies of Hope, indeed : to a pretty mart has she brought her pigs ! How should Hope be hooked on to the slaver ? By the anchor, to be sure, which accounts for it. As for the picture, the R.A.'s rays are indeed terrific, and the slaver throwing its cargo overboard is the most tremendous piece of colour that ever was seen ; it sets the corner of the room in which it hangs into a flame. Is the picture sublime or ridiculous ? Indeed I don't know which. Rocks of gamboge are marked down upon the canvas, flakes of white laid on with a trowel, bladders of vermilion madly spirted here and there. Yonder is the slaver rocking in the midst of a flashing foam of white-lead. The sun glares down upon a horrible sea of emerald and purple, into which chocolate-coloured slaves are plunged, and chains that will not sink ; and round these are floundering such a race of fishes as never was seen since the *sæculum Pyrrhæ*—gasping dolphins, redder than the reddest herrings ; horrid spreading polypi, like huge, slimy, poached eggs, in which hapless niggers plunge and disappear. Ye gods, what a "middle passage" ! How Mr. Fowell Buxton must shudder ! What would they say to this in Exeter Hall ? If Wilberforce's statue downstairs were to be confronted with this picture, the stony old gentleman would spring off his chair and fly away in terror !

And here, as we are speaking of the slave-trade, let us say a word in welcome to a French artist, Monsieur Biard, and his admirable picture. Let the friends of the negro forthwith buy this canvas, and cause a plate to be taken from it. It is the best, most striking, most pathetic lecture against the trade that ever was delivered. The picture is as fine as Hogarth ; and the artist, who, as we have heard, right or wrong, has only of late years adopted the profession of painting, and was formerly in the French navy, has evidently drawn a great deal of his materials from life and personal observation. The scene is laid upon the African coast. King Tom or King Boy has come with troops of slaves down the Quorra, and sits in the midst of his chiefs and mistresses (one a fair creature, not much darker than a copper tea-kettle), bargaining with a French dealer. What a horrible, callous brutality there is in the scoundrel's face as he lolls over his greasy ledger and makes his calculations! A number of his crew are about him; their boats close at hand, in which they are stowing their cargo. See the poor wretches, men and women, collared together, drooping down. There is one poor thing just parted from her child. On the ground in front lies a stalwart negro; one connoisseur is handling his chest to try his wind, another has opened his mouth and examines his teeth to know his age and soundness. Yonder is a poor woman kneeling before one of the Frenchmen. Her shoulder is fizzing under the hot iron with which he brands her; she is looking up, shuddering and wild, yet quite mild and patient: it breaks your heart to look at her. I never saw anything so exquisitely pathetic as that face. God bless you, Monsieur Biard, for painting it! It stirs the heart more than a hundred thousand tracts, reports, or sermons; it must convert every man who has seen it. You British Government, who have given twenty millions towards the good end of freeing this hapless people, give yet a couple of thousand more to the French painter, and don't let his work go out of the country, now that it is here. Let it hang along with the Hogarths in the National Gallery; it is as good as the best of them. Or there is Mr. Thomas Babington Macaulay, who has a family interest in the matter, and does not know how to spend all the money he brought home from India: let the right honourable gentleman look to it. Down with your dust, right honourable sir; give Monsieur Biard a couple of thousand for his picture of the negroes, and it will be the best black act you ever did in your life. And don't go for to be angry at the suggestion, or fancy we are taking liberties. What is said is said from one public man to another, in a Pickwickian sense, *de puissance en puis-*

*sance*—from Titmarsh, in his critical *cathedra*, to your father's eminent son, rich with the spoils of Ind, and wielding the bolts of war.

What a marvellous power is this of the painter's! how each great man can excite us at his will! what a weapon he has, if he knows how to wield it! Look for a while at Mr. Etty's pictures, and away you rush, your "eyes on fire," drunken with the luscious colours that are poured out for you on the liberal canvas, and warm with the sight of the beautiful sirens that appear on it. You fly from this (and full time too), and plunge into a green, shady landscape of Lee or Creswick, and follow a quiet stream babbling beneath whispering trees, and checkered with cool shade and golden sunshine; or you set the world—nay, the Thames and the ocean—on fire with that incendiary Turner; or you laugh with honest, kind-hearted Webster and his troops of merry children; or you fall a-weeping with Monsieur Biard for his poor blacks; or you go and consult the priests of the place —Eastlake, Mulready, Boxall, Cope, and the like—and straightway your mind is carried off in an ecstasy; happy, thrilling hymns sound in your ears melodious; sweet thankfulness fills your bosom. How much instruction and happiness have we gained from these men, and how grateful should we be to them!

[It is well that Mr. Titmarsh stopped here, and I shall take special care to examine any further remarks which he may think fit to send. Four-fifths of this would have been cancelled had the printed sheets fallen sooner into our hands. The story about the "Clarendon" is an absurd fiction—no dinner ever took place there. I never fell asleep in a plate of raspberry ice; and though I certainly did recommend this person to do justice by the painters, making him a speech to that effect, my opinions were infinitely better expressed, and I would repeat them were it not so late in the month.—O. Y.]

# A PICTORIAL RHAPSODY: CONCLUDED.

## AND FOLLOWED BY A REMARKABLE STATEMENT OF FACTS BY MRS. BARBARA.

And now, in pursuance of the promise recorded in the last number of this Magazine, and for the performance of which the public has ever since been in breathless expectation, it hath become Titmarsh's duty to note down his opinions of the remaining pictures in the Academy exhibition, and to criticize such other pieces as the other galleries may show.

In the first place, then, with regard to Mr. Maclise, it becomes us to say our say; and as the *Observer* newspaper, which, though under the express patronage of the Royal family, devotes by far the noblest part of its eloquence to the consideration of dramatic subjects, and to the discussion of the gains, losses, and theatrical conduct of managers—as, I say, the *Observer* newspaper, whenever Madame Vestris or Mr. Yates adopts any plan that concurs with the notions of the paper in question, does not fail to say that Madame Vestris or Mr. Yates has been induced so to reform in consequence of the *Observer's* particular suggestion; in like manner, Titmarsh is fully convinced that all the painters in this town have their eyes incessantly fixed upon his criticisms, and that all the wise ones regulate their opinions by his.

In the language of the *Observer*, then, Mr. Maclise has done wisely to adopt our suggestions with regard to the moral treatment of his pictures, and has made a great advance in his art. Of his four pictures, let us dismiss the scene from "Gil Blas" at once. Coming from a second-rate man, it would be well enough. It is well drawn, grouped, lighted, shadowed, and the people all grin very comically, as people do in pictures called comic; but the soul of fun is wanting, as I take it—the merry, brisk, good-humoured spirit which in Le Sage's text so charms the reader.

"Olivia and Malvolio" is, on the contrary, one of the best and most spiritual performances of the artist. Nothing can be more elegant than the tender, languid melancholy of Olivia, nor more poetical than the general treatment of the picture. The long, clipped alleys and quaint gardens, the peacocks trailing through the walks, and vases basking in the sun, are finely painted and conceived. Examine the picture at a little distance, and the *ensemble* of the composition and colour is extraordinarily pleasing. The details, too, are, as usual, wonderful for their accuracy. Here are flower-beds, and a tree above Olivia's head, of which every leaf is painted—and painted with such skill as not in the least to injure the general effect of the picture. Mr. Maclise has a daguerreotypic eye and a feeling of form stronger, I do believe, than has ever been possessed by any painter before him.

Look at the portrait of Mr. Dickens—well arranged as a picture, good in colour, and light, and shadow, and, as a likeness, perfectly amazing; a looking-glass could not render a better facsimile. Here we have the real, identical man Dickens. The artist must have understood the inward Boz as well as the outward before he made this admirable representation of him. What cheerful intelligence there is about the man's eyes and large forehead! The mouth is too large and full, too eager and active, perhaps; the smile is very sweet and generous. If Monsieur de Balzac, that voluminous physiognomist, could examine this head, he would, no doubt, interpret every tone and wrinkle in it—the nose firm, and well placed; the nostrils wide and full, as are the nostrils of all men of genius (this is Monsieur Balzac's maxim). The past and the future, says Jean Paul, are written in every countenance. I think we may promise ourselves a brilliant future from this one. There seems no flagging as yet in it, no sense of fatigue, or consciousness of decaying power. Long mayest thou, O Boz, reign over thy comic kingdom! long may we pay tribute, whether of threepence weekly or of a shilling monthly, it matters not. Mighty prince! at thy imperial feet, Titmarsh, humblest of thy servants, offers his vows of loyalty and his humble tribute of praise.

And now (as soon as we are off our knees, and have done paying court to sovereign Boz) it behoves us to say a word or two concerning the picture of "Macbeth," which occupies such a conspicuous place in the Academy gallery. Well, then, this picture of "Macbeth" has been, to our notion, a great deal too much praised and abused—only Titmarsh understands the golden mean, as is acknowledged by all who read his criticisms. Here is a very fine, masterly picture, no doubt, full of beauties, and showing extraordinary power; but not a masterpiece, as I humbly take it—not a picture to move the beholder as much as many performances that do not display half the power that is here exhibited. I don't pretend to lay down any absolute laws on the sublime (the reader will remember how the ancient satirist hath accused John Dennis of madness for his vehement preaching of such rules). No, no, Michael Angelo T. is not quite so impertinent as that; but the public and the artist will not mind being told, without any previous definitions, that this picture is not of the highest order. The "Malvolio" is far more spiritual and suggestive, if we may so speak; it tells not only its own tale very charmingly, but creates for the beholder a very pleasant, melancholy train of thought, as every good picture does in its kind, from a six-inch canvas by Hobbema or Ruysdael up to a thousand-foot wall of Michael Angelo. If you read over the banquet-scene in words, it leaves an impression far more dreadful and lively. On the stage it has always seemed to us to fail; and though out of a trapdoor in the middle of it Mr. Cooper is seen to rise very solemnly, his face covered with white, and a dreadful gash of vermilion across his neck—though he nods and waggles his head about in a very quiet, ghostlike manner—yet, strange to say, neither this scene nor this great actor has ever frightened us, as they both should, as the former does when we read it at home. The fact is, that it is quite out of Mr. Cooper's power to look ghostly enough, or, perhaps, to soar along with us to that sublime height to which our imagination is continually carrying us.

A large part of this vast picture Mr. Maclise has painted very finely. The lords are all there in gloomy state—fierce, stalwart men in steel. The variety of attitude and light in which the different groups are placed, the wonderful knowledge and firmness with which each individual figure and feature are placed down upon the canvas, will be understood and admired by the public; but by the artist still more, who knows the difficulty of these things, which seem so easy—

which are so easy, no doubt, to a man with Mr. Maclise's extraordinary gifts. How fine is yonder group at the farthest table, lighted up by the reflected light from the armour of one of them! The effect, as far as we know, is entirely new—the figures drawn with exquisite minuteness and clearness, not in the least interrupting the general harmony of the picture. Look at the two women standing near Lady Macbeth's throne, and those beautiful little hands of one of them placed over the state chair; the science, workmanship, feeling in these figures are alike wonderful. The face, bust, and attitude of Lady Macbeth are grandly designed; the figures to her right, with looks of stern doubt and wonder, are nobly designed and arranged. The main figure of Macbeth, I confess, does not please, nor the object which has occasioned the frightful convulsive attitude in which he stands. He sees not the ghost of Banquo, but a huge, indistinct, gory shadow, which seems to shake its bloody locks and frown upon him. Through this shade, intercepted only by its lurid transparency, you see the figures of the guests; they are looking towards it, and *through* it. The skill with which this point is made is unquestionable; there is something there, and nothing. The spectators feel this as well as the painted actors of the scene: there are times when, in looking at the picture, one loses sight of the shade altogether, and begins to wonder with Rosse, Lenox, and the rest.

The idea, then, so far as it goes, is as excellently worked out as it is daringly conceived. But is it a just one? I think not. I should say it was a grim piece of comedy rather than tragedy. One is puzzled by this piece of *diablerie*—not deeply affected and awe-stricken, as in the midst of such heroical characters and circumstances one should be.

> "Avaunt, and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
> Thy bones are marrowless—thy blood is cold;
> Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
> Which thou dost glare with."

Before the poet's eyes, at least, the figure of the ghost stood complete—an actual, visible body with the life gone out of it; an image far more grand and dreadful than the painter's fantastical shadow, because more simple. The shadow is an awful object—granted; but the most sublime, beautiful, fearful sight in all nature is, surely, the face of a man—wonderful in all its expressions of grief or joy, daring or endurance, thought, hope, love, or pain. How Shakespeare painted all these! With what careful thought and brooding were all his imaginary creatures made!

I believe we have mentioned the best figure-pieces in the exhibition, for, alas! the "Milton and his Daughters" of Sir Augustus Callcott, although one of the biggest canvases in the gallery, is by no means one of the best; and one may regret that this most *spirituel* of landscape-painters should have forsaken his old style to follow figure-drawing. Mr. Hollins has a picture of "Benvenuto Cellini showing a Trinket to a Lady"—a subject of absorbing interest and passionate excitement, painted in a corresponding manner. A prim lady sits smiling in a chair by a table, on which is a very neat, regular tablecloth, drawn at right angles with the picture-frame. Parallel with the table is a chest of drawers, secretaire, cabinet, or *bahut*. Near this stands a waiting-maid, smiling archly, and in front you behold young Benvenuto, spick and span in his very best clothes and silk stockings, looking—as Benvenuto never did in his life. Of some parts of this picture the colour and workmanship are very pretty; but was there ever such a niminypiminy subject treated in such a niminypiminy way? We can remember this gentleman's picture of "Margaret at the Spinning-wheel" last year, and should be glad to see and laud others that were equally pretty. Mr. Lauder has, in the same room, a pleasing picture from Walter Scott, "The Glee-Maiden;" and a large sketch, likewise from Scott, by a French artist (who has been celebrated in this Magazine as the author of the picture, "The Sinking of the *Vengeur*"), is fine in effect and composition.

If Mr. Herbert's picture of "Travellers taking Refreshment at a Convent Gate" has not produced much sensation, it is because it is feeble in tone, not very striking in subject, and placed somewhat too high. There is a great deal of beauty and delicacy in all the figures; and though lost here amidst the glare and bustle of the Academy, it will be an excellent picture for the cabinet, where its quiet graces and merits will be better seen.

Mr. Webster's "Punch," before alluded to, deserves a great deal of praise. The landscape is beautiful; the group of little figures assembled to view the show are delightfully gay and pretty. Mr. Webster has the bump of philoprogenitiveness (as some ninny says of George Cruikshank in the *Westminster Review*); and all mothers of large families, young ladies who hope to be so one day or the other, and honest papas, are observed to examine this picture with much smiling interest. It is full of sunshine and innocent, playful good-humour. All Punch's audience are on the grin. John, the squire's footman, is looking on with a protecting air; the old village folk are looking on, grinning with the very youngest; boys are scampering over the common, in order to be in time for the show; Punchman is tootooing on the pipes, and banging away on the drum; potboy has consigned to the earth his precious cargo, and the head of every tankard of liquor is wasting its frothy fragrance in the air; in like manner, the pieman permits his wares to get cold; nursery-maids, schoolboys, happy children in go-carts, are employed in a similar way—indeed, a delightful little rustic comedy.

In respect of portraits, the prettiest, as I fancy, after Wilkie's splendid picture of Mrs. Ferguson, is one by Mr. Grant, of a lady with a scarf of a greenish colour. The whole picture is of the same tone, and beautifully harmonious; nor are the lady's face and air the least elegant and charming part of it. The Duke has been painted a vast number of times, such are the penalties of glory; nor is it possible to conceive anything much worse than that portrait of him in which Colonel Gurwood is represented by his side, in a red velvet waistcoat, offering to his Grace certain dispatches. It is in the style of the famous picture in the Regent Circus, representing Mr. Coleby the cigarist, an orange, a pine-apple, a champagne cork, a little dog, some decanters, and a yellow bandanna—all which personages appear to be so excessively important that the puzzled eyes scarcely know upon which to settle. In like manner, in the Wellington-Gurwood testimonial the accessories are so numerous and so brilliantly coloured, that it is long before one can look up to the countenances of the Colonel and his Grace, which, it is to be presumed, are the main objects of interest in the piece. And this plan has been not unartfully contrived, for the heads are by no means painted up to the point of brilliancy which is visible in boots, clocks, bell-pulls, Turkey carpets, armchairs, and other properties here painted.

Now, if the artist of the above picture wishes to know how properties may be painted with all due minuteness, and yet conduce to the general effect of the picture, let him examine the noble little portrait of Lord Cottenham, by Leslie—the only contribution of this great man to the exhibition. Here are a number of accessories introduced, but with that forethought and sense of propriety which, as I fancy, distinguish all the works of Mr. Leslie. They are not here for mere picturesque effect or ornamental huddle, but are made to tell the story of the piece, and indicate the character of the dignified personage who fills the centre of it. The black brocade drapery of the Chancellor's gown is accurately painted, and falls in that majestic, grave way in which a chancellor's robe *should* fall. Are not the learned Lord's arms somewhat short and fin-like? This is a query which we put humbly, having never had occasion to remark that part of his person.

Mr. Briggs has his usual pleasant, well-painted portraits; and Mr. Patten a long full-length of Prince Albert that is not admired by artists, it is said, but a good downright honest *bourgeois* picture, as we fancy—or, as a facetious friend remarked, good plain *roast-and-boiled* painting. As for the portrait opposite—that of her Majesty, it is a sheer libel upon that pretty, gracious countenance—an act of rebellion for which Sir David should be put into York gaol. Parts of the picture are, however, splendidly painted. And here, being upon the subject, let us say a word in praise of those two delightful lithographic heads, after Ross, which appear in the printshop windows. Our gracious Queen's head is here most charming; and that of the Prince full of such manly frankness and benevolence as must make all men cry, "God bless him." I would much sooner possess a copy of the Ross miniature of the Queen than a cast from her Majesty's bust by Sir Francis Chantrey, which has the place of honour in the sculpture vault.

All Macdonald's busts deserve honourable notice. This lucky sculptor has some beautiful subjects to model, and beautiful and graceful all his marbles are. As much may be said of Mr. M'Dowell's girl—the only piece of imaginative sculpture in the Academy that has struck us as pleasing. Mr. Behnes, too, should receive many commendations—an old man's head particularly, that is full of character and goodness; and "The Bust of a Lady," which may be called "A Lady with a Bust"—a beautiful bust, indeed, of which the original and the artist have both good right to be proud. Mr. Bell's virgin is not so pleasing in the full size as in the miniature copy of it.

For the matter of landscapes, we confess ourselves to be no very ardent admirers of these performances, clever and dexterous as most of them are. The works of Mr. Stanfield and Mr. Roberts cannot fail to be skilful, and both of these famous artists show their wonderful power of drawing, as usual. But these skilful pictures have always appeared to us more pleasing in little on the sketching-board than when expanded upon the canvas. A couple of Martins must be mentioned—huge, queer, and tawdry to our eyes, but very much admired by the public, who is no bad connoisseur, after all; and also a fine Castle of Chillon, or Chalon, rudely painted, but very poetical and impressive.

[Here Titmarsh exchanges his check at the door for a valuable gingham umbrella, with a yellowhorn head, representing Lord Brougham or Doctor Syntax, and is soon seen, with his hat very much on one side, swaggering down Pall Mall East, to the Water-Colour Gallery. He flings down eighteenpence in the easiest way, and goes upstairs.]

Accident, or, what is worse, ill-health, has deprived us of the two most skilful professors of the noble art of water-colour painting; and without the works of Messrs. Lewis and Cattermole, the gallery looks empty indeed. Those gentlemen are accustomed to supply the picture-lover with the *pièces de résistance* of the feast, with which, being decently satisfied, we can trifle with an old market-place by Prout, or six cows and four pigs by Hill, or a misty Downs by Copley Fielding, with some degree of pleasure. Discontented, then, with the absence of the substantials, it must be confessed that we have been examining the rest of the pictures in no very good humour. And so, to tell you a secret, I do not care a fig for all the old town-halls in the world, though they be drawn never so skilfully. How long are we to go on with Venice, Verona, Lago di So-and-so, and Ponte di What-d'ye-call-'em? I am weary of gondolas, striped awnings, sailors with red night (or rather day) caps, cobalt distances, and posts in the water. I have seen so many white palaces standing before dark purple skies, so many black towers with gamboge atmospheres behind them, so many masses of rifle-green trees plunged into the deepest shadow, in the midst of sunshiny plains, for no other reason but because dark and light contrast together, that a slight expression of satiety may be permitted to me, and a longing for more simple nature. On a great, staring theatre such pictures may do very well: you are obliged there to seek for these startling contrasts; and by the aid of blue lights, red lights, transparencies, and plenty of drums and appropriate music, the scene thus presented to one captivates the eye, and calls down thunder from the galleries.

But in little, quiet rooms, on sheets of paper of a yard square, such monstrous theatrical effects are sadly painful. You don't mistake patches of brick-dust for maidens' blushes, or fancy that tinfoil is diamonds, or require to be spoken to with the utmost roar of the lungs. Why, in painting, are we to have monstrous, flaring, Drury Lane tricks and claptraps put in practice, when a quieter style is, as I fancy, so infinitely more charming?

There is no use in mentioning the names of persons who are guilty of the above crimes. But let us say who is *not* guilty, and that is D. Cox, upon whose quiet landscapes, moist grass, cool trees, the refreshed eye rests with the utmost pleasure, after it has been perplexed and dazzled elsewhere. May we add a humble wish that this excellent painter will remain out of doors, amidst such quiet scenes as he loves, and not busy himself with Gothicism, middleageism, and the painting of quaint interiors? There are a dozen artists, of not a tithe of his genius, who can excel him at the architectural work. There is, for instance, Mr. Nash, who is improving yearly, and whose pictures are not only most dexterously sketched, but contain numberless little episodes, in the shape of groups of figures, that are full of grace and feeling. There is Mr. Haghe, too, of the Lower House, but of him anon.

To show how ill and how well a man may paint at the same time, the public may look at a couple of drawings by J. Nash—one, the interior of a church, the other, a plain landscape, both of which are executed with excessive, almost childish, rudeness, and are yet excellent, as being close copies of the best of all drawing-masters, Nature. And Mr. Barrett, who has lately written a book for students, tells them very sagaciously *not* to copy the manner in any master, however much he may be in the mode. Some there are, fashionable instructors in the art of water-colouring, of whom, indeed, a man had better not learn at any price—nay, were they to offer a guinea per lesson, instead of modestly demanding the same, the reader should be counselled not to accept of their instructions.

See in what a different school Mr. Hunt works, and what marvellous effects he produces! There is a small picture of an interior by him (to which the blue ticket having the pretty word SOLD written on it is not fixed) that, as a copy of nature, is a perfect miracle. No De Hooghe was ever better, more airy and sunshiny. And the most extraordinary part of this extraordinary picture is that the artist has not produced his effect of excessive brilliancy by any violent contrasting darkness, but the whole picture is light—the sunshine is in every corner of the room. And this drawing remains unsold, while Dash, and Blank, and Asterisk have got off all theirs. The large head of the black girl is painted with wonderful power; in water-colours, we have scarcely seen anything so vigorous. The boys and virgins are, as usual, admirable; the lad with the bottle, he reading ballads in the barn, and the red, ragged, brickdust-coloured, brigand-looking fellow, especially good. In a corner is a most astonishing young gentleman with a pan of milk: he is stepping forward full into your face, and has seen something in it which has caused him to spill his milk and look dreadfully frightened. Every man who is worth a fig, as he comes up to this picture, bursts out a-laughing—he can't help himself; you hear a dozen such laughs in the course of your visit. Why does this little drawing so seize hold of the beholder, and cause him to roar? There is the secret: the painter has got the soul of comedy in him—the undefinable humorous genius. Happy is the man who possesses that drawing: a man must laugh if he were taking his last look at it before being hanged.

Mr. Taylor's flowing pencil has produced several pieces of delightful colour, but we are led bitterly to deplore the use of that fatal white-lead plot that is clogging and blackening the pictures of so many of the water-colour painters nowadays. His large picture contains a great deal of this white mud, and has lost, as we fancy, in consequence, much of that liquid, mellow tone for which his works are remarkable. The retreating figures in this picture are beautiful; the horses are excellently painted, with as much dexterous brilliancy of colour as one sees in the oil pictures of Landseer. If the amateur wants to see how far transparent colour will go, what rich effect may be produced by it, how little necessary it is to plaster drawings with flakes of white, let him examine the background of the design representing a page asleep on a chair, than which nothing can be more melodious in colour, or more skilfully and naturally painted.

In the beauty gallery which this exhibition usually furnishes, there is Mr. Richter, who contributes his usual specimens; the fair Miss Sharpe, with those languishing-eyed charmers whom the world admires so much; and still more to our taste, a sweet, pretty lady, by Mr. Stone, in a hideous dress, with upper-Benjamin buttons; a couple of very graceful and delicate heads by Wright; and one beautiful head, a portrait evidently, by Cristall, that is placed very modestly in a corner near the ground—where such a drawing should be placed, of course, being vigorous, honest, natural, and beautiful. This artist's other drawing—a mysterious subject, representing primæval Scotchmen, rocks, waterfalls, a cataract of bulls, and other strange things, looks like a picture painted in a dream. Near it hangs Mr. Mackenzie's view of Saint Denis's Cathedral, that is painted with great carefulness, and is very true to nature. And having examined this, and Mr. Varley's fine gloomy sketches, you shall be no longer detained at this place, but walk on to see what more remains to be seen

Of the New Water-Colour Society, I think it may be asserted that their gallery contains neither such good nor such bad drawings as may be seen in the senior exhibition—unless, indeed, we except Mr. Haghe, a gentleman who in architectural subjects has a marvellous skill, and whose work deserves to be studied by all persons who follow the trade of water-colouring. This gentleman appears to have a profound knowledge (or an extraordinary instinct) of his profession as an architectural draughtsman. There are no tricks, no clumsy plastering of white, no painful niggling, nor swaggering affectation of boldness. He seems to understand every single tone and line which he lays down; and his picture, in my humble judgment, contains some of the very best qualities of which this branch of painting is capable. You cannot produce by any combination of water-colours such effects as may be had from oil—such richness and depth of tone, such pleasing variety of texture, as gums and varnishes will give; but, on the other hand, there are many beauties peculiar to the art which the oil-painter cannot arrive at—such as air, brightness, coolness, and flatness of surface; points which painters understand and can speak of a great deal better than amateur writers and readers. Why will the practitioners, then, be so ambitious? Why strive after effects that are only to be got imperfectly at best, and at the expense of qualities far more valuable and pleasing? There are some aspiring individuals who will strive to play a whole band of music off a guitar, or to perform the broadsword exercise with a rapier—monstrous attempts that the moral critic must lift up his voice to reprehend. Valuable instruments are guitars and small-swords in themselves—the one for making pleasant small music, the other for drilling small holes in the human person; but let the professor of each art do his agreeable duty in his own line, nor strive with his unequal weapons to compete with persons who have greater advantages. Indeed, I have seldom seen the works of a skilful water-colour painter of figures, without regretting that he had not taken to oil, which would allow him to put forth all the vigour of which he was capable. For works, however, like that of Mr. Haghe, which are not finished pictures, but admirable finished sketches, water is best; and we wish that his brethren followed his manner of using it. Take warning by these remarks, O Mr. Absolon! Your interiors have been regarded by Titmarsh with much pleasure, and deserve at his hands a great deal of commendation. Mr. Absolon, we take it, has been brought up in a French school; there are many traces of foreign manner in him: his figures, for instance, are better costumed than those of our common English artists. Look at the little sketch which goes by the laconic title of "Jump." Let Mrs. Seyffarth come and look at it before she paints Sir Roger de Coverley's figure again, and she will see what an air of life and authenticity the designer has thrown into his work. Several larger pieces by Mr. Absolon, in which are a face—is it the artist's own, by any chance?—(we fancy that we have a knack at guessing a portrait of an artist by himself, having designed about five thousand such in our own experience—"Portrait of a Painter," "A Gentleman in a Vandyke Dress," "A Brigand," "A Turkish Costume," and so on: they are somehow always rejected by those cursed Academicians)—but to return to Absolon, whom we have left hanging up all this time on the branch of a sentence; he has taken hugely to the body-colour system within the last twelve months, and small good has it done him. The accessories of his pictures are painted with much vigour and feeling of colour, are a great deal stronger than heretofore—a great deal too strong for the figures themselves; and the figures, being painted chiefly in transparent colour, will not bear the atmosphere of distemper by which they are surrounded. The picture of "The Bachelor" is excellent in point of effect and justness of colour.

Mr. Corbould is a gentleman who must be mentioned with a great deal of praise. His large drawing of the "Canterbury Pilgrims at the Tabard" is very gay and sparkling, and the artist shows that he possesses a genuine antiquarian or Walter-Scottish spirit. It is a pity that his people are all so uncommon handsome. It is a pity that his ladies wear such uncommonly low dresses—they did not wear such (according to the best authorities) in Chaucer's time. And even if they did, Mr. Corbould had much better give them a little more cloth, which costs nothing, and would spare much painful blushing to modest men like—never mind whom. But this is a moral truth: nothing is so easy to see in a painter as a certain inclination towards naughtiness, which we press Josephs are bound to cry fie at. Cover them up, Mr. Corbould—muslin is the word; but of this no more. Where the painter departs from his line of beauty, his faces have considerable humour and character. The whole of the pilgrim group, as he has depicted it, is exceedingly picturesque. It might be painted with a little more strength, and a good deal less finical trifling with the pencil; but of these manual errors the painter will no doubt get the better as his practice and experience increase.

Here is a large and interesting picture by Mr. Warren, of the Pasha of Egypt in the middle of the Nubian desert, surrounded by pipe-bearers and camels, and taking his cup of coffee. There is much character both in the figures and scenery. A slight sketch by the same artist, "The King in Thule," is very pretty, and would make a very good picture.

Mr. Bright is an artist of whom we do not before remember to have heard. His pictures are chiefly effects of sunset and moonlight—of too *criarde* a colour as regards sun and moon, but pretty and skilful in other points, and of a style that strikes us as almost new. The manner of a French artist, Monsieur Collignon, somewhat resembles that of Mr. Bright. The cool parts of his pictures are excellent; but he has dangerous dealings with gamboge and orange, pigments with the use of which a painter is bound to be uncommonly cautious. Look at Mr. Turner, who has taken to them until they have driven him quite wild. If there be any Emperor of the Painters, he should issue "a special edict" against the gamboge-dealers—'tis a deleterious drug. "Hasten, hasten," Mr. Bright; "obey with trembling," and have a care of gamboge henceforth.

For the rest of the artists at this place, it may be said that Mr. Hicks has not been quite so active this year as formerly; Mr. Boys has some delightful drawings in his style of art; and for the curious there is, moreover, a second-hand Cattermole, a sham Prout, a pseudo-Bentley, and a small double of Cox, whose works are to be seen in various parts of the room; Miss Corbould has a pretty picture; Mr. Duncan's drawings exhibit considerable skill and fidelity to nature. And here we must close our list of the juniors, whose exhibition is very well worth the shilling which all must pay who would enter their pretty gallery.

We have been through a number of picture-galleries, and cannot do better than go and visit a gentleman who has a gallery of his own, containing only one picture. We mean Mr. Danby, with his "Deluge," now visible in Piccadilly. Every person in London will, no doubt, go and see this—artists, because the treatment and effect of the picture are extraordinarily skilful and broad; and the rest of the world, who cannot fail of being deeply moved by the awful tragedy which is here laid before them. The work is full of the strongest dramatic interest—a vast performance, grandly treated, and telling in a wonderful way its solemn, awful tale. Mr. Danby has given a curious description of it to our hand; and from this the reader will be able to understand what is the design and treatment of the piece.

[Here follows a long description of the picture.]

The episode of the angel is the sole part of the picture with which we should be disposed to quarrel; but the rest, which has been excellently described in the queer, wild words of the artist, is really as grand and magnificent a conception as ever we saw. Why Poussin's famous picture of an inundation has been called "The Deluge," I never could understand; it is only a very small and partial deluge. The artist has genius enough, if any artist ever had, to have executed a work far more vast and tremendous; nor does his picture at the Louvre, nor Turner's Deluge, nor Martin's, nor any that we have ever seen, at all stand a competition with this extraordinary performance of Mr. Danby. He has painted *the* picture of "The Deluge." We have before our eyes still the ark in the midst of the ruin, floating calm and lonely, the great, black cataracts of water pouring down, the mad rush of the miserable people clambering up the rocks. Nothing can be finer than the way in which the artist has painted the picture in all its innumerable details, and we hope to hear that his room will be hourly crowded, and his great labour and genius rewarded in some degree.

Let us take some rest after beholding this picture, and what place is cooler and more quiet than the Suffolk Street Gallery? If not remarkable for any pictures of extraordinary merit, it is at least to be praised as a place singularly favourable to meditation. It is a sweet, calm solitude, lighted from the top with convenient blinds to keep out the sun. If you have an assignation, bid your mistress to come hither: there is only a dumb secretary in the room, and sitting, like the man in the "Arabian Nights," perpetually before a great book, in which he pores. This would be a grand place to hatch a conspiracy, to avoid a dun, to write an epic poem. Something ails the place! What is it? What keeps the people away, and gives the money-taker in his box a gloomy, lonely sinecure? Alas, and alas! not even Mr. Haydon's "Samson Agonistes" is strong enough to pull the people in.

And yet this picture is worth going to see. You may here take occasion to observe the truth of Mr. Yorke's astute remark about another celebrated artist, and see how bad a painter is this great *writer* of historical paintings, Mr. Haydon. There is an account in some of the late papers—from America, of course—of a remarkably fat boy, three years old, five feet six high, with a fine bass voice, and a handsome beard and whiskers. Much such a hero is this Samson—a great, red chubby-cheeked monster, looking at you with the most earnest, mild, dull eyes in the world, and twisting about a brace of ropes as he comes sprawling forwards. Sprawling backwards is a Delilah—such a Delilah, with such an arm, with such a dress, on such a sofa, with such a set of ruffians behind her! The picture is perfectly amazing! Is this the author of the "Judgment of Solomon"?—the restorer or setter-up of the great style of painting in this country? The drawing of the figures is not only faulty, but bad and careless as can be. It never was nor could be in nature; and, such as it is, the drawing is executed in a manner so loose and slovenly that one wonders to behold it. Is this the way in which a *chef d'école* condescends to send forth a picture to the public? Would he have his scholars finish no more and draw no better? Look at a picture of "Milton and his Daughters," the same subject which Sir A. Callcott has treated in the Academy, which painters will insist upon treating, so profoundly interesting does it seem to be. Mr. Haydon's "Milton" is playing on the organ, and turning his blind eyes towards the public with an expression that is absolutely laughable. A buxom wench in huge gigot sleeves stands behind the chair; another is at a table writing. The draperies of the ladies are mere smears of colour. In the foreground lies a black cat or dog, a smudge of lamp-black, in which the painter has not condescended to draw a figure. The chair of the poetical organ-player is a similar lump of red and brown. Nor is the conception of the picture, to our thinking, one whit better than the execution. If this be the true style of art, there is another great work of the kind at the "Saracen's Head," Snow Hill, which had better be purchased for the National Gallery.

Mr. Hurlstone has, as usual, chosen this retired spot to exhibit a very great number of pictures. There is much good in almost all of these. The children especially are painted with great truth and sweetness of expression; but we never shall be able to reconcile ourselves to the extraordinary dirtiness of the colour. Here are ladies' dresses which look as if they had served for May-day, and arms and shoulders such as might have belonged to Cinderella. Once in a way the artist shows he can paint a clean face. Such an one is that of a child in the little room. It is charming, if the artist did but know it: how much more charming for being clean! A very good picture of a subject somewhat similar to those which Mr. Hurlstone loves to paint is Mr. Buckner's "Peasants of Sora in the Regno di Napoli." The artist has seen the works of Léopold Robert, and profited evidently by the study of them.

Concerning other artists whose works appear in this gallery, we should speak favourably of Mr. O'Neill, who has two pretty pictures; of a couple of animal pieces, "A Pony and Cows," by Mr. Sosi; and of a pretty picture by Mr. Elmore—a vast deal better than his great Becket performance before alluded to. Mr. Tomkins has some skilful street scenes; and Mr. Holland, a large, raw, clever picture of Milan Cathedral. And so farewell to this quiet spot, and let us take a peep at the British Gallery, where a whole room is devoted to the exhibition of Mr. Hilton, the late Academician.

A man's sketches and his pictures should never be exhibited together; the sketches invariably kill the pictures—are far more vigorous, masterly, and effective. Some of those hanging here, chiefly subjects from Spenser, are excellent, indeed, and fine in drawing, colour, and composition. The decision and spirit of the sketch disappear continually in the finished piece, as any one may see in examining the design for "Comus," and the large picture afterwards, the "Two Amphitrites," and many others. Were the sketches, however, removed, the beholder would be glad to admit the great feeling and grace of the pictures, and the kindly, poetical spirit which distinguishes the works of the master. Besides the Hiltons, the picture-lover has here an opportunity of seeing a fine Virgin by Julio Romano, and a most noble one by Sebastian del Piombo, than which I never saw anything more majestically beautiful. The simpering beauties of some of the Virgins of the Raphael school, many painters are successful in imitating. See, O ye painters! how in Michael Angelo strength and beauty are here combined, wonderful chastity and grace, humility, and a grandeur almost divine. The critic must have a care as he talks of these pictures, however, for his words straightway begin to grow turgid and pompous, and, lo! at the end of his lines the picture is not a whit better described than before.

And now, having devoted space enough to the discussion of the merits of these different galleries and painters, I am come to the important part of this paper—namely, to my Essay on the State of the Fine Arts in this Kingdom, my Proposals for the General Improvement of Public Taste, and my Plan for the Education of Young Artists.

In the first place, I propose that government should endow a college for painters, where they may receive the benefits of a good literary education, without which artists will never prosper. I propose that lectures should be read, examinations held, and prizes and exhibitions given to students; that professorships should be instituted, and—and a president or lord rector appointed, with a baronetcy, a house, and a couple of thousands a year. This place, of course, will be offered to Michael Angelo Tit——

* * * * *

Mr. Titmarsh's paper came to us exactly as the reader here sees it. His contribution had been paid for in advance, and we regret exceedingly that the public should be deprived of what seemed to be the most valuable part of it. He has never been heard of since the first day of June. He was seen on that day pacing Waterloo Bridge for two hours; but whether he plunged into the river, or took advantage of the steamboat and went down it only, we cannot state.

Why this article was incomplete, the following document will perhaps show. It is the work of the waiter at Morland's Hotel, where the eccentric and unhappy gentleman resided.

### STATEMENT BY MRS. BARBARA.

"On the evening of the 30th of May, Anay Domino 1840, Mr. Mike Titmash came into our house in a wonderful state of delarium, drest in a new coat, a new bloo satting hankysher, a new wite at, and polisht jipannd boots, all of which he'd bot sins he went out after dinner; nor did he bring any of his old cloves back with him, though he'd often said, 'Barbara,' says he to me, 'when Mr. Frasier pays me my money, and I git new ones, you shall have these as your requisites:' that was his very words, thof I must confess I don't understand the same.

"He'd had dinner and coughy before he went; and we all cumjectured that he'd been somewhere particklar, for I heer'd him barging with a cabman from Hollywell Street, of which he said the fair was only hatepence; but being ableeged to pay a shilling, he cust and swoar horrybill.

"He came in, ordered some supper, laft and joakt with the gents in the parlor, and shewed them a deal of money, which some of the gentlemen was so good as to purpose to borry of him.

"They talked about literaryture and the fine harts (which is both much used by our gentlemen); and Mr. Mike was very merry. Specially he sung them a song, which he ancored hisself for twenty minutes; and ordered a bole of our punch, which is chocked against his skor to this very day.

"About twelve o'clock he went to bed, very comfortable and quiet, only he cooldnt stand on his legs very well, and cooldnt speak much, excep, 'Frasier for ever!' 'All of a York!' and some such nonsense, which neither me nor George nor Mrs. Stoaks could understand.

"'What's the matter?' says Mrs. Stokes. 'Barbara,' says she to me, 'has he taken any thin?' says she.

"'Law bless you, mum!' says I (I always says, Law bless you), 'as I am a Christen woman, and hope to be married, he's had nothin out of common.'

"'What had he for dinner?' says she, as if she didn't know.

"'There was biled salmon,' says I, 'and a half-crown lobster in soss (bless us if he left so much as a clor or tisspunful!), boil pork and peace puddn, and a secknd course of beef steak and onions, cole plumpuddn, maccarony, and afterwards cheese and sallat.'

"'I don't mean that,' says she. 'What was his liquors, or bavyrage?'

"'Two Guineas's stouts; old madeira, one pint; port, half a ditto; four tumlers of niggus; and three cole brandy and water, and sigars.'

"'He is a good fellow,' says Mrs. Stokes, 'and spends his money freely, that I declare.'

"'I wish he'd ony *pay* it,' says I to Mrs. Stokes, says I. 'He's lived in our house any time these fourteen years and never——'

"'Hush your imperence!' says Mrs. Stokes; 'he's a gentleman, and pays when he pleases. He's not one of your common sort. Did he have any tea?'

"'No,' says I, 'not a drop; ony coughy and muffns. I told you so—three on 'em; and growled preciously, too, because there was no more. But I wasn't a going to fetch him any more, he whose money we'd never——'

"'Barbara,' says Mrs. Stokes, 'leave the room—do. You're always a suspecting every gentleman. Well, what did he have at supper?'

"'You know,' says I, 'pickled salmon—that chap's a reglar devil at salmon (those were my very words)—cold pork, and cold peace puddn agin; toasted chease this time;

and such a lot of hale and rum-punch as I never saw—nine glasses of heach, I do believe, as I am an honest woman.'

"'Barbara,' says mistress, 'that's not the question. *Did he mix his liquors*, Barbara? That's the pint.'

"'No,' says I, 'Mrs. Stokes; that indeed he didn't.' And so we agread that he couldnt posbly be affected by drink, and that something wunderfle must have hapned to him, to send him to bed so quear like.

"Nex morning I took him his tea in bed (on the 4th flore back, No. 104 was his number); and says he to me, 'Barbara,' says he, 'you find me in sperrits.'

"'Find you in sperrits! I believe we do,' says I; 'we've found you in 'em these fifteen year. I wish you'd find us in *money*,' says I, and laft, too, for I thought it was a good un.

"'Pooh!' says he, 'my dear, that's not what I mean. You find me in spirits bycause my exlent publisher, Mr. Frasier, of Regent Street, paid me handsum for a remarkable harticle I wrote in his Magazine. He gives twice as much as the other publishers,' says he; 'though, if he didn't, I'd write for him just the same—raything more, I'm so fond of him.'

"'How much has he gave you?' says I; 'because I hope you'll pay us.'

"'Oh,' says he, after a bit, 'a lot of money. Here, you, you darling,' says he (he did; upon my word, he did), 'go and git me change for a five-pound note.'

"And when he got up and had his brekfast, and been out, he changed another five-pound note; and after lunch, another five-pound note; and when he came in to dine, another five-pound note, to pay the cabman. Well, thought we, he's made of money, and so he seemed; but you shall hear soon how it was that he had all them notes to change.

"After dinner he was a sitten over his punch, when some of our gents came in, and he began to talk and brag to them about his harticle, and what he had for it; and that he was the best cricket* in Europe; and how Mr. Murray had begged to be introjuiced to him, and was so pleased with him, and he with Murray; and how he'd been asked to write in the *Quartly Review*, and in bless us knows what; and how, in fact, he was going to carry all London by storm.

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* Critic, Mrs. Barbara means, an absurd monomania of Mr. Titmarsh.

"'Have you seen what the *Morning Poast* says of you?' says Frank Flint, one of them hartist chaps as comes to our house.

"'No,' says he, 'I aint. Barbara, bring some more punch, do you hear? No, I aint; but that's a fashnable paper,' says he, 'and always takes notice of a fashnable chap like me. What *does* it say?' says he.

"Mr. Flint opened his mouth and grinned very wide; and taking the *Morning Poast* out of his pocket (he was a great friend of Mr. Titmarsh's, and, like a good-naterd friend as he was, had always a kind thing to say or do)—Frank pulls out a *Morning Poast*, I say (which had cost Frank Phippens*): 'Here it is,' says he; 'read for youeself; it will make you quite happy.' And so he began to grin to all the gents like winkin.

"When he read it, Titmarsh's jor dropt all of a sudn; he turned pupple, and bloo, and violate; and then, with a mighty effut, he swigg off his rum and water, and staggered out of the room.

"He looked so ill when he went up stairs to bed, that Mrs. Stokes insisted upon making him some grool for him to have warm in bed; but, Lor bless you! he threw it in my face when I went up, and rord and swor so dredfle, that I rann down stairs quite frightened.

"Nex morning I knockt at his dor at nine—no anser.

"At ten, tried agin—never a word.

"At eleven, twelve, one, two, up we went, with a fresh cup of hot tea every time. His dor was lockt, and not one sillibaly could we git.

"At for we began to think he'd suasided hisself; and having called in the policemen, bust open the dor.

"And then we beheld a pretty spactycle! Fancy him in his gor, his throat cut from hear to hear, his white night-gownd all over blood, his beautiful face all pail with hagny!—well, no such thing. Fancy him hanging from the bed-post by one of his pore dear garters!—well, no such thing.

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* Fivepence, Mrs. Barbara means.

Agin, fancy him flung out of the window, and dasht into ten billium peaces on the minionet-potts in the fust floar; or else a naked, melumcolly corpse, laying on the hairy spikes! —not in the least. He wasn't dead, nor he wasn't the least unwell, nor he wasn't asleep neither—he only wasn't there; and from that day we have heard nothen about him. He left on his table the following note as follows:—

"'1st *June*, 1840. *Midnight.*

"'MRS. STOKES,—I am attached to you by the most disinterested friendship. I have patronized your house for fourteen years, and it was my intention to have paid you a part of your bill; but the *Morning Post* newspaper has destroyed that blessed hope for ever.

"'Before you receive this I shall be—*ask not where;* my mind shudders to think where! You will carry the papers directed to Regent Street to that address, and perhaps you will receive in return a handsome sum of money; but if the bud of my youth is blighted, the promise of a long and happy career suddenly and cruelly cut short, an affectionate family deprived of its support and ornament, say that the *Morning Post* has done this by its savage criticisms upon me, the last this day.

"'FAREWELL.'

"This is hall he said. From that day to this we have never seen the poor fellow—we have never heerd of him—we have never known any think about him. Being halarmed, Mrs. Stoks hadvertized him in the papers; but not wishing to vex his family, we called him by another name, and put hour address diffrent too. Hall was of no use; and I can't tell you what a pang I felt in my busum when, on going to get change for the five-pound notes he'd given me at the public-house in Hoxford Street, the lan'lord laft when he saw them; and said, says he, 'Do you know, Mrs. Barbara, that a queer gent came in here with five sovrings one day, has a glass of hale, and haskes me to change his sovrings for a note? which I did. Then in about two hours he came back with five more sovrings, gets another note and another glass of hale, and so goes on four times in one blessed day! It's my beleaf that he had only five pound, and wanted you to suppose that he was worth twenty, for you've got all his notes, I see!'

"And so the poor fellow had no money with him after all! I do pity him, I do, from my hart; and I do hate that wicked *Morning Post* for so treating such a kind, sweet, good-nater'd gentleman!

(*Signed*) "BARBARA.

"MORLAND'S HOTEL, 15 *Jewin* 1840."

This is conclusive. Our departed friend had many faults, but he is gone, and we will not discuss them now. It appears that, on the 1st of June, the *Morning Post* published a criticism upon him, accusing him of ignorance, bad taste, and gross partiality. His gentle and susceptible spirit could not brook the rebuke. He was not angry; he did not retort; but *his heart broke!*

Peace to his ashes! A couple of volumes of his works, we see by our advertisements, are about immediately to appear.

(*Fraser's Magazine*, June and July 1840.)

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## ON MEN AND PICTURES.

### APROPOS OF A WALK IN THE LOUVRE.

PARIS, *June* 1841.

IN the days of my youth I knew a young fellow that I shall here call Tidbody, and who, born in a provincial town of respectable parents, had been considered by the drawing-master of the place, and, indeed, by the principal tea-parties there, as a great genius in the painting line, and one that was sure to make his fortune.

When he had made portraits of his grandmother, of the house-dog, of the door-knocker, of the church and parson of the place, and had copied, *tant bien que mal*, most of the prints that were to be found in the various houses of the village, Harry Tidbody was voted to be very nearly perfect; and his honest parents laid out their little savings in sending the lad to Rome and Paris.

I saw him in the latter town in the year '32, before an immense easel, perched upon a high stool, and copying with perfect complacency a Correggio in the gallery, which he thought he had imitated to a nicety. No misgivings ever entered into the man's mind that he was making an ass of himself; he never once paused to consider that his copy was as much like the Correggio as my nose is like the Apollo's. But he rose early of mornings, and scrubbed away all day with his megilps and varnishes; he worked away through cold and through sunshine; when other men were warming their fingers at the stoves, or wisely lounging on the Boulevard, he worked away, and thought he was cultivating art in the purest fashion, and smiled with easy scorn upon those who took the world more easily than he. Tidbody drank water with his meals—if meals those miserable scraps of bread and cheese, or bread and sausage, could be called, which he lined his lean stomach with—and voted those persons godless gluttons who recreated themselves with brandy and beef. He rose up at daybreak and worked away with bladder and brush; he passed all night at life academies, designing life guardsmen with chalk and stump; he never was known to take any other recreation; and in ten years he had spent as much time over his drawing as another man spends in thirty. At the end of his second year of academical studies, Harry Tidbody could draw exactly as well as he could eight years after. He had visited Florence, and Rome, and Venice in the interval; but there he was as he had begun, without one single further idea, and not an inch nearer the goal at which he aimed.

One day, at the Life Academy in Saint Martin's Lane, I saw before me the back of a shock head of hair and a pair of ragged elbows, belonging to a man in a certain pompous attitude which I thought I recognized; and when the model retired behind his curtain to take his ten minutes' repose, the man belonging to the back in question turned round a little, and took out an old snuffy cotton handkerchief and wiped his forehead and lank cheek bones, that were moist with the vast mental and bodily exertions of the night. Harry Tidbody was the man in question. In ten years he had spent at least three thousand nights in copying the model. When abroad, perhaps, he had passed the Sunday evenings too in the same rigorous and dismal pastime. He had piles upon piles of grey paper at his lodgings, covered with worthless nudities in black and white chalk.

At the end of the evening we shook hands, and I asked him how the arts flourished. The poor fellow, with a kind of dismal humour that formed a part of his character, twirled round upon the iron heels of his old patched Blucher boots, and showed me his figure for answer. Such a lean, long, ragged, fantastical-looking personage it would be hard to match out of the drawing-schools.

"Tit, my boy," said he, when he had finished his pirouette, "you may see that the arts have not fattened me as yet; and, between ourselves, I make by my profession something considerably less than a thousand a year. But, mind you, I am not discouraged. My whole soul is in my calling; I can't do anything else if I would; and I will be a painter, or die in the attempt."

Tidbody is not dead, I am happy to say, but has a snug place in the Excise of eighty pounds a year, and now only exercises the pencil as an amateur. If his story has been told here at some length, the ingenious reader may fancy that there is some reason for it. In the first place, there is so little to say about the present exhibition at Paris, that your humble servant does not know how to fill his pages without some digressions; and, secondly, the Tidbodian episode has a certain moral in it, without which it never would have been related, and which is good for all artists to read.

It came to my mind upon examining a picture of sixty feet by forty (indeed, it cannot be much smaller), which takes up a good deal of space in the large room of the Louvre. But of this picture anon. Let us come to the general considerations.

Why the deuce will men make light of that golden gift of mediocrity which for the most part they possess, and strive so absurdly at the sublime? What is it that makes a fortune in this world but energetic mediocrity? What is it that is so respected and prosperous as good, honest, emphatic, blundering dullness, bellowing commonplaces with its great, healthy lungs, kicking and struggling with its big feet and fists, and bringing an awe-stricken public down on its knees before it? Think, my good sir, of the people who occupy your attention and the world's. Who are they? Upon your honour and conscience now, are they not persons with thews and sinews like your own, only they use them with somewhat more activity; with a voice like yours, only they shout a little louder; with the average portion of brains, in fact, but working them more? But this kind of disbelief in heroes is very offensive to the world, it must be confessed. There, now, is the *Times* newspaper, which the other day rated your humble servant for publishing an account of one of the great humbugs of modern days—namely, the late funeral of Napoleon—which rated me, I say, and talked in its own grave, roaring way about the flippancy and conceit of Titmarsh.

O you thundering old *Times!* Napoleon's funeral was a humbug, and your constant reader said so. The people engaged in it were humbugs, and this your Michael Angelo hinted at. There may be irreverence in this, and the process of humbug-hunting may end rather awkwardly for some people. But surely there is no conceit. The shamming of modesty is the most pert conceit of all, the *précieuse* affectation of deference where you don't feel it, the sneaking acquiescence in lies. It is very hard that a man may not tell the truth as he fancies it, without being accused of conceit; but so the world wags. As has already been prettily shown in that before-mentioned little book about Napoleon, that is still to be had of the publisher, there is a ballad in the volume, which, if properly studied, will be alone worth two-and-sixpence to any man.

Well, the funeral of Napoleon *was* a humbug; and being so, what was a man to call it? What do we call a rose? Is it disrespectful to the pretty flower to call it by its own innocent name? And, in like manner, are we bound, out of respect for society, to speak of humbug only in a circumlocutory way—to call it something else, as they say some Indian people do their devil—to wrap it up in riddles and charades? Nothing is easier. Take, for instance, the following couple of sonnets on the subject:—

The glad spring sun shone yesterday, as Mr.
  M. Titmarsh wandered with his favourite lassie
  By silver Seine, among the meadows grassy—
Meadows, like mail-coach guards new clad at Easter.
  Fair was the sight 'twixt Neuilly and Passy;
And green the field, and bright the river's glister.

The birds sang salutations to the spring;
  Already buds and leaves from branches burst.
  "The surly winter time hath done its worst,"
Said Michael; "lo, the bees are on the wing!"

Then on the ground his lazy limbs did fling.
Meanwhile the bees pass'd by him with my *first*.
My *second* dare I to your notice bring,
Or name to delicate ears that animal accurst?

To all our earthly family of fools
*My whole*, resistless despot, gives the law—
Humble and great, we kneel to it with awe;
O'er camp and court, the senate and the schools,
Our grand invisible Lama sits and rules,
By ministers that are its men of straw.
Sir Robert utters it in place of wit,
And straight the Opposition shouts "Hear, hear!"
And, oh! but all the Whiggish benches cheer
When great Lord John retorts it, as is fit.
In you, my *Press*,* each day throughout the year,
On vast broad sheets we find its praises writ.
Oh, wondrous are the columns that you rear,
And sweet the morning hymns you roar in praise of it!

Sacred word! it is kept out of the dictionaries, as if the great compilers of those publications were afraid to utter it. Well, then, the funeral of Napoleon was a humbug, as Titmarsh wrote; and a still better proof that it was a humbug was this, that nobody bought Titmarsh's book, and of the 10,000 copies made ready by the publisher, not above 3,000 went off. It was a humbug, and an exploded humbug. Peace be to it! *Parlons d'autres choses*, and let us begin to discourse about the pictures without further shilly-shally.

I must confess, with a great deal of shame, that I love to go to the picture-gallery of a Sunday after church, on purpose to see the thousand happy people of the working sort amusing themselves—not very wickedly, as I fancy—on the only day in the week on which they have their freedom. Genteel people, who can amuse themselves every day throughout the year, do not frequent the Louvre on a Sunday. You can't see the pictures well, and are pushed and elbowed by all sorts of low-bred creatures. Yesterday there were at the very least two hundred common soldiers in the place—little, vulgar ruffians, with red breeches and three-halfpence a day, examining the pictures in company with fifteen hundred grisettes, two thousand liberated shop-boys, eighteen hundred and forty-one artist apprentices, half a dozen of livery servants, and many scores of fellows with caps, and jackets, and copper-coloured countenances, and gold earrings, and large, ugly hands, that are hammering, or weaving, or filing all the week. *Fi donc!* what a thing it is to have a taste for low company! Every man of decent breeding ought to have been in the Bois de Boulogne, in white kid gloves and on horseback, or on hack-back at least. How the dandies just now went prancing and curvetting down the Champs Elysées, making their horses jump as they passed the carriages, with their japanned boots glittering in the sunshine!

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* The reader can easily accommodate this line to the name of his favourite paper. Thus:—

"In you, my $\left\{\begin{array}{l}\textit{Times,}\\ \textit{Post,}\end{array}\right\}$ each day throughout the year."

Or:—

"In you, my $\left\{\begin{array}{l}\textit{Herald,}\\ \textit{'Tiser,}\end{array}\right\}$ daily through the year."

Or, in France:—

"In you, my *Galignani's Messengere*;"

a capital paper, because you have there the very cream of all the others. In the last line, for "morning" you can read "evening," or "weekly," as circumstances prompt.

The fountains were flashing and foaming, as if they too were in their best for Sunday; the trees are covered all over with little, twinkling, bright green sprouts; numberless exhibitions of Punch and the Fantoccini are going on beneath them; and jugglers and balancers are entertaining the people with their pranks. I met two fellows the other day, one with a barrel-organ, and the other with a beard, a turban, a red jacket, and a pair of dirty, short, spangled, white trousers, who were cursing each other in the purest Saint Giles's English; and if I had had impudence or generosity enough, I should have liked to make up their quarrel over a chopine of Strasburg beer, and hear the histories of either. Think of these fellows quitting our beloved country, and their homes in some calm nook of Field Lane or Seven Dials, and toiling over to France with their music and their juggling-traps, to balance cart-wheels and swallow knives for the amusement of our natural enemies! They are very likely at work at this minute, with grinning *bonnes* and conscripts staring at their skill. It is pleasant to walk by and see the nurses and the children so uproariously happy. Yonder is one who has got a halfpenny to give to the beggar at the crossing; several are riding gravely in little carriages drawn by goats. Ah, truly, the sunshine is a fine thing; and one loves to see the little people and the poor basking in it, as well as the great in their fine carriages, or their prancing cock-tailed horses.

In the midst of sights of this kind, you pass on a fine Sunday afternoon down the Elysian Fields and the Tuileries, until you reach the before-mentioned low-bred crowd rushing into the Louvre.

Well, then, the pictures of this exhibition are to be numbered by thousands, and these thousands contain the ordinary number of *chefs-d'œuvre;* that is to say, there may be a couple of works of genius, half a dozen very clever performances, a hundred or so of good ones, fifteen hundred very decent, good, or bad pictures, and the remainder atrocious. What a comfort it is, as I have often thought, that they are not all masterpieces, and that there is a good stock of mediocrity in this world, and that we only light upon genius now and then, at rare angel intervals, handed round like tokay at dessert, in a few houses, and in very small quantities only! Fancy how sick one would grow of it, if one had no other drink!

Now, in this exhibition there are, of course, a certain number of persons who make-believe that they are handing you round tokay—giving you the real imperial stuff, with the seal of genius stamped on the cork. There are numbers of ambitious pictures, in other words, chiefly upon sacred subjects, and in what is called a severe style of art.

The severe style of art consists in drawing your figures, in the first place, very big and very neat, in which there is no harm; and in dressing them chiefly in stiff, crisp, old-fashioned draperies, such as one sees in the illuminated missals and the old masters. The old masters, no doubt, copied the habits of the people about them; and it has always appeared as absurd to me to imitate these antique costumes, and to dress up saints and virgins after the fashion of the fifteenth century, as it would be to adorn them with hoops and red heels such as our grandmothers wore, and to make a Magdalen, for instance, taking off her patches, or an angel in powder and a hoop.

It is, or used to be, the custom at the theatres for the gravedigger in "Hamlet" always to wear fifteen or sixteen waistcoats, of which he leisurely divested himself, the audience roaring at each change of raiment. Do the Denmark gravediggers always wear fifteen waistcoats? Let anybody answer who has visited the country. But the probability is that the custom on the stage is a very ancient one, and that the public would not be satisfied at a departure from the legend. As in the matter of gravediggers, so it is with angels: they have—and Heaven knows why—a regular costume, which every "serious" painter follows, and which has a great deal more to do with serious art than people at first may imagine. They have large, white wings, that fill up a quarter of the picture in which they have the good fortune to be; they have white gowns that fall round their feet in pretty, fantastical draperies; they have fillets round their brows, and their hair combed and neatly pomatumed down the middle; and if they have not a sword, have an elegant portable harp of a certain angelic shape. Large rims of gold leaf they have round their heads always. A pretty business it would be if such adjuncts were to be left out.

Now, suppose the legend ordered that every gravedigger should be represented with a gold-leaf halo round his head, and every angel with fifteen waistcoats, artists would have followed serious art just as they do now most probably, and looked with scorn at the miserable creature who ventured to scoff at the waistcoats. Ten to one but a certain newspaper would have called a man flippant who did not respect the waistcoats—would have said that he was irreverent for not worshipping the waistcoats.* But why talk of it? The fact is I have rather a desire to set up for a martyr, like my neighbours in the literary trade: it is not a little comforting to undergo such persecutions courageously. "O Socrate! je boirai la ciguë avec toi!" as David said to Robespierre.

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* Last year, when our friend published some article in this Magazine, he seemed to be agitated almost to madness by a criticism, and a very just one too, which appeared in the *Morning Post*. At present he is similarly affected by some strictures on a defunct work of his.—O. Y.

You too were accused of blasphemy in your time; and the world has been treating us poor literary gents in the same way ever since. There, now, is Bulw——

But to return to the painters. In the matter of canvas covering, the French artists are a great deal more audacious than ours; and I have known a man starve all the winter through, without fire and without beef, in order that he might have the honour of filling five-and-twenty feet square of canvas with some favourite subject of his.

It is curious to look through the collection, and see how for the most part the men draw their ideas. There are caricatures of the late and early style of Raphael; there are caricatures of Masaccio; there is a picture painted in the very pyramidical form and in the manner of Andrea del Sarto; there is a Holy Family, the exact counterpart of Leonardo da Vinci; and, finally, there is Achille Deveria—it is no use to give the names and numbers of the other artists, who are not known in England—there is Achille Deveria, who, having nothing else to caricature, has caricatured a painted window, and designed a Charity, of which all the outlines are half an inch thick.

Then there are numberless caricatures in colour as in form. There is a violet Entombment—a crimson one, a green one; a light emerald and gamboge Eve: all huge pictures, with talent enough in their composition, but remarkable for this strange, mad love of extravagance, which belongs to the nation. Titian and the Venetians have loved to paint lurid skies and sunsets of purple and gold: here, in consequence, is a piebald picture of crimson and yellow, laid on in streaks from the top to the bottom.

Who has not heard a great, comfortable, big-chested man, with bands round a sleek, double chin, and fat, white cushion-squeezers of hands, and large, red whiskers, and a soft, roaring voice, the delight of a congregation, preaching for an hour with all the appearance and twice the emphasis of piety, and leading audiences captive? And who has not seen a humble individual, who is quite confused to be conducted down the aisle by the big beadle with his silver staff (the stalwart "drum-major ecclesiastic"); and when in his pulpit, saying his say in the simplest manner possible, uttering what are very likely commonplaces, without a single rhetorical grace or emphasis?

The great, comfortable, red-whiskered, roaring cushion-thumper is most probably the favourite with the public. But there are some persons who, nevertheless, prefer to listen to the man of timid, mild commonplaces, because the simple words he speaks come from *his* heart, and so find a way directly to yours, where, if perhaps you can't find belief for them, you still are sure to receive them with respect and sympathy.

There are many such professors at the easel as well as the pulpit; and you see many painters with a great vigour and dexterity, and no sincerity of heart; some with little dexterity, but plenty of sincerity; some one or two in a million who have both these qualities, and thus become the great men of their art. I think there are instances of the two former kinds in this present exhibition of the Louvre. There are fellows who have covered great, swaggering canvases with all the attitudes and externals of piety; and some few whose humble pictures cause no stir, and remain in quiet nooks, where one finds them, and straightway acknowledges the simple, kindly appeal which they make.

Of such an order is the picture entitled "La Prière," by Monsieur Trimolet. A man and his wife are kneeling at an old-fashioned praying-desk, and the woman clasps a little sickly-looking child in her arms, and all three are praying as earnestly as their simple hearts will let them. The man is a limner, or painter of missals by trade, as we fancy. One of his works lies upon the praying-desk, and it is evident that he can paint no more that day, for the sun is just set behind the old-fashioned roofs of the houses in the narrow street of the old city where he lives. Indeed, I have had a great deal of pleasure in looking at this little, quiet painting, and in the course of half a dozen visits that I have paid to it have become perfectly acquainted with all the circumstances of the life of the honest missal illuminator and his wife, here praying at the end of their day's work in the calm summer evening.

Very likely Monsieur Trimolet has quite a different history for his little personages, and so has everybody else who examines the picture. But what of that? There is the privilege of pictures. A man does not know all that lies in his picture, any more than he understands all the character of his children. Directly one or the other makes its appearance in the world it has its own private existence, independent of the progenitor. And in respect of works of art, if the same piece inspires one man with joy that fills another with compassion, what are we to say of it, but that it has sundry properties of its own which its author even does not understand? The fact is, pictures "are as they seem to all," as Mr. Alfred Tennyson sings in the first volume of his poems.

Some of this character of holiness and devotion that I fancy I see in Monsieur Trimolet's pictures is likewise observable in a piece by Madame Juillerat, representing Saint Elizabeth of Hungary leading a little beggar-boy into her house, where the holy dame of Hungary will, no doubt, make him comfortable with a good plate of victuals. A couple of young ladies follow behind the princess, with demure looks, and garlands in their hair, that hangs straight on their shoulders, as one sees it in the old illuminations. The whole picture has a pleasant, mystic, innocent look, and one is all the better for regarding it. What a fine instinct or taste it was in the old missal illuminators to be so particular in the painting of the minor parts of their pictures! The precise manner in which the flowers and leaves, birds and branches, are painted gives an air of truth and simplicity to the whole performance, and makes nature, as it were, an accomplice and actor in the scene going on. For instance, you may look at a landscape with certain feelings of pleasure; but if you have pulled a rose, and are smelling it, and if of a sudden a blackbird in a bush hard by begins to sing and chirrup, your feeling of pleasure is very much enhanced most likely; the senses with which you examine the scene become brightened, as it were, and the scene itself becomes more agreeable to you. It is not the same place as it was before you smelt the rose, or before the blackbird began to sing. Now, in Madame Juillerat's picture of the Saint of Hungary and the hungry boy, if the flowers on the young ladies' heads had been omitted, or not painted with their pleasing minuteness and circumstantiality, I fancy that the effect of the piece would have been by no means the same. Another artist of the mystical school, Monsieur Servan, has employed the same adjuncts in a similarly successful manner. One of his pictures represents Saint Augustin meditating in a garden: a great cluster of rose-bushes, hollyhocks, and other plants is in the foreground, most accurately delineated; and a fine, rich landscape and river stretch behind the saint, round whom the flowers seem to keep up a mysterious waving and whispering, that fill one with a sweet, pleasing, indescribable kind of awe—a great perfection in this style of painting.

In Monsieur Aguado's gallery there is an early Raphael (which all the world declares to be a copy, but no matter). This piece only represents two young people walking hand-in-hand in a garden, and looking at you with a kind of "solemn mirth" (the expression of old Sternhold and Hopkins has always struck me as very fine). A meadow is behind them, at the end of which is a cottage, and by which flows a river, environed by certain very prim-looking trees; and that is all. Well, it is impossible for any person who has a sentiment for the art to look at this picture without feeling indescribably moved and pleased by it. It acts upon you—how? How does a beautiful, pious, tender air of Mozart act upon you? What is there in it that should make you happy and gentle, and fill you with all sorts of good thoughts and kindly feelings? I fear that what Doctor Thumpcushion says at church is correct, and that these indulgences are only carnal, and of the earth earthy; but the sensual effort in this case carries one quite away from the earth, and up to something that is very like heaven.

Now the writer of this has already been severely reprehended for saying that Raphael at thirty had lost that delightful innocence and purity which rendered the works of Raphael of twenty so divine; and perhaps it may be the critic's fault, and not the painter's (I'm not proud, and will allow that even a magazine critic may be mistaken). Perhaps by the greatest stretch of the perhaps, it may be that Raphael was every whit as divine at thirty as at eighteen; and that the very quaintnesses and imperfections of manner observable in his early works are the reasons why they appear so singularly pleasing to me. At least, among painters of the present day, I feel myself more disposed to recognize spiritual beauties in those whose powers of execution are manifestly incomplete, than in artists whose hands are skilful and manner formed. Thus there are scores of large pictures here, hanging in the Louvre, that represent subjects taken from Holy Writ, or from the lives of the saints—pictures skilfully enough painted and intended to be religious—that have not the slightest effect upon me, no more than Doctor Thumpcushion's loudest and glibbest sermon.

Here is No. 1475, for instance: a "Holy Family," painted in the antique manner, and with all the accessories before spoken of—namely, large flowers, fresh roses, and white, stately lilies, curling tendrils of vines forming fantastical canopies for the heads of the sacred personages, and rings of gold leaf drawn neatly round the same. Here is the Virgin, with long, stiff, prim draperies of blue, red, and white; and old Saint Anne in a sober dress, seated gravely at her side; and Saint Joseph in a becoming attitude; and all very cleverly treated, and pleasing to the eye. But though this picture is twice as well painted as any of those before mentioned, it does not touch my heart in the least; nor do any of the rest of the sacred pieces. Opposite the "Holy Family" is a great "Martyrdom of Polycarp," and the catalogue tells you how the executioners first tried to burn the saint; but the fire went out, and the executioners were knocked down. Then a soldier struck the saint with a sword, and so killed him. The legends recount numerous miracles of this sort, which I confess have not any very edifying effect upon me. Saints are clapped into boiling oil, which immediately turns cool; or their heads are chopped off, and their blood turns to milk; and so on. One can't understand why these continual delays and disappointments take place, especially as the martyr is always killed at the end, so that it would be best at once to put him out of his pain. For this reason, possibly, the execution of Saint Polycarp did not properly affect the writer of this notice.

Monsieur Laemlein has a good picture of the "Waking of Adam," so royally described by Milton, a picture full of gladness, vigour, and sunshine. There is a very fine figure of a weeping woman in a picture of the "Death of the Virgin;" and the Virgin falling in Monsieur Steuben's picture of "Our Saviour going to Execution" is very pathetic. The mention of this gentleman brings us to what is called the *bourgeois* style of art, of which he is one of the chief professors. He excels in depicting a certain kind of sentiment, and in the vulgar, which is often too the true, pathetic.

Steuben has painted many scores of Napoleons, and his picture of Napoleon this year brings numbers of admiring people round it. The Emperor is seated on a sofa, reading dispatches, and the little King of Rome, in a white muslin frock, with his hair beautifully curled, slumbers on his papa's knee. What a contrast! The conqueror of the world, the stern warrior, the great giver of laws and ruler of nations, he dare not move because the little baby is asleep, and he would not disturb him for all the kingdoms he knows so well how to conquer. This is not art, if you please; but it is pleasant to see fat, good-natured mothers and grandmothers clustered round this picture, and looking at it with solemn eyes. The same painter has an Esmeralda dancing and frisking in her nightgown, and playing the tambourine to her goat, capering likewise. This picture is so delightfully bad—the little gipsy has such a killing ogle—that all the world admires it. Monsieur Steuben should send it to London, where it would be sure of a gigantic success.

Monsieur Grenier has a piece much looked at, in the *bourgeois* line. Some rogues of gipsies, or mountebanks, have kidnapped a fine fat child, and are stripping it of its pretty clothes; and poor baby is crying; and the gipsy-woman holding up her finger, and threatening; and the he-mountebank is lying on a bank, smoking his pipe—the callous monster! Preciously they will ill-treat that dear little darling, if justice do not overtake them—if, ay, *if*. But, thank Heaven! there in the corner come the police, and they will have that pipe-smoking scoundrel off to the galleys before five minutes are over.

1056. A picture of the galleys. Two galley-slaves are before you, and the piece is called "A Crime and a Fault." The poor "Fault" is sitting on a stone, looking very repentant and unhappy indeed. The great "Crime" stands grinning you in the face, smoking his pipe. The ruffian! That pipe seems to be a great mark of callosity in ruffians. I heard one man whisper to another, as they were looking at these galley-slaves, "*They are portraits*," and very much affected his companion seemed by the information.

Of a similar virtuous interest is 705, by Monsieur Finart, "A Family of African Colonists carried off by Abd-el-Kader." There is the poor male colonist, without a single thing on but a rope round his wrists. His silver skin is dabbled with his golden blood, and he looks up to heaven as the Arabs are poking him on with the tips of their horrid spears. Behind him come his flocks and herds, and other members of his family. In front, principal figure, is his angelic wife, in her nightgown, and in the arms of an odious blackamoor on horseback. Poor thing! poor thing! she is kicking, and struggling, and resisting as hard as she possibly can.

485. "The Two Friends." Debay.

> "Deux jeunes femmes se donnent le gage le plus sacré d'une amitié sincère, dans un acte de dévoûment et de reconnaissance.
>
> "L'une d'elles, faible, exténuée d'efforts inutilement tentés pour allaiter, découvre son sein tari, cause du dépérissement de son enfant. Sa douleur est comprise par son amie, à qui la santé permet d'ajouter au bonheur de nourrir son propre enfant, celui de rappeler à la vie le fils mourant de sa compagne."

Monsieur Debay's pictures are not bad, as most of the others here mentioned as appertaining to the *bourgeois* class; but, good or bad, I can't but own that I like to see these honest, hearty representations, which work upon good, simple feeling in a good, downright way; and if not works of art, are certainly works that can do a great deal of good, and make honest people happy. Who is the man that despises melodramas? I swear that T. P. Cooke is a benefactor to mankind. Away with him who has no stomach for such kind of entertainments, where vice is always punished, where virtue always meets its reward; where Mrs. James Vining is always sure to be made comfortable somewhere at the end of the third act; and if O. Smith is lying in agonies of death, in red breeches, on the front of the stage, or has just gone off in a flash of fire down one of the traps, I know it is only make-believe on his part, and believe him to be a good, kind-hearted fellow, that would not do harm to mortal! So much for pictures of the serious, melodramatic sort.

Monsieur Biard, whose picture of the "Slave-trade" made so much noise in London last year—and indeed it is as fine as Hogarth—has this year many comic pieces, and a series representing the present Majesty of France when Duke of Orleans, undergoing various perils by land and by water. There is much good in these pieces; but I mean no disrespect in saying I like the comic ones best. There is one entitled "Une Distraction." A National Guard is amusing himself by catching flies. You can't fail to laugh when you see it. There is "Le Gros Péché," and the biggest of all sins, no less than a drum-major confessing. You can't see the monster's face, which the painter has wisely hidden behind the curtain, as beyond the reach of art; but you see the priest's, and, murder! what a sin it must be that the big tambour has just imparted to him! All the French critics sneer at Biard, as they do at Paul de Kock, for not being artistical enough; but I do not think these gentlemen need mind the sneer: they have the millions with them, as Feargus O'Connor says, and they are good judges, after all.

A great comfort it is to think that there is a reasonable prospect that for the future very few more battle-pieces will be painted. They have used up all the victories, and Versailles is almost full. So this year, much to my happiness, only a few yards of warlike canvas are exhibited in place of the furlongs which one was called upon to examine in former exhibitions. One Retreat from Moscow is there, and one Storming of El Gibbet, or El Arish, or some such place in Africa. In the latter picture you see a thousand fellows, in loose, red pantaloons, rushing up a hill with base, heathen Turks on the top, who are firing off guns, carabines, and other pieces of ordnance at them. All this is very well painted by Monsieur Bollangé, and the rush of red breeches has a queer and pleasing effect. In the Russian piece you have frozen men and cattle; mothers embracing their offspring; grenadiers scowling at the enemy, and especially one fellow standing on a bank with his bayonet placed in the attitude for receiving the charge, and actually charged by a whole regiment of Cossacks—a complete pulk, my dear madam, coming on in three lines, with their lances pointed against this undaunted warrior of France. I believe Monsieur Thiers sat for the portrait, or else the editor of the *Courrier Français*—the two men in this belligerent nation who are the belligerentest. Apropos of Thiers, the *Nouvelles à la Main* has a good story of this little sham Napoleon. When the second son of the Duke of Orleans was born (I forget his Royal Highness's title), news was brought to Monsieur Thiers. He was told the Princess was well, and asked the courier who brought the news, "Comment se portait *le Roi de Rome?*" It may be said, in confidence, that there is not a single word of truth in the story. But what of that? Are not sham stories as good as real ones? Ask Monsieur Leullier, who, in spite of all that has been said and written upon a certain sea-fight, has actually this year come forward with his

1311. "Héroïsme de l'Equipage du Vaisseau le Vengeur, 4 Juin, 1794."

"Après avoir soutenu longtemps un combat acharné contre trois vaisseaux Anglais, le vaisseau le Vengeur avait perdu la moitié de son équipage, le reste était blessé pour la plupart : le second capitaine avait été coupé en deux par un boulet ; le vaisseau était rasé par le feu de l'ennemi, sa mâture abattue, ses flancs criblés par les boulets étaient ouverts de toutes parts : sa cale se remplissait à vue d'œil ; il s'enfonçait dans la mer. Les marins qui restent sur son bord servent la batterie basse jusqu'à ce qu'elle se trouve au niveau de la mer ; quand elle va disparaître, ils s'élancent dans la seconde, où ils répètent la même manœuvre ; celle-ci engloutie, ils montent sur le pont. Un tronçon de mât d'artimon restait encore debout ; leurs pavillons en lambeaux y sont cloués ; puis, réunissant instinctivement leurs volontés en une seule pensée, ils veulent périr avec le navire qui leur a été confié. Tous, combattants, blessés, mourants se raniment : un cri immense s'élève, répéte sur toutes les parties du tillac : *Vive la République! Vive le France!*......*Le Vengeur* coule......les cris continuent ; tous les bras sont dressés au ciel, et ces braves, préférant la mort à la captivité, emportent triomphalement leur pavillon dans ce glorieux tombeau."—*France Maritime.*

I think Mr. Thomas Carlyle is in the occasional habit of calling lies wind-bags. *This* wind-bag, one would have thought, exploded last year; but no such thing. You *can't* sink it, do what you will; it always comes bouncing up to the surface again, where it swims and bobs about gaily for the admiration of all. This lie the Frenchman will believe; all the papers talk gravely about the affair of the *Vengeur* as if an established fact; and I heard the matter disposed of by some artists the other day in a very satisfactory manner. One has always the gratification, in all French societies where the matter is discussed, of telling the real story (or if the subject be not discussed, of bringing the conversation round to it, and then telling the real story); one has always this gratification, and a great, wicked, delightful one it is—you make the whole company uncomfortable at once. You narrate the history in a calm, good-humoured, dispassionate tone; and as you proceed, you see the different personages of the audience looking uneasily at one another, and bursting out occasionally with a "Mais cependant;" but you continue your tale with perfect suavity of manner, and have the satisfaction of knowing that you have stuck a dagger into the heart of every single person using it.

Telling, I say, this story to some artists who were examining Monsieur Leullier's picture—and I trust that many scores of persons besides were listening to the conversation—one of them replied to my assertion that Captain Renaudin's letters were extant, and that the whole affair was a humbug, in the following way.

"Sir," said he, "the sinking of the *Vengeur* is an *established fact of history*. It is completely proved by the documents of the time; and as for the letters of Captain Renaudin of which you speak, have we not had an example the other day of some pretended letters of Louis Philippe's which were published in a newspaper here? And what, sir, were those letters? *Forgeries!*"

*Q. E. D.* Everybody said sansculotte was right; and I have no doubt that, if all the *Vengeur's* crew could rise from the dead, and that English cox—or boat—swain, who was last *on board the ship*,* of which he and his comrades had possession, and had to swim for his life, could come forward and swear to the real story, I make no doubt that the Frenchmen would not believe it. Only one I know, my friend Julius, who, ever since the tale has been told to him, has been crying it into all ears and in all societies, and vows he is perfectly hoarse with telling it.

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* The writer heard of this man from an English captain in the navy, who had him on board his ship.

As for M. Leullier's picture, there is really a great deal of good in it—fellows embracing, and others lifting up hands and eyes to heaven; and in the distance an English ship, with the crew in *red coats*, firing away on the doomed vessel. Possibly they are only marines whom we see; but as I once beheld several English naval officers in a play habited in top-boots, perhaps the legend in France may be that the navy, like the army, with us, is caparisoned in scarlet. A good subject for another historical picture would be Cambronne saying, "*La Garde meurt, mais ne se rend pas.*" I have bought a couple of engravings of the *Vengeur* and Cambronne, and shall be glad to make a little historical collection of facts similarly authenticated.

Accursed, I say, be all uniform coats of blue or of red; all ye epaulets and sabretashes; all ye guns, shrapnels, and musketoons; all ye silken banners embroidered with bloody reminiscences of successful fights: down — down to the bottomless pit with you all, and let honest men live and love each other without you! What business have I, forsooth, to plume myself because the Duke of Wellington beat the French in Spain and elsewhere, and kindle as I read the tale, and fancy myself of an heroic stock, because my uncle Tom was at the battle of Waterloo, and because we beat Napoleon there? Who are *we*, in the name of Beelzebub? Did we ever fight in our lives? Have we the slightest inclination for fighting and murdering one another? Why are we to go on hating one another from generation to generation, swelling up our little bosoms with absurd national conceit, strutting and crowing over our neighbours, and longing to be at fisticuffs with them again? As Aristotle remarks, in war there are always two parties; and though it often happens that both declare themselves to be victorious, it still is generally the case that one party beats and the other is beaten. The conqueror is thus filled with national pride, and the conquered with national hatred and a desire to do better next time. If he has his revenge, and beats his opponent as desired, these agreeable feelings are reversed; and so Pride and Hatred continue *in sæcula* *sæculorum*, and ribands and orders are given away, and great men rise and flourish. "Remember you are Britons!" cries our general; "there is the enemy, and d—— 'em, give 'em the bayonet!" Hurrah! helter-skelter, load and fire, cut and thrust, down they go! "Soldats! dans ce moment terrible la France vous regarde! Vive l'Empereur!" shouts Jacques Bonhomme, and his sword is through your ribs in a twinkling. "Children!" roars Feld-marechal Sauerkraut, "men of Hohenzollernsigmaringen! remember the eyes of Vaterland are upon you!" and murder again is the consequence. Tomahee-tereboo leads on the Ashantees with the very same war-cry, and they eat all their prisoners with true patriotic cannibalism.

Thus the great truth is handed down from father to son, that

A Briton,
A Frenchman,
An Ashantee,
A Hohenzollernsigmaringenite, etc. } is superior to all the world;

and by this truth the dullards of the respective nations swear, and by it statesmen govern.

Let the reader say for himself, does he not believe himself to be superior to a man of any other country? We can't help it; in spite of ourselves we do. But if, by changing the name, the fable applies to yourself, why do you laugh?

*Κυιδ ριδης; μυτατω νωμινε δη τη*
*Φαβυλα ναρρατυρ,*

as a certain poet says (in a quotation that is pretty well known in England, and therefore put down here in a new fashion). Why do you laugh, forsooth? Why do you *not* laugh? If donkeys' ears are a matter of laughter, surely we may laugh at them when growing on our own skulls.

Take a couple of instances from "actual life," as the fashionable-novel-puffers say.

A little fat silly woman, who in no country but this would ever have pretensions to beauty, has lately set up a circulating library in our street. She lends the five-franc editions of the

English novels, as well as the romances of her own country, and I have had several of the former works of fiction from her store: Bulwer's "Night and Morning," very pleasant, kind-hearted reading; "Peter Priggins," an astonishing work of slang, that ought to be translated if but to give Europe an idea of what a gay young gentleman in England sometimes is; and other novels—never mind what. But to revert to the fat woman.

She sits all day ogling and simpering behind her little counter; and from the slow, prim, precise way in which she lets her silly sentences slip through her mouth, you see at once that she is quite satisfied with them, and expects that every customer should give her an opportunity of uttering a few of them for his benefit. Going there for a book, I always find myself entangled in a quarter of an hour's conversation.

This is carried on in not very bad French on my part; at least I find that when I say something genteel to the library woman, she is not at a loss to understand me, and we have passed already many minutes in this kind of intercourse. Two days since, returning "Night and Morning" to the library-lady, and demanding the romance of "Peter Priggins," she offered me instead "Ida," par Monsieur le Vicomte Darlincourt, which I refused, having already experienced some of his Lordship's works. Next she produced "Stella," "Valida," "Eloa," by various French ladies of literary celebrity; but again I declined, declaring respectfully that, however agreeable the society of ladies might be, I found their works a little insipid. The fact is, that after being accustomed to such potent mixtures as the French romances offer you, the mild compositions of the French romanceresses pall on the palate.*

"Madame," says I, to cut the matter short, "je ne demande qu'un roman Anglais, 'Peter Priggins.' L'avez vous? oui ou non?"

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* In our own country, of course, Mrs. Trollope, Miss Mitford, Miss Pardoe, Mrs. Charles Gore, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Ferrier, Miss Stickney, Miss Barrett, Lady Blessington, Miss Smith, Mrs. Austin, Miss Austen, etc., form exceptions to this rule; and glad am I to offer per favour of this note a humble tribute of admiration to those ladies.

"Ah!" says the library-woman, "Monsieur ne comprend pas nôtre langue; c'est dommage."

Now one might, at first sight, fancy the above speech an epigram, and not a bad one, on an Englishman's blundering French grammar and pronunciation; but those who know the library-lady must be aware that she never was guilty of such a thing in her life. It was simply a French bull, resulting from the lady's dullness, and by no means a sarcasm. She uttered the words with a great air of superiority and a prim toss of the head, as much as to say, "How much cleverer I am than you, you silly foreigner! and what a fine thing it is in me to know the finest language in the world!" In this way I have heard donkeys of our two countries address foreigners in broken English or French, as if people who could not understand a language when properly spoken could comprehend it when spoken ill. Why the deuce do people give themselves these impertinent, stupid airs of superiority, and pique themselves upon the great cleverness of speaking their own language?

Take another instance of this same egregious national conceit. At the English pastry-cook's—(you can't readily find a prettier or more graceful woman than Madame Colombin, nor better plum-cake than she sells)—at Madame Colombin's, yesterday, a huge Briton, with sandy whiskers and a double chin, was swallowing patties and cherry-brandy, and all the while making remarks to a friend similarly employed. They were talking about English and French ships.

"Hang me, Higgins," says Sandy-whiskers, "if *I*'d ever go into one of their cursed French ships! I should be afraid of sinking at the very first puff of wind."

What Higgins replied does not matter. But think what a number of Sandy-whiskerses there are in our nation—fellows who are proud of this stupid mistrust—who think it a mark of national spirit to despise French skill, bravery, cookery, seamanship, and what not. Swallow your beef and porter, you great, fat-paunched man—enjoy your language and your country, as you have been bred to do—but don't fancy yourself, on account of these inheritances of yours, superior to other people of other ways and language. You have luck, perhaps, if you will, in having such a diet and dwelling-place, but no *merit* * * * * And with this little discursive essay upon national prejudices, let us come back to the pictures, and finish our walk through the gallery.

In that agreeable branch of the art for which we have, I believe, no name, but which the French call *genre*, there are at Paris several eminent professors; and as upon the French stage the costume-pieces are far better produced than with us, so also are French costume-pictures much more accurately and characteristically handled than are such subjects in our own country. You do not see Cimabue and Giotto in the costume of Francis I., as they appeared (depicted by Mr. Simpson, I think) in the Royal Academy Exhibition of last year; but the artists go to some trouble in collecting their antiquarian stuff, and paint it pretty scrupulously.

Monsieur Jacquard has some pretty small pictures *de genre;* a very good one, indeed, of fat "Monks granting Absolution from Fasting," of which the details are finely and accurately painted, a task more easy for a French artist than an English one, for the former's studio (as may be seen by a picture in this exhibition) is generally a magnificent curiosity-shop, and for old carvings, screens, crockery, armour, draperies, etc., the painter here has but to look to his own walls and copy away at his ease. Accordingly Jacquard's monks, especially all the properties of the picture, are admirable.

Monsieur Baron has "The Youth of Ribera," a merry Spanish beggar-boy, among a crowd of his like, drawing sketches of them under a garden wall. The figures are very prettily thought and grouped. There is a fine terrace, and palace, and statues in the background, very rich and luxurious—perhaps too pretty and gay in colours, and too strong in details.

But the king of the painters of small history subjects is Monsieur Robert Fleury; a great artist indeed, and I trust heartily he may be induced to send one or two of his pieces to London, to show our people what he can do. His mind, judging from his works, is rather of a gloomy turn, and he deals somewhat too much, to my taste, in the horrible. He has this year "A Scene in the Inquisition." A man is howling and writhing with his feet over a fire; grim inquisitors are watching over him; and a dreadful executioner, with fierce eyes peering from under a mysterious capuchin, is doggedly sitting over the coals. The picture is downright horror, but admirably and honestly drawn, and in effect rich, sombre, and simple.

"Benvenuto Cellini" is better still, and the critics have lauded the piece as giving a good idea of the fierce, fantastic Florentine sculptor; but I think Monsieur Fleury has taken him in too grim a mood, and made his ferocity too downright. There was always a dash of the ridiculous in the man, even in his most truculent moments; and I fancy that such simple rage as is here represented scarcely characterizes him. The fellow never cut a throat without some sense of humour, and here we have him greatly too majestic to my taste.

"Old Michael Angelo watching over the Sick-bed of his servant Urbino" is a noble painting, as fine in feeling as in design and colour. One can't but admire in all these the *manliness* of the artist. The picture is painted in a large, rich, massive, vigorous manner; and it is gratifying to see that this great man, after resolute seeking for many years, has found the full use of his hand at last, and can express himself as he would. The picture is fit to hang in the very best gallery in the world, and, a century hence, will no doubt be worth five times as many crowns as the artist asks or has had for it.

Being on the subject of great pictures, let us here mention,

712. "Portrait of a Lady," by Hippolyte Flandrin.

Of this portrait all I can say is, that if you take the best portraits by the best masters—a head of Sebastian or Michael Angelo, a head of Raphael, or one of those rarer ones of Andrea del Sarto—not one of them, for lofty character and majestic nobleness and simplicity, can surpass this magnificent work.

This seems, doubtless, very exaggerated praise, and people reading it may possibly sneer at the critic who ventures to speak in such a way. To all such I say, Come and see it. You who admire Sir Thomas and the Books of Beauty will possibly not admire it; you who give ten thousand guineas for a blowzy Murillo will possibly not relish Monsieur Flandrin's manner; but you who love simplicity and greatness, come and see how an old lady, with a black mantilla and dark eyes, and grey hair and a few red flowers in her cap, has been painted by Monsieur Flandrin of Lyons. If I were Louis Philippe, I would send a Legion-of-Honour cross, of the biggest sort, to decorate the bosom of the painter who has executed this noble piece.

As for portraits (with the exception of this one, which no man in England can equal—not even Mr. Samuel Lawrence, who is trying to get to this point, but has not reached it yet), our English painters keep the lead still; nor is there much remarkable among the hundreds in the gallery. There are vast numbers of English faces staring at you from the canvases; and among the miniatures especially one can't help laughing at the continual recurrence of the healthy, vacant, simpering, aristocratic English type. There are black velvets and satins, ladies with birds of paradise, deputies on sofas, and generals and marshals in the midst of smoke and cannonballs. Nothing can be less to my taste than a pot-bellied, swaggering Marshal Soult, who rests his bâton on his stomach, and looks at you in the midst of a dim cloud of war. The Duchesse de Nemours is done by Monsieur Winterhalter, and has a place of honour, as becomes a good portrait, and, above all, such a pretty lady. She is a pretty, smiling, buxom blonde, with plenty of hair, and rather too much hands, not to speak disrespectfully; and a slice of lace which goes across the middle of her white satin gown seems to cut the picture very disagreeably in two. There is a beautiful head in a large portrait of a lad of eighteen, painted by himself; and here may be mentioned two single figures in pastel by an architect, remarkable for earnest *spirituel* beauty; likewise two heads in chalk by De Rudder—most charming sketches, full of delicacy, grace, and truth.

The only one of the acknowledged great who has exhibited this year is Monsieur Delacroix, who has a large picture relative to the siege of Constantinople, that looks very like a piece of crumpled tapestry, but that has, nevertheless, its admirers and its merits, as what work of his has not?

His two smaller pieces are charming. "A Jewish Wedding at Tangiers" is brilliant with light and merriment—a particular sort of merriment, that is, that makes you gloomy in the very midst of the heyday; and his "Boat" is awful. A score of shipwrecked men are in this boat, on a great, wide, swollen, interminable sea—no hope, no speck of sail—and they are drawing lots which shall be killed and eaten. A burly seaman, with a red beard, has just put his hand into the hat, and is touching his own to the officer. One fellow sits with his hands clasped, and gazing—gazing into the great void before him. By Jupiter, his eyes are unfathomable! he is looking at miles and miles of lead-coloured, bitter, pitiless brine! Indeed one can't bear to look at him long; nor at that poor woman, so sickly and so beautiful, whom they may as well kill at once, or she will save them the trouble of drawing straws, and give up to their maws that poor, white, faded, delicate, shrivelled carcass. Ah, what a thing it is to be hungry! O Eugenius Delacroix! how can you manage, with a few paint-bladders, and a dirty brush, and a careless hand, to dash down such savage histories as these, and fill people's minds with thoughts so dreadful? Ay, there it is! Whenever I go through that part of the gallery where Monsieur Delacroix's picture is, I always turn away now, and look at a fat woman with a parroquet opposite. For what's the use of being uncomfortable?

Another great picture is one of about four inches square—"The Chess Players," by Monsieur Meissonier—truly an astonishing piece of workmanship. No silly tricks of effect, and abrupt startling shadow and light, but a picture painted with the minuteness and accuracy of a daguerreotype, and as near as possible perfect in its kind. Two men are playing at chess, and the chessmen are no bigger than pinheads; every one of them an accurate portrait, with all the light, shadow, roundness, character, and colour belonging to it.

Of the landscapes it is very hard indeed to speak, for professors of landscape almost all execute their art well; but few so well as to strike one with especial attention, or to produce much remark. Constable has been a great friend to the new landscape-school in France, who have laid aside the slimy, weak manner formerly in vogue, and perhaps have adopted in its place a method equally reprehensible—that of plastering their pictures excessively. When you wish to represent a piece of old timber, or a crumbling wall, or the ruts and stones in a road, this impasting method is very successful; but here the skies are trowelled on, the light vapouring distances are as thick as plum-pudding, the cool clear shadows are mashed-down masses of sienna and indigo. But it is undeniable that, by these violent means, a certain power is had, and noonday effects of strong sunshine are often dashingly rendered.

How much pleasanter is it to see a little quiet grey waste of David Cox than the very best and smartest of such works! Some men from Düsseldorf have sent very fine scientific faithful pictures, that are a little heavy; but still you see that they are portraits drawn respectfully from the great, beautiful, various, divine face of Nature.

In the statue-gallery there is nothing worth talking about; and so let us make an end of the Louvre, and politely wish a good-morning to everybody.

(*Fraser's Magazine*, July 1841.)

## MAY GAMBOLS; OR, TITMARSH IN THE PICTURE-GALLERIES.

THE readers of this miscellany may, perhaps, have remarked that always, at the May season and the period of the exhibitions, our eccentric correspondent Titmarsh seems to be seized with a double fit of eccentricity, and to break out into such violent fantastical gambols as might cause us to be alarmed, did we not know him to be harmless, and induce us to doubt of his reason, but that the fit is generally brief, and passes off after the first excitement occasioned by visiting the picture-galleries. It was in one of these fits, some years since, that he announced in this Magazine his own suicide, which we know to be absurd, for he has drawn many hundred guineas from us since. On the same occasion he described his debts and sojourn at a respectable hotel, in which it seems he has never set his foot. But these hallucinations pass away with May, and next month he will, no doubt, be calmer, or, at least, not more absurd than usual. Some disappointments occurring to himself, and the refusal of his great picture of "Heliogabalus" in the year 1803 (which caused his retirement from practice as a painter), may account for his extreme bitterness against some of the chief artists in this or any other school or country. Thus we have him in these pages abusing Raphael; in the very last month he fell foul of Rubens; and in the present paper he actually pooh-poohs Sir Martin Shee and some of the Royal Academy. This is too much. "*Cælum ipsum*," as Horace says, "*petimus stultitiâ*." But we will quote no more the well-known words of the Epicurean bard.

We only add that we do not feel in the least bound by any one of the opinions here brought forward, from most of which, except where the writer contradicts himself and so saves us the trouble, we cordially dissent; and perhaps the reader had best pass on to the next article, omitting all perusal of this, excepting, of course, the editorial notice of—O. Y.

JACK STRAW'S CASTLE, HAMPSTEAD, *May* 25.

THIS is written in the midst of a general desolation and discouragement of the honest practitioners who dwell in the dingy first-floors about Middlesex Hospital and Soho. The long-haired ones are tearing their lanky locks, the velvet-coated sons of genius are plunged in despair; the law has ordered the suppression of Art Unions, and the wheel of Fortune has suddenly and cruelly been made to stand still. When the dreadful news came that the kindly, harmless Art lottery was to be put an end to, although Derby lotteries are advertised in every gin-shop in London, and every ruffian in the City may gamble at his leisure, the men of the brush and palette convoked a tumultuous meeting, where, amidst tears, shrieks, and wrath, the cruelty of their case was debated. Wyse of Waterford calmly presided over the stormy bladder-squeezers, the insulted wielders of the knife and maul-stick. Wyse soothed their angry spirits with words of wisdom and hope. He stood up in the assembly of the legislators of the land and pointed out their wrongs. The painters' friend, the kind old Lansdowne, lifted up his cordial voice among the peers of England, and asked for protection for the children of Raphael and Apelles. No one said nay. All pitied the misfortune of the painters; even Lord Brougham was stilled into compassion, and the voice of Vaux was only heard in sobs.

These are days of darkness, but there is hope in the vista; the lottery subscription lies in limbo, but it shall be released therefrom and flourish, exuberantly revivified, in future years. Had the ruin been consummated, this hand should have withered rather than have attempted to inscribe jokes concerning it. No, *Fraser* is the artists' friend, their mild parent. While His Royal Highness Prince Albert dines with the Academicians, the rest of painters, less fortunate, are patronized by Her Majesty REGINA.

Yes, in spite of the Art-Union accident, there is hope for the painters. Sir Martin Archer Shee thinks that the Prince's condescension in dining with the Academy will do incalculable benefit to the art. Henceforth its position is assured in the world. This august patronage, the President says, evincing the sympathy of the higher classes, must awaken the interest of the low, and the public (the ignorant rogues!) will thus learn to appreciate what they have not cared for hitherto. Interested! Of course they will be. O Academicians! ask the public to dinner, and you will see how much interested they will be. We are authorized to state that next year any person who will send in his name will have a cover provided. Trafalgar Square is to be awned in; plates are to be laid for 250,000; one of the new basins is to be filled with turtle and the other with cold punch. The President and the *élite* are to sit upon Nelson's pillar; while rows of benches, stretching as far as the Union Club, Northumberland House, and Saint Martin's Church, will accommodate the vulgar. Mr. Toole is to have a speaking-trumpet, and a twenty-four-pounder to be discharged at each toast.

There are other symptoms of awakening interest in the public mind. The readers of newspapers will remark this year that the leaders of public opinion have devoted an unusually large space and print to reviews of the fine arts. They have been employing critics, who, though they contradict each other a good deal, are yet evidently better acquainted with the subject than critics of old used to be when gentlemen of the profession were instructed to report on a fire, or an Old Bailey trial, or a Greek play, or an opera, or a boxing-match, or a picture-gallery, as their turn came. Read now the *Times*, the *Chronicle*, the *Post* (especially the *Post*, of which the painting critiques have been very good), and it will be seen that the critic knows his business; and from the length of his articles it may be conjectured that the public is interested in knowing what he has to say. This is all, probably, from the Prince having dined at the Academy. The nation did not care for pictures until then—until the nobility taught us. Gracious nobility! Above all, what a compliment to the public!

As one looks round the rooms of the Royal Academy, one cannot but deplore the fate of the poor fellows who have been speculating upon the Art Unions; and yet in the act of grief there is a lurking satisfaction. The poor fellows can't sell their pieces; that is a pity. But why did the poor fellows paint such fiddle-faddle pictures? They catered for the *bourgeois*, the sly rogues! They know honest John Bull's taste, and simple admiration of namby-pamby, and so they supplied him with an article that was just likely to suit him. In like manner savages are supplied with glass beads, children are accommodated with toys and trash, by dexterous speculators who know their market. Well, I am sorry that the painting speculators have had a stop put to their little venture, and that the ugly law against lotteries has stepped in and seized upon the twelve thousand pounds which was to furnish many a hungry British Raphael with a coat and a beef-steak. Many a Mrs. Raphael, who was looking out for a new dress, or a trip to Margate or Boulogne for the summer, must forego the pleasure, and remain in dingy Newman Street. Many little ones will go back to Turnham Green academies and not carry the amount of last half-year's bill in the trunk; many a landlord will bully about the non-payment of the rent; and a vast number of frame-makers will look wistfully at their carving and gilding as it returns after the exhibition to Mr. Tinto, Charlotte Street, along with poor Tinto's picture from the "Vicar of Wakefield" that he made sure of selling to an Art-Union prize-man. This is the pathetic side of the question. My heart is tender, and I weep for the honest painters peering dismally at the twelve thousand pounds like hungry boys do at a tart-shop

But—here stern justice interposes, and the MAN having relented, the CRITIC raises his inexorable voice—but, I say, the enemies of Art Unions have had some reason for their complaints, and I fear it is too true that the effect of those institutions, as far as they have gone hitherto, has not been mightily favourable to the cause of art. One day, by custom, no doubt, the public taste will grow better; and as the man who begins by intoxicating himself with a glass of gin finishes sometimes by easily absorbing a bottle—as the law-student, who at first is tired with a chapter of Blackstone, will presently swallow you down with pleasure a whole volume of Chitty—as EDUCATION, in a word, advances, it is humbly to be hoped that the great and generous British public will not be so easily satisfied as at present, and will ask for a better article for its money.

Meanwhile, their taste being pitiable, the artists supply them with poor stuff—pretty, cheap tawdry toys and gimcracks, in place of august and beautiful objects of art. It is always the case. I do not mean to say that the literary men are a bit better. Poor fellows of the pen and pencil! we must live. The public likes light literature, and we write it. Here am I writing magazine jokes and follies, and why? Because the public like such—will purchase no other. Otherwise, as Mr. Nickisson, and all who are acquainted with M. A. Titmarsh in private, know, my real inclinations would lead me to write works upon mathematics, geology, and chemistry, varying them in my lighter hours with little playful treatises on questions of political economy, epic poems, and essays on the Æolic digamma. So, in fact, these severe rebukes with which I am about to belabour my neighbour must be taken, as they are given, in a humble and friendly spirit; they are not actuated by pride, but by deep sympathy. Just as we read in holy Mr. Newman's life of Saint Stephen Harding, that it was the custom among the godly Cistercian monks (in the good old times, which holy Newman would restore) to assemble every morning in full chapter, and there, after each monk had made his confession, it was free to—nay, it was strictly enjoined on—any other brother to rise and say, "Brother So-and-so hath not told all his sins; our dear brother has forgotten that yesterday he ate his split-peas with too much gormandise;" or, "This morning he did indecently rejoice over his water-gruel," or what not—these real Christians were called upon to inform, not only of themselves, but to be informers over each other; and, the information being given, the brother informed against thanked his brother the informer, and laid himself down on the desk, and was flagellated with gratitude. Sweet friends! be you like the Cistercians! Brother Michael Angelo is going to inform against you. Get ready your garments and prepare for flagellation. Brother Michael Angelo is about to lay on and spare not.

Brother Michael lifts up his voice against the young painters collectively in the first place, afterwards individually, when he will also take leave to tickle them with the wholesome stripes of the flagellum. In the first place, then (and my heart is so tender that, rather than begin the operation, I have been beating about the bush for more than a page, of which page the reader is cordially requested to omit the perusal, as it is not the least to the purpose), I say that the young painters of England, whose uprise this Magazine and this critic were the first to hail, asserting loudly their superiority over the pompous old sham-classical big-wigs of the Academy—the young painters of England *are not doing their duty*. They are going backwards—or rather, they are flinging themselves under the wheel of that great golden Juggernaut of an Art Union. The thought of the money is leading them astray; they are poets no longer, but money-hunters. They paint down to the level of the public intelligence, rather than seek to elevate the public to them. Why do these great geniuses fail in their duty of instruction? Why, knowing better things, do they serve out such awful twaddle as we have from them? Alas! it is not for art they paint, but for the Art Union.

The first dear brother I shall take the liberty to request to get ready for operation is brother Charles Landseer. Brother Charles has sinned. He has grievously sinned. And we will begin with this miserable sinner, and administer to him admonition in a friendly, though most fierce and cutting, manner.

The subject of brother Charles Landseer's crime is this. The sinner has said to himself, "The British public likes domestic pieces. They will have nothing but domestic pieces. I will give them one, and of a new sort. Suppose I paint a picture that must make a hit. My picture will have every sort of interest. It shall interest the religious public; it shall interest the domestic public; it shall interest the amateur for the cleverness of its painting; it shall interest little boys and girls, for I will introduce no end of animals, camels, monkeys, elephants, and cockatoos; it shall interest sentimental young ladies, for I will take care to have a pretty little episode for them. I will take the town by storm, in a word." This is what I conceive was passing in brother Charles Landseer's sinful soul when he conceived and executed his NOAH'S ARK IN A DOMESTIC POINT OF VIEW.

Noah and his family (with some supplemental young children, very sweetly painted) are seated in the ark, and a port-hole is opened, out of which one of the sons is looking at the now peaceful waters. The sunshine enters the huge repository of the life of the world, and the dove has just flown in with an olive branch, and nestles in the bosom of one of the daughters of Noah; the patriarch and his aged partner are lifting up their venerable eyes in thankfulness; the children stand around, the peaceful labourer and the brown huntsman each testifying his devotion after his fashion. The animals round about participate in the joyful nature of the scene, their instinct seems to tell them that the hour of their deliverance is near.

There, the picture is described romantically and in the best of language. Now let us proceed to examine the poetry critically, and to see what its claims are. Well, the ark is a great subject. The history from which we have our account of it, from a poet surely demands a reverent treatment; a blacksmith roaring from the desk of a conventicle may treat it familiarly, but an educated artist ought surely to approach such a theme with respect. The point here is only urged æsthetically. As a matter of *taste*, then (and the present humble writer has no business to speak on any other), such a manner of treating the subject is certainly reprehensible. The ark is vulgarized here, and reduced to the proportions of a Calais steamer. The passengers are rejoicing; they are glad to get away. Their live animals are about them no more nor less sublime than so many cattle or horses in loose boxes. The parrots perched on the hoop yonder have as little signification as a set of birds in a cage at the Zoological Gardens; the very dove becomes neither more nor less than the *pet* of the pretty girl represented in the centre of the picture. All the greatness of the subject is lost; and putting the historical nature of the personages out of the question, they have little more interest than a group of any emigrants in the hold of a ship, who rouse and rally at the sound of "Land ho!"

Why, if all great themes of poetry are to be treated in this way, the art would be easy. We might have Hector shaving himself before going out to fight Achilles, as, undoubtedly, the Trojan hero did; Priam in a cotton nightcap asleep in a four-poster on the night of the sack of Troy—Hecuba, of course, by his side, with curl-papers, and her *tour de tête* on the toilet-glass. We might have Dido's maid coming after her mistress in the shower with pattens and an umbrella; or Cleopatra's page guttling the figs in the basket which had brought the asp that killed the mistress of Antony. Absurd trivialities, or pretty trivialities, are nothing to the question. Those I have adduced here are absurd; but they are just as poetical as prettiness, not a whit less degrading and commonplace. No painter has a right to treat great historical subjects in such a fashion; and though the public are sure to admire, and young ladies, in raptures, look on at the darling of a dove, and little boys in delight cry, "Look, papa, at the parroquets!"—"Law, ma, what big trunks the elephants have!" it yet behoves the critic to say this is an unpoetical piece, and severely to reprehend the unhappy perpetrator thereof.

I know brother Charles will appeal. I know it will be pleaded in his favour that the picture is capitally painted, some of the figures very pretty—two, that of the old woman and the boy looking out, quite grand in drawing and colour; the picture charming for its silvery tone and agreeable pleasantry of colour. All this is true. But he has sinned, he has greatly sinned. Let him acknowledge his fault in the presence of the chapter, and receive the customary and wholesome reward thereof.

Frater Redgrave is the next malefactor whose sins deserve a reprobation. In the namby-pamby line his errors are very sad. Has he not been already warned in this very miscellany of his propensity to small sentiment? Has he corrected himself of that grievous tendency? No; his weakness grows more and more upon him, and he is now more sinful than ever. One of his pictures is taken from the most startling lyric in our language, the "Song of the Shirt," a song as bitter and manly as it is exquisitely soft and tender, a song of which the humour draws tears.*

Mr. Redgrave has illustrated everything except the humour, the manliness, and the bitterness of the song. He has only depicted the tender, good-natured part of it. It is impossible to quarrel with the philanthropy of the painter. His shirtmaker sits by her little neat bed, work, working away. You may see how late it is, for the candle is nearly burnt out, the clock (capital poetic notion!) says what o'clock it is, the grey-streaked dawn is rising over the opposite house seen through the cheerless casement, and where (from a light which it has in its window) you may imagine that another poor shirtmaker is toiling too. The one before us is pretty, pale, and wan; she turns up the whites of her fine, fatigued eyes to the little ceiling. She is ill, as the artist has shown us by a fine stroke of genius—a parcel of medicine-bottles on the mantelpiece! The picture is carefully and cleverly painted—extremely popular—gazed at with vast interest by most spectators. Is it, however, a poetical subject? Yes, Hood has shown that it can be made one, but by surprising turns of thought brought to bear upon it, strange, terrible, unexpected lights of humour which he has flung upon it. And, to "trump" this tremendous card, Mr. Redgrave gives us this picture—his points being the clock, which tells the time of day, the vials which show the poor girl takes physic, and such other vast labours of intellect!

Mr. Redgrave's other picture, the "Marriage Morning," is also inspired by that milk-and-water of human kindness, the flavour of which is so insipid to the roast-beef intellect. This is a scene of a marriage morning. The bride is taking leave of her mamma after the ceremony, and that amiable lady, reclining in an easy-chair, is invoking benedictions upon the parting couple, and has a hand of her daughter and her son-in-law clasped in each of hers. She is smiling sadly, restraining her natural sorrow, which will break out so soon as the postchaise you see through the window, and on which the footman is piling the nuptial luggage, shall have driven off to Salt Hill, or Rose Cottage, Richmond, which I recommend. The bride's father, a venerable, bald-headed gentleman, with a most benignant though slow-coachish look, is trying to console poor Anna Maria, the unmarried sister, who is losing the companion of her youth. Never mind, Anna Maria, my dear, your turn will come too; there is a young gentleman making a speech in the parlour to the health of the new-married pair, who, I lay a wager, will be struck by your fine eyes, and be for serving you as your sister has been treated. This small fable is worked out with great care in a picture in which there is much clever and conscientious painting, from which, however, I must confess I derive little pleasure. The sentiment and colour of the picture somehow coincide; the eye rests upon a variety of neat tints of pale drab, pale green, pale brown, pale puce colour, of a sickly warmth, not pleasant to the eye. The drawing is feeble, the expression of the faces pretty but lackadaisical. The penance I would order Mr. Redgrave should be a pint of port-wine to be taken daily, and a devilled kidney every morning for breakfast before beginning to paint.

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* How is it that none of the papers have noticed the astonishing poem by Mr. Hood in the May number of his magazine, to which our language contains no parallel?—M. A. T.

A little of the devil, too, would do Mr. Frank Stone no harm. He, too, is growing dangerously sentimental. His picture, with a quotation from Horace, "Mæcenas atavis edite regibus," represents a sort of game of tender cross-purposes, very difficult to describe in print. Suppose two lads, Jocky and Tommy, and two lasses, Jenny and Jessamy. They are placed thus:—

Tommy.
Jessamy. Jenny. Jocky.
A dog.

Now Jocky is making love to Jenny in an easy, off-hand sort of way, and though, or, perhaps, *because* he doesn't care for her much, is evidently delighting the young woman. She looks round, with a pleased smile on her fresh, plump cheeks, and turns slightly towards heaven a sweet little *retroussé* nose, and twiddles her fingers (most exquisitely these hands are drawn and painted, by the way) in the most contented way. But ah! how little does she heed Tommy, who, standing behind Jocky, reclining against a porch, is looking and longing for this light-hearted Jenny! And oh! why does Tommy cast such sheep's eyes upon Jenny, when by her side sits *Jessamy*, the tender and romantic, the dark-eyed and raven-haired being, whose treasures of affection are flung at heedless Tommy's feet? All the world is interested in Jessamy. Her face is beautiful, her look of despairing love is so exquisitely tender, that it touches every spectator; and the ladies are unanimous in wondering how Tommy can throw himself away upon that simpering Jenny, when such a superior creature as Jessamy is to be had for the asking. But such is the way of the world, and Tommy will marry, simply because everybody tells him not.

Thus far for the sentiment of the picture. The details are very good. There is too much stippling and show of finish, perhaps, in the handling, and the painting might have been more substantial and lost nothing. But the colour is good, the group very well composed, and the variety of expression excellent. There is great passion, as well as charming delicacy, in the disappointed maiden's face; much fine appreciation of character in the easy, smiling triumph of the rival; and although this sentence was commenced with the express determination of rating Mr. Stone soundly, lo! it is finished without a word of blame. Well, let's vent our anger on the dog. That *is* very bad, and seems to have no more bones than an apple-dumpling. It is only because the artist has been painting disappointed lovers a great deal of late, that one is disposed to grumble, not at the work, but at the want of variety of subject.

As a sentimental picture, the best and truest, to my taste, is that by Mr. Webster, the "Portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Webster," painted to celebrate their fiftieth wedding-day. Such a charming old couple were never seen. There is delightful grace, sentiment, and purity in these two gentle, kindly heads; much more sentiment and grace than even in Mr. Eastlake's "Héloïse," a face which the artist has painted over and over again—a beautiful woman, but tiresome, unearthly, unsubstantial, and no more like Héloïse than like the Duke of Wellington. If the late Mr. Pope's epistle be correct, Eloisa was a most unmistakable woman; this is a substanceless, passionless, solemn, mystical apparition; but I doubt if a woman be not the more poetical being of the two.

Being on the subject of sentimental pictures, Monsieur Delaroche's great "Holy Family" must be mentioned here; and if there is reason to quarrel with the unsatisfactory nature of English sentiment, in truth it appears that the French are not much better provided with the high poetical quality. This picture has all the outside of poetry, all the costume of religion, all the prettiness and primness of the new German dandy-pietistical school. It is an agreeable compound of Correggio and Raphael, with a strong dash of Overbeck; it is painted as clean and pretty as a tulip on a dessert-plate, the lines made out so neatly that none can mistake them; the drawing good, the female face as pretty and demure as can be, her drapery of spotless blue, and the man's of approved red, the infant as pink as strawberries and cream, every leaf of the tree sweetly drawn, and the trunk of the most delicate dove-coloured grey. All these merits the picture has; it is a well-appointed picture. But is that all? Is that enough to make a poet? There are lines in the Oxford prize poems that are smooth as Pope's; and it is notorious that, for colouring, there is no painting like the Chinese. But I hope the French artists have better men springing up among them than the President of the French Academy at Rome.

Biard, the Hogarthian painter, whose slave-trade picture was so noble, has sent us a couple of pieces, which both, in their way, possess merit. The one is an Arabian caravan moving over a brickdust-coloured desert, under a red, arid sky. The picture is lifelike, and so far poetical that it seems to tell the truth. Then there is a steamboat disaster, with every variety of sea-sickness, laughably painted. Shuddering soldiery, sprawling dandies, Englishmen, Savoyards, guitars, lovers, monkeys—a dreadful confusion of qualmish people, whose agonies will put the most misanthropic observer into good-humour. Biard's "Havre Packet" is much more praiseworthy in my mind than Delaroche's "Holy Family;" for I deny the merit of failing greatly in pictures—the great merit is to succeed. There is no greater error, surely, than that received dictum of the ambitious, to aim at high things: it is best to do what you mean to do; better to kill a crow than to miss an eagle.

As the French artists are sending in their works from across the water, why, for the honour of England, will not some of our painters let the Parisians know that here, too, are men whose genius is worthy of appreciation? They may be the best draughtsmen in the world, but they have no draughtsman like Maclise, they have no colourist like Etty, they have no painter like MULREADY, above all, whose name I beg the printer to place in the largest capitals, and to surround with a wreath of laurels. Mr. Mulready was crowned in this Magazine once before. Here again he is proclaimed. It looks like extravagance, or flattery, for the blushing critic to tell his real mind about the "Whistonian Controversy."

And yet, as the truth must be told, why not say it now at once? I believe this to be one of the finest cabinet pictures in the world. It seems to me to possess an assemblage of excellences so rare, to be in drawing so admirable, in expression so fine, in finish so exquisite, in composition so beautiful, in humour and beauty of expression so delightful, that I can't but ask where is a good picture if this be not one? And, in enumerating all the above perfections, I find I have forgotten the greatest of all, the colour; it is quite original this—brilliant, rich, astonishingly luminous, and intense. The pictures of Van Eyck are not more brilliant in tone than this magnificent combination of blazing reds, browns, and purples. I know of no scheme of colour like it, and heartily trust that time will preserve it; when this little picture, and some of its fellows, will be purchased as eagerly as a Hemlinck or a Gerard Douw is bought nowadays. If Mr. Mulready has a mind to the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, he has but to send this picture to Paris next year, and with the recommendation of *Fraser's Magazine* the affair is settled. Meanwhile it is pleasant to know that the artist (although his work will fetch ten times as much money a hundred years hence) has not been ill rewarded, as times go, for his trouble and genius.

We have another great and original colourist among us, as luscious as Rubens, as rich almost as Titian—Mr. Etty; and every year the exhibition sparkles with magnificent little canvases, the works of this indefatigable, strenuous admirer of nude Beauty. The form is not quite so sublime as the colour in this artist's paintings; the female figure is often rather too expansively treated—it swells here and there to the proportions of the Caffrarian, rather than the Medicean, Venus; but in colour little can be conceived that is more voluptuously beautiful. This year introduces to us one of the artist's noblest compositions, a classical and pictorial orgy, as it were —a magnificent vision of rich colours and beautiful forms—a grand feast of sensual poetry. The verses from "Comus," which the painter has taken to illustrate, have the same character:—

> "All amidst the gardens fair
> Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
> That sing about the golden tree;
> Along the crispëd shades and bowers,
> Revels the spruce and jocund Spring.......
> Beds of hyacinths and roses,
> Where young Adonis oft reposes,
> Waxing well of his deep wound
> In slumber soft, and on the ground
> Sadly sits the Assyrian queen;
> But far above, in spangled sheen,
> Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,
> Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranced."

It is a dream rather than a reality, the words and images purposely indistinct and incoherent. In the same way the painter has made the beautiful figures sweep before us in a haze of golden sunshine. This picture is one of a series to be painted in fresco, and to decorate the walls of a summer-house in the gardens of Buckingham Palace, for which edifice Mr. Maclise and Mr. Leslie have also made paintings.

That of Mr. Leslie's is too homely. He is a prose painter. His kind, buxom young lass has none of the look of Milton's lady—that charming compound of the saint and the fine lady —that sweet impersonation of the chivalric mythology—an angel, but with her sixteen quarterings—a countess descended from the skies. Leslie's lady has no such high breeding; the Comus above her looks as if he might revel on ale—a rustic seducer, with an air of rude, hobnailed health. Nor are the demons and fantastic figures introduced imaginative enough; they are fellows with masks from Covent Garden. Compare the two figures at the sides of the picture with the two Cupids of Mr. Etty. In the former there is no fancy. The latter are two flowers of poetry; there are no words to characterize those two delicious little figures, no more than to describe a little air of Mozart, which, once heard, remains with you for ever, or a new flower, or a phrase of Keats or Tennyson, which blooms out upon you suddenly, astonishing as much as it pleases. Well, in endeavouring to account for his admiration, the critic pumps for words in vain. If he uses such as he finds, he runs the risk of being considered intolerably pert and affected; silent pleasure, therefore, best beseems him. But this I know, that were my humble recommendations attended to at Court, when the pictures are put in the pleasure-house, her sacred Majesty, giving a splendid banquet to welcome them and the painter, should touch Mr. Etty on the left shoulder and say, "Rise, my Knight of the Bath, for painting the right-hand Cupid;" and the Emperor of Russia (being likewise present) should tap him on the right shoulder, exclaiming, "Rise, my Knight of the Eagle, for the left-hand Cupid."

Mr. Maclise's "Comus" picture is wonderful for the variety of its design, and has, too, a high poetry of its own. All the figures are here still and solemn as in a tableau; the lady still on her unearthly snaky chair, Sabrina still stooping over her. On one side the brothers, and opposite the solemn attendant spirit; round these, interminable groups and vistas of fairy beings, twining in a thousand attitudes of grace, and sparkling white and bloodless against a leaden blue sky. It is the most poetical of the artist's pictures, the most extraordinary exhibition of his proper skill. Is it true that the artists are only to receive three hundred guineas a-piece for these noble compositions? Why, a printseller would give more; and artists should not be allowed to paint simply for the honour of decorating a Royal summer-house.

Among the poetical pictures of the exhibition should be mentioned with especial praise Mr. Cope's delightful "Charity," than the female figures in which Raphael scarce painted anything more charmingly beautiful. And Mr. Cope has this merit, that his work is no prim imitation of the stiff old Cimabue and Giotto manner, no aping of the crisp draperies and hard outlines of the missal illuminations, without which the religious artist would have us believe religious expression is impossible. It is pleasant, after seeing the wretched caricatures of old-world usages which stare us in the face in every quarter of London now—little dumpy Saxon chapels built in raw brick, spick-and-span *bandbox* churches of the pointed Norman style for Cockneys in zephyr coats to assemble in, new old painted windows of the twelfth century, tessellated pavements of the Byzantine school, gimcrack imitations of the Golden Legend printed with red letters, and crosses, and quaint figures stolen out of Norman missals—to find artists aiming at the Beautiful and Pure without thinking it necessary to resort to these paltry archæological quackeries, which have no Faith, no Truth, no Life in them, but which give us ceremony in lieu of reality, and insist on forms as if they were the conditions of belief.

Lest the reader should misunderstand the cause of this anger, we beg him to take the trouble to cross Pall Mall to Saint James's Street, where objects of art are likewise exhibited; he will see the reason of our wrath. Here are all the ornamental artists of England sending in their works, and what are they?—All imitations. The Alhambra here; the Temple Church there; here a Gothic saint; yonder a Saxon altar-rail; farther on a sprawling rococo of Louis XV.; all worked neatly and cleverly enough, but with no originality, no honesty of thought. The twelfth century revived in Mr. Crockford's bazaar, forsooth! with examples of every century except our own. It would be worth while for some one to write an essay, showing how astonishingly Sir Walter Scott * has influenced the world: how he changed the character of novelists, then of historians, whom he brought from their philosophy to the study of pageantry and costume; how the artists then began to fall back into the middle ages, and the architects to follow; until now, behold, we have Mr. Newman and his congregation of Littlemore marching out with taper and crosier, and falling down to worship Saint Willibald, and Saint Winnibald, and Saint Walberga the Saxon virgin. But Mr. Cope's picture is leading the reader rather further than a critique about exhibitions has any right to divert him, and let us walk soberly back to Trafalgar Square.

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* Or more properly Goethe. "Goetz von Berlichingen" was the father of the Scottish romances, and Scott remained constant to that mode, while the greater artist tried a thousand others.

Remark the beautiful figures of the children in Mr. Cope's picture (276)—the fainting one, and the golden-haired infant at the gate. It is a noble and touching Scripture illustration. The artist's other picture, "Geneviève," is not so successful. The faces seem to have been painted from a dirty palette, the evening tints of the sky are as smoky as a sunset in Saint James's Park; the composition unpleasant, and not enough to fill the surface of canvas.

Mr. Herbert's picture of "The Trial of the Seven Bishops" is painted with better attention to costume than most English painters are disposed to pay. The characters in our artists' history-pieces, as indeed on our theatres, do not look commonly accustomed to the dresses which they assume, wear them awkwardly, take liberties of alteration and adjustment, and spoil thereby the truth of the delineation. The French artists, on the canvas or the boards, understand this branch of their art much better. Look at Monsieur Biard's "Mecca Pilgrims," how carefully and accurately they are attired; or go to the French play and see Cartigny in a Hogarthian dress. He wears it as though he had been born a hundred years back —looks the old marquess to perfection. In this attention to dress, Mr. Herbert's picture is very praiseworthy. The men are quite at home in their quaint coats and periwigs of James the Second's time; the ladies at ease in their stiff, long-waisted gowns, their fans, and their queer caps and patches. And the picture is pleasing from the extreme brightness and cleanliness of the painting. All looks as neat and fresh as Sam Pepys when he turned out in his new suit; his lady in her satin and brocade. But here the praise must stop. The great concourse of people delineated, the bishops and the jury, the judges and the sheriffs, the halberdiers and the fine ladies, seem very little interested in the transaction in which they are engaged, and look as if they were assembled rather for show than business. Nor, indeed, is the artist much in fault. Painters have not fair play in these parade pictures. It is only with us that Reform banquets, or views of the House of Lords at the passing of the Slopperton Railway Bill, or Coronation Processions, obtain favour—in which vast numbers of public characters are grouped unreally together, and politics are made to give an interest to art.

Mr. Herbert's picture of "Sir Thomas More and his Daughter watching from the prisoner's room in the Tower four Monks led away to Execution" is not the most elaborate, perhaps, but the very best of this painter's works. It is full of grace, and sentiment, and religious unction. You see that the painter's heart is in the scenes which he represents. The countenances of the two figures are finely conceived—the sorrowful, anxious beauty of the daughter's face, the resigned humility of the martyr at her side; and the accessories or properties of the pious little drama are cleverly and poetically introduced—such as mystic sentences of hope and trust inscribed by former sufferers on the walls, the prisoner's rosary and book of prayers to the Virgin that lie on his bed. These types and emblems of the main story are not obtruded, but serve to increase the interest of the action; just as you hear in a concerted piece of music a single instrument playing its little, plaintive part alone, and yet belonging to the whole.

If you want to see a picture where costume is *not* represented, behold Mr. Lauder's "Claverhouse ordering Morton to Execution." There sits Claverhouse in the centre in a Kean wig and ringlets, such as was never worn in any age of this world, except at the theatre in 1816; and he scowls with a true melodramatic ferocity; and he lifts a signpost of a finger towards Morton, who forthwith begins to writhe and struggle into an attitude in the midst of a group of subordinate, cuirassed, buff-coated gentry. Morton is represented in tights, slippers, and a tunic—something after the fashion of Retzsch's figures in "Faust" (which are refinements of costumes worn a century and a half before the days when Charles disported at Tillietudlem); and he, too, must proceed to scowl and frown "with a flashing eye and a distended nostril," as they say in the novels—as Gomersal scowls at Widdicomb before the combat between those two chiefs begins, and while they are measuring each other according to the stage wont, from the toe of the yellow boot up to the tip of the stage-wig. There is a tragedy heroine in Mr. Lauder's picture, striking her attitude too, to complete the scene. It is entirely unnatural, theatrical, of the Davidgian, nay, Richardsonian drama; and all such attempts at effect must be reprehended by the stern critic. When such a cool practitioner as Claverhouse ordered a gentleman to be shot, he would not put himself into an attitude; when such a quiet gentleman as Morton received the unpleasant communication in the midst of a company of grenadiers who must overpower him, and of ladies to whom his resistance would be unpleasant, he would act like a man and go out quietly, not stop to rant and fume like a fellow in a booth. I believe it is in Mr. Henningsen's book that there is a story of Zumalacarreguy, Don Carlos's Dundee, who, sitting at the table with a Christino prisoner, smoking cigars, and playing piquet very quietly, received a communication which he handed over to the Christino. "Your people," says he, "have shot one of my officers, and I have promised reprisals. I am sorry to say, my dear general, that I must execute you in twenty minutes!" And so the two gentlemen finished their game at piquet, and parted company—the one to inspect his lines, the other for the courtyard hard by, where a file of grenadiers was waiting to receive his excellency, with mutual politeness and regret. It was the fortune of war. There was no help for it; no need of ranting and stamping, which would ill become any person of good breeding.

The Scotch artists have a tragic taste; and we should mention with especial praise Mr. Duncan's picture with the agreeable epigraph, "She set the bairn on the ground, and tied up his head, and straighted his body, and covered him with her plaid, and laid down and wept over him." The extract is from Walker's "Life of Peden." The martyrdom was done on the body of a boy by one of those bloody troopers whom we have seen in Mr. Lauder's picture carrying off poor, shrieking Morton. Mr. Duncan's picture is very fine—dark, rich, and deep in sentiment; the woman is painted with some of Rubens's swelling lines (such as may be seen in some of his best Magdalens), and with their rich tones of grey. If a certain extremely heavy Cupid poising in the air by a miracle be the other picture of Mr. Duncan's, it can be only said that his tragedy is better than his lightsome compositions—an arrow from yonder lad would bruise the recipient black and blue.

Another admirable picture of a Scotch artist is 427, "The Highland Lament," by Alexander Johnston. It is a shame to put such a picture in such a place. It hangs on the ground almost invisible, while dozens of tawdry portraits are staring at you on the line. Could Mr. Johnston's picture be but seen properly, its great beauty and merit would not fail to strike hundreds of visitors who pass it over now. A Highland piper comes running forward, playing some wild lament on his dismal instrument; the women follow after, wailing and sad; the mournful procession winds over a dismal moor. The picture is as clever for its fine treatment and colour, for the grace and action of the figure, as it is curious as an illustration of national manners.

In speaking of the Scotch painters, the Wilkie-like pictures of Mr. Fraser, with their peculiar *smeary* manner, their richness of tone, and their pleasant effect and humour, should not be passed over; while those of Mr. Geddes and Sir William Allan may be omitted with perfect propriety. The latter presents her Majesty and Prince Albert perched on a rock; the former has a figure from Walter Scott, of very little interest to any but the parties concerned.

Among the Irish painters we remark two portraits by Mr. Crowley, representing Mrs. Aikenhead, superior*ess* of the Sisters of Charity in Ireland, who gives a very favourable picture of the Society, for it is impossible to conceive an abbess more comfortable, kind, and healthy looking; and a portrait of Dr. Murray, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, not a good picture of a fine, benevolent, and venerable head. We do not know whether the painter of 149, "An Irish Peasant awaiting her Husband's return," Mr. Anthony, is an Irishman; but it is a pretty, sad picture, which well characterizes the poverty, the affection, and the wretchedness of the poor Irish cabin, and tells sweetly and modestly a plaintive story. The largest work in the exhibition is from the pencil of an Irishman, Mr. Leahy, "Lady Jane Grey praying before Execution." One cannot but admire the courage of artists who paint great works upon these tragic subjects—great works quite unfitted for any private room, and scarcely suited to any public one. But large as it is, it may be said (without any playing upon words) that the work grows upon estimation. The painting is hard and incomplete, but the principal figure excellent; the face especially is finely painted, and full of great beauty. Also, in the Irish pictures may be included Mr. Solomon Hart's Persian gentleman smoking a *calahan*—a sly hit at the learned Serjeant, member for Cork, who has often done the same thing.

Mr. Maclise's little scene from "Undine" does not seem to us German in character, as some of the critics call it, because it is clear and hard in line. What German artist is there who can draw with this astonishing vigour, precision, and variety of attitude? The picture is one of admirable and delightful fancy. The swarms of solemn little fairies crowding round Undine and her somewhat theatrical lover may keep a spectator for hours employed in pleasure and wonder. They look to be the real portraits of the little people, sketched by the painter in some visit to their country. There is, especially, on a branch in the top corner of the picture, a conversation going on between a fairy and a squirrel (who is a fairy too), which must have been taken from nature, or Mother Bunch's delightful super-nature. How awful their great, glassy blue eyes are! How they peer out from under grass, and out of flowers, and from twigs and branches, and swing off over the tree-top, singing shrill little fairy choruses! We must have the Fairy Tales illustrated by this gentleman, that is clear; he is the only person, except Tieck, of Dresden, who knows anything about them. Yes, there *is* some one else; and a word may be introduced here in welcome to the admirable young designer, whose hand has lately been employed to illustrate the columns of our facetious friend (and the friend of everybody) *Punch*. This young artist (who has avowed his name, a very well-known one, that of Doyle) has poured into *Punch's* columns a series of drawings quite extraordinary for their fancy, their variety, their beauty, and fun. It is the true genius of fairyland, of burlesque which never loses sight of beauty. Friend *Punch's* very wrapper is quite a marvel in this way, at which we can never look without discovering some new little quip of humour or pleasant frolic of grace.

And if we have had reason to complain of Mr. Leslie's "Comus" as deficient in poetry, what person is there that will not welcome "Sancho," although we have seen him before almost in the same attitude, employed in the same way, recounting his adventures to the kind, smiling duchess, as she sits in state? There is only the sour old duenna who refuses to be amused, and nothing has ever amused her these sixty years. But the ladies are all charmed, and tittering with one another. The black slave who leans against the pillar has gone off in an honest fit of downright laughter. Even the little dog, the wonderful little Blenheim, by the lady's side, would laugh if she could (but, alas! it is impossible), as the other little dog is said to have done on the singular occasion when "the cow jumped over the moon."* The glory of dullness is in Sancho's face. I don't believe there is a man in the world—no, not even in the House of Commons—so stupid as that. On the Whig side there is, certainly—but no, it is best not to make comparisons which fall short of the mark. This is, indeed, the Sancho that Cervantes drew.

Although the editor of this Magazine had made a solemn condition with the writer of this notice that no pictures taken from the "Vicar of Wakefield" or "Gil Blas" should, by any favour or pretence, be noticed in the review, yet, as the great picture of Mr. Mulready compelled the infraction of the rule, rushing through our resolve by the indomitable force of genius, we must, as the line is broken, present other Vicars, Thornhills, and Olivias to walk in and promenade themselves in our columns, in spite of the vain placards at the entrance,

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* "Qualia prospiciens Catulus ferit æthera risu
Ipsaque trans lunæ cornua Vacca salit."—LUCRETIUS.

"VICARS OF WAKEFIELD NOT ADMITTED." In the first place, let the Reverend Doctor Primrose and Miss Primrose walk up in Mr. Hollins's company. The Vicar is mildly expostulating with his daughter regarding the attentions of Squire Thornhill. He looks mild, too mild; she looks ill-humoured, very sulky. Is it about the scolding, or the Squire? The figures are very nicely painted, but they do not look accustomed (the lady especially) to the dresses they wear. After them come Mrs. Primrose, the Misses and the young Masters Primrose, presented by Mr. Frith in his pretty picture (491). Squire Thornhill sits at his ease, and recounts his town adventures to the ladies; the beautiful Olivia is quite lost in love with the slim, red-coated dandy; her sister is listening with respect; but above all, the old lady and children hearken with wonder. These latter are charming figures, as indeed are all in the picture. As for Gil Blas—but we shall be resolute about *him*. Certain Gil Blas there are in the exhibition eating olla-podridas, and what not. Not a word, however, shall be said regarding any one of them.

Among the figure-pieces, Mr. Ward's "Lafleur" must not be forgotten, which is pleasant, lively, and smartly drawn and painted; nor Mr. Gilbert's "Pear-tree Well," which contains three graceful, classical figures, which are rich in effect and colour; nor Mr. MacInnes's good picture of Luther listening to the sacred ballad (the reformer is shut up in the octagon-room); nor a picture of Oliver Goldsmith on his rambles, playing the flute at a peasant's door, in which the colour is very pretty, the character of the French peasants not French at all, and the poet's figure easy, correct, and well-drawn.

Among more serious subjects may be mentioned with praise Mr. Dyce's two fierce figures, representing King Joash shooting the arrow of deliverance, which if the critics call "French" because they are well and carefully drawn, Mr. Dyce may be proud of being a Frenchman. Mr. Lauder's "Wise and Foolish Virgins" is a fine composition; the colour sombre and mysterious; some of the figures extremely graceful, and the sentiment of the picture excellent. This is a picture which would infallibly have had a chance of a prize, if the poor, dear Art Union were free to act.

Mr. Elmore's "Rienzi addressing the People" is one of the very best pictures in the gallery. It is well and agreeably coloured, bright, pleasing, and airy. A group of people are gathered round the tribune, who addresses them among Roman ruins under a clear, blue sky. The grouping is very good; the figures rich and picturesque in attitude and costume. There is a group in front of a mother and child, who are thinking of anything but Rienzi and liberty, who, perhaps, ought not to be so prominent, as they take away from the purpose of the picture, but who are beautiful wherever they are. And the picture is further to be remarked for the clear, steady, and honest painting which distinguishes it.

What is to be said of Mr. Poole's "Moors beleaguered in Valencia"? A clever, hideous picture in the very worst taste; disease and desperation characteristically illustrated. The Spaniards beleaguer the town, and everybody is starving. Mothers with dry breasts unable to nourish infants; old men, with lean ribs and bloodshot eyes, moaning on the pavement; brown, young skeletons pacing up and down the rampart, some raving, all desperate. Such is the agreeable theme which the painter has taken up. It is worse than last year, when the artist only painted the Plague of London. Some *did* recover from that. All these Moors will be dead before another day, and the vultures will fatten on their lean carcasses, and pick out their red-hot eyeballs. Why do young men indulge in these horrors? Young poets and romancers often do so, and fancy they are exhibiting "power;" whereas nothing is so easy. Any man with mere instinct can succeed in the brutal in art. The coarse fury of Zurbaran and Morales is as far below the sweet and beneficent calm of Murillo as a butcher is beneath a hero. Don't let us have any more of these hideous exhibitions—these ghoul festivals. It may be remembered that Amina in the "Arabian Nights," who liked churchyard suppers, could only eat a grain of rice when she came to natural food. There is a good deal of sly satire in the apologue which might be applied to many (especially French) literary and pictorial artists of the convulsionary school.

We must not take leave of the compositions without mentioning Mr. Landseer's wonderful "Shoeing" and "Stag"; the latter the most poetical, the former the most dexterous, perhaps, of the works of this accomplished painter. The latter picture, at a little distance, expands almost into the size of nature. The enormous stag, by the side of a great, blue northern lake, stalks over the snow down to the shore, whither his mate is coming through the water to join him. Snowy mountains bend round the lonely landscape; the stars are shining out keenly in the deep, icy blue overhead; in a word, your teeth begin to chatter as you look at the picture, and it can't properly be seen without a greatcoat. The donkey and the horse in the shoeing picture are prodigious imitations of nature; the blacksmith only becomes impalpable. There is a charming portrait in the great room by the same artist in which the same defect may be remarked. A lady is represented with two dogs in her lap: the dogs look real; the lady a thin, unsubstantial vision of a beautiful woman. You ought to see the landscape through her.

Amongst the landscape painters, Mr. Stanfield has really painted this year better than any former year—a difficult matter. The pictures are admirable, the drawing of the water wonderful, the look of freshness and breeze and motion conveyed with delightful skill. All Mr. Creswick's pictures will be seen with pleasure, especially the delicious "Summer Evening," the most airy and clear, and also the most poetical of his landscapes. The fine "Evening Scene" of Danby also seems to have the extent and splendour, and to suggest the solemn feelings, of a vast mountain-scene at sunset. The admirers of Sir Augustus Callcott's soft, golden landscapes will here find some of his most delightful pieces. Mr. Roberts has painted his best in his Nile scene, and his French architectural pieces are of scarce inferior merit. Mr. Lee, Mr. Witherington, and Mr. Leitch have contributed works, showing all their well-known qualities and skill. And as for Mr. Turner, he has out-prodigied almost all former prodigies. He has made a picture with real rain, behind which is real sunshine, and you expect a rainbow every minute. Meanwhile there comes a train down upon you, really moving at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and which the reader had best make haste to see, lest it should dash out of the picture, and be away up Charing Cross through the wall opposite. All these wonders are performed with means not less wonderful than the effects are. The rain, in the astounding picture called "Rain—Steam—Speed," is composed of dabs of dirty putty *slapped* on to the canvas with a trowel; the sunshine scintillates out of very thick, smeary lumps of chrome yellow. The shadows are produced by cool tones of crimson lake and quiet glazings of vermilion. Although the fire in the steam-engine *looks* as if it were red, I am not prepared to say that it is not painted with cobalt and pea-green. And as for the manner in which the "*Speed*" is done, of that the less said the better—only it is a positive fact that there is a steam-coach going fifty miles an hour. The world has never seen anything like this picture.

In respect of the portraits of the exhibition, if Royal Academicians will take the word of the *Morning Post*, the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Spectator*, and, far above all, of *Fraser's Magazine*, they will pause a little before they hang such a noble portrait as that of W. Conyngham, Esquire, by Samuel Lawrence, away out of sight, while some of thei own paltry canvases meet the spectator nose to nose. The Man with the Glove of Titian in the Louvre has evidentl inspired Mr. Lawrence, and his picture is so far an imitation; but what then? it is better to imitate great things wel than to imitate a simpering barber's dummy, like No. 10,000, let us say, or to perpetrate yonder horrors—weak, but oh how heavy, smeared, flat, pink and red, grinning, ill-draw portraits (such as Nos. 99,999 and 99,999$^{d}$), which the ol Academicians perpetrate! You are right to keep the bes picture in the room out of the way, to be sure—it woul sternly frown your simpering unfortunates out of counte nance; but let us have, at least, a chance of seeing the good pictures. Have one room, say, for the Academicians and another for the clever artists. Diminish your numbe of exhibited pictures to six, if you like, but give the youn men a chance. It is pitiful to see their works pushed ou of sight, and to be offered what you give us in exchange.

This does not apply to all the esquires who paint portraits but with regard to the names of the delinquents, it is best t be silent, lest a showing up of them should have a terribl effect on the otherwise worthy men, and drive them to a untimely desperation. So I shall say little about the por traits, mentioning merely that Mr. Grant has one or tw a small one especially, of great beauty and ladylike grace, and one very bad one, such as that of Lord Forrester. Mr. Pickersgill has some good heads. The little portrait of Mr. Ainsworth by Mr. Maclise is as clever and like as the artist knows how to make it. Mr. Middleton has some female heads especially beautiful. Mrs. Carpenter is one of the most manly painters in the exhibition; and if you walk into the miniature-room you may look at the delicious little gems from the pencil of Sir William Ross, those still more graceful and poetical by Mr. Thorburn, and the delightful coxcombries of Mr. Chalon. I have found out a proper task for that gentleman, and hereby propose that he should illustrate *Coningsby*.

In the statue-room Mr. Gibson's classic group attracts attention, and deserves praise; and the busts of Parker, Macdonald, Behnes, and other well-known portrait sculptors, have all their usual finish, skill, and charm.

At the Water-Colour Gallery the pleased spectator lingers, as usual, delighted, surrounded by the pleasantest drawings and the most genteel company. It requires no small courage to walk through that avenue of plush breeches with which the lobby is lined, and to pass two files of whiskered men in canes and huge calves, who contemptuously regard us poor fellows with Bluchers and gingham umbrellas. But these passed, you are in the best society. Bishops, I have remarked, frequent this gallery in venerable numbers; likewise dignified clergymen with rosettes; Quakeresses, also, in dove-coloured silks, meekly changing colour; squires and their families from the country; and it is a fact that you never can enter the gallery without seeing a wonderfully pretty girl. This fact merits to be generally known, and is alone worth the price of this article.

I suspect that there are some people from the country who admire Mr. Prout still—those fresh, honest, unalloyed country appetites! There are the Prout Nurembergs and Venices still; the awnings, the water-posts, and the red-capped bargemen drawn with a reed pen; but we *blasés* young *roués* about London get tired of these simple dishes, and must have more excitement. There, too, are Mr. Hill's stags with pink stomachs, his spinach pastures and mottled farmhouses; also innumerable windy downs and heaths by Mr. Copley Fielding—in the which breezy flats I have so often wandered before with burnt-sienna ploughboys, that the walk is no longer tempting.

Not so, however, the marine pieces of Mr. Bentley. That gentleman, to our thinking, has never painted so well. Witness his "Indiaman towed up the Thames" (53), his "Signalling the Pilot" (161), and his admirable view of "Mont Saint-Michel" (127), in which the vessel quite dances and falls on the water. He deserves to divide the prize with Mr. Stanfield at the Academy.

All the works of a clever young landscape-painter, Mr. G. A. Fripp, may be looked at with pleasure; they show great talent, no small dexterity, and genuine, enthusiastic love of nature. Mr. Alfred Fripp, a figure-painter, merits likewise very much praise; his works are not complete as yet, but his style is thoughtful, dramatic, and original.

Mr. Hunt's dramas of one or two characters are as entertaining and curious as ever. His "Outcast" is amazingly fine, and tragic in character; his "Sick Cigar-boy," a wonderful delineation of nausea. Look at the picture of the Toilette, in which, with the parlour-tongs, Betty the housemaid is curling little miss's hair: there is a dish of yellow soap in that drawing, and an old comb and brush, the fidelity of which makes the delicate beholder shudder. On one of the screens there are some "birds' nests," out of which I am surprised no spectator has yet stolen any of the eggs—you have but to stoop down and take them.

Mr. Taylor's delightful drawings are even more than ordinarily clever. His "Houseless Wanderers" is worthy of Hogarth in humour—most deliciously coloured and treated. "The Gleaner" is full of sunshine; the larder quite a curiosity, as showing the ease, truth, and dexterity with which the artist washes in his flowing delineations from nature. In his dogs, you don't know which most to admire—the fidelity with which the animals are painted, or the ease with which they are done.

This gift of facility Mr. Cattermole also possesses to an amazing extent. As pieces of effect, his "Porch" and

"Rook-shooting" are as wonderful as they are pleasing. His large picture of "Monks in a Refectory" is very fine —rich, original, and sober in colour; excellent in sentiment and general grouping; in individual attitude and drawing not sufficiently correct. As the figures are much smaller than those in the Refectory, these faults are less visible in the magnificent "Battle for the Bridge," a composition, perhaps, the most complete that the artist has yet produced. The landscape is painted as grandly as Salvator; the sky wonderfully airy, the sunshine shining through the glades of the wood, the huge trees rocking and swaying as the breeze rushes by them; the battling figures are full of hurry, fire, and tumult. All these things are rather indicated by the painter than defined by him, but such hints are enough from such a genius. The charmed and captivated imagination is quite ready to supply what else is wanting.

Mr. Frederick Nash has some unpretending, homely, exquisitely faithful scenes in the Rhine country, "Boppart," "Bacharach," etc., of which a sojourner in those charming districts will always be glad to have a reminiscence. Mr. Joseph Nash has not some of the cleverest of his mannerisms, nor Mr. Lake Price the best of his smart, dandified, utterly unnatural exteriors. By far the best designs of this kind are the Windsor and Buckingham Palace sketches of Mr. Douglas Morison, executed with curious fidelity and skill. There is the dining-hall in Buckingham Palace, with all the portraits; all the candles in all the chandeliers; the china gimcracks over the mantelpiece; the dinner-table set out, the napkins folded mitrewise, the round water-glasses, the sherry-glasses, the champagne ditto; and all in a space not so big as two pages of this Magazine. There is the Queen's own chamber at Windsor, her Majesty's piano, her Royal writing-table, an escritoire with pigeon-holes, where the august papers are probably kept; and very curious, clever, and ugly all these pictures of furniture are, too, and will be a model for the avoidance of upholsterers in coming ages.

Mr. John William Wright's sweet female figures must not be passed over, nor the pleasant Stothard-like drawings of his veteran namesake. The "Gipsies" of Mr. Oakley will also be looked at with pleasure, and this gentleman may be complimented as likely to rival the Richmonds and the Chalons "in another place," where may be seen a very good full-length portrait drawn by him.

The exhibition of the New Society of Water-Colour Painters has grown to be quite as handsome and agreeable as that of its mamma, the old society in Pall Mall East. Those who remember this little band of painters, to whom the gates of the elder gallery were hopelessly shut, must be glad to see the progress the younger branch has made; and we have every reason to congratulate ourselves that, instead of one pleasant exhibition annually, the amateur can recreate himself now with two. Many of the pictures here are of very great merit.

Mr. Warren's Egyptian pictures are clever, and only need to be agreeable where he takes a pretty subject, such as that of the "Egyptian Lady" (150); his work is pretty sure to be followed by that welcome little ticket of emerald green in the corner, which announces that a purchaser has made his appearance. But the eye is little interested by views of yellow deserts and sheikhs, and woolly-headed warriors with ugly, wooden swords.

And yet mere taste, grace, and beauty won't always succeed; witness Mr. Absolon's drawings, of which few—far too few—boast the green seal, and which are one and all of them charming. There is one in the first room from the "V-c-r of W-kef-ld" (we are determined not to write that name again), which is delightfully composed, and a fresh, happy picture of a country fête. "The Dartmoor Turf-gatherers" (87) is still better; the picture is full of air, grace, pretty drawing, and brilliant colour, and yet no green seal. "A Little Sulky," "The Devonshire Cottage-door," "The Widow on the Stile," "The Stocking-knitter," are all, too, excellent in their way, and bear the artist's *cachet* of gentle and amiable grace. But the drawings, in point of execution, do not go far enough; they are not sufficiently bright to attract the eyes of that great and respectable body of amateurs who love no end of cobalt, carmine, stippling, and plenty of emerald green and vermilion; they are not made out sufficiently in line to rank as pictures.

Behold how Mr. Corbould can work when he likes—how *he* can work you off the carmine stippling! In his large piece, "The Britons deploring the Departure of the Romans," there is much very fine and extraordinary cleverness of pencil. Witness the draperies of the two women, which are painted with so much cleverness and beauty that, indeed, one regrets that one of them has not got a little drapery more. The same tender regard pervades the bosom while looking at that of Joan of Arc "while engaged in the servile offices of her situation as a menial at an inn, ruminating upon the distressing state of France." Her "servile situation" seems to be that of an ostler at the establishment in question, for she is leading down a couple of animals to drink; and as for the "distressing state of France," it ought not, surely, to affect such a fat, little, comfortable, simple-looking, undressed body. Bating the figure of Joan, who looks as pretty as a young lady out of the last novel—bating, I say, baiting Joan, who never rode horses, depend on't, in that genteel way, the picture is exceedingly skilful, and much better in colour than Mr. Corbould's former works.

Mr. Wehnert's great drawing is a failure, but an honourable defeat. It shows great power and mastery over the material with which he works. He has two pretty German figures in the fore-room—"The Innkeeper's Daughter" (38), and "Perdita and Florizel" (316). Perhaps he is the author of the pretty arabesques with which the Society have this year ornamented their list of pictures; he has a German name, and *English* artists can have no need to be copying from Düsseldorf's embellishments to decorate the catalogues.

Mr. Haghe's great drawing of the "Death of Zurbaran" is not interesting from any peculiar fineness of expression in the faces of the actors who figure in this gloomy scene; but it is largely and boldly painted, in deep, sombre washes of colours, with none of the niggling prettinesses to which artists in water-colours seem forced to resort in order to bring their pictures to a high state of finish. Here the figures and the draperies look as if they were laid down at once with a bold yet careful certainty of hand. The effect of the piece is very fine, the figures grandly grouped. Among all the water-colour painters we know of none who can wield the brush like Mr. Haghe, with his skill, his breadth, and his certainty.

Mr. Jenkins's beautiful female figure in the drawing called "Love" (123) must be mentioned with especial praise; it is charming in design, colour, and sentiment. Another female figure, "The Girl at the Stile," by the same artist, has not equal finish, roundness, and completeness, but the same sentiment of tender grace and beauty.

Mr. Bright's landscape-drawings are exceedingly clever, but there is too much of the drawing-master in the handling, too much dash, skurry, sharp cleverness of execution. Him Mr. Jutsum follows with cleverness not quite equal, and mannerism still greater. After the performance of which the eye reposes gratefully upon some pleasant evening scenes by Mr. Duncan (3, 10), and the delightful "Shady Land" of Mr. Youngman. Mr. Boys's pictures will be always looked at and admired for the skill and correctness of a hand which, in drawing, is not inferior to that of Canaletto.

As for Suffolk Street, that delicious retreat may or may not be still open. I have been there, but was frightened from the place by the sight of Haydon's Napoleon, with his vast head, his large body, and his little legs, staring out upon the indigo sea, in a grass-green coat. Nervous people avoid that sight, and the Emperor remains in Suffolk Street as lonely as at St. Helena.

(*Fraser's Magazine*, June 1844.)

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## PICTURE GOSSIP: IN A LETTER FROM MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH.

ALL' ILLUSTRISSIMO SIGNOR, IL MIO SIGNOR COLENDISSIMO,
AUGUSTO HA ARVÉ, PITTORE IN ROMA.

I AM going to fulfil the promise, my dear Augusto, which I uttered, with a faltering voice and streaming eyes, before I stepped into the jingling old courier's vehicle, which was to bear me from Rome to Florence. Can I forget that night—that parting? Gaunter stood by so affected, that for the last quarter of an hour he did not swear once; Flake's emotion exhibited itself in audible sobs; Jellyson said nought, but thrust a bundle of Torlonia's four-baiocchi cigars into the hand of the departing friend; and you yourself were so deeply agitated by the event, that you took four glasses of absinthe to string up your nerves for the fatal moment. Strange vision of past days!—for vision it seems to me now. And have I been in Rome really and truly? Have I seen the great works of my Christian namesake of the Buonarroti family, and the light arcades of the Vatican? Have I seen the glorious Apollo, and that other divine fiddle-player whom Raphael painted? Yes—and the English dandies swaggering on the Pincian Hill! Yes—and have eaten woodcocks and drank Orvieto hard by the huge, broad-shouldered Pantheon Portico, in the comfortable parlours of the "Falcone." Do you recollect that speech I made at Bertini's in proposing the health of the Pope of Rome on Christmas-day?—do you remember it? *I* don't. But His Holiness, no doubt, heard of the oration, and was flattered by the compliment of the illustrious English traveller.

I went to the exhibition of the Royal Academy lately, and all these reminiscences rushed back on a sudden with affecting volubility; not that there was anything in or out of the Gallery which put me specially in mind of sumptuous and liberal Rome; but in the great room was a picture of a fellow in a broad, Roman hat, in a velvet Roman coat, and large yellow mustachios, and that prodigious scowl which young artists assume when sitting for their portraits—he was one of our set at Rome; and the scenes of the winter came back pathetically to my mind, and all the friends of that season—Orifice and his sentimental songs, Father Giraldo and his poodle, and MacBrick, the trump of bankers. Hence the determination to write this letter; but the hand is crabbed, and the postage is dear, and instead of dispatching it by the mail, I shall send it to you by means of the printer, knowing well that *Fraser's Magazine* is eagerly read at Rome, and not (on account of its morality) excluded in the *Index Expurgatorius*.

And it will be doubly agreeable to me to write to you regarding the fine arts in England, because I know, my dear

Augusto, that you have a thorough contempt for my opinion —indeed, for that of all persons, excepting, of course, one whose name is already written in this sentence. Such, however, is not the feeling respecting my critical powers in this country; *here* they know the merit of Michael Angelo Titmarsh better, and they say, "He paints so badly, that, hang it! he *must* be a good judge;" in the latter part of which opinion, of course, I agree.

You should have seen the consternation of the fellows at my arrival!—of our dear brethren who thought I was safe at Rome for the season, and that their works, exhibited in May, would be spared the dreadful ordeal of my ferocious eye. When I entered the club-room in Saint Martin's Lane, and called for a glass of brandy-and-water like a bomb-shell, you should have seen the terror of some of the artists assembled! They knew that the frightful projectile just launched into their club-room must *burst* in the natural course of things. Who would be struck down by the explosion? was the thought of every one. Some of the hypocrites welcomed me meanly back, some of the timid trembled, some of the savage and guilty muttered curses at my arrival. You should have seen the ferocious looks of Daggerly, for example, as he scowled at me from the supper-table, and clutched the trenchant weapon with which he was dissevering his toasted cheese.

From the period of my arrival until that of the opening of the various galleries, I maintained with the artists every proper affability, but still was not too familiar. It is the custom of their friends, before their pictures are sent in to the exhibitions, to visit the painters' works at their private studios, and there encourage them by saying, "Bravo, Jones!" (I don't mean Jones, R.A., for I defy any man to say bravo to *him*, but Jones in general). "Tomkins, this is your greatest work!" "Smith, my boy, they must elect you an Associate for this!"—and so forth. These harmless banalities of compliment pass between the painters and their friends on such occasions. I myself have uttered many such civil phrases in former years under like circumstances. But it is different now. Fame has its privations as well as its pleasures. The friend may see his companions in private, but the JUDGE must not pay visits to his clients. I stayed away from the *ateliers* of all the artists (at least, I only visited one, kindly telling him that he didn't count as an artist at all), and would only see their pictures in the public galleries, and judge them in the fair race with their neighbours. This announcement and conduct of mine filled all the Berners Street and Fitzroy Square district with terror.

As I am writing this, after having had my fill of their works as publicly exhibited, in the country, at a distance from catalogues, my only book of reference being an orchard whereof the trees are now bursting into full blossom, it is probable that my remarks will be rather general than particular—that I shall only discourse about those pictures which I especially remember, or, indeed, upon any other point suitable to my humour and your delectation.

I went round the galleries with a young friend of mine, who, like yourself at present, has been a student of "High Art" at Rome. He had been a pupil of Monsieur Ingres, at Paris. He could draw rude figures of eight feet high to a nicety; and had produced many heroic compositions of that pleasing class and size, to the great profit of the paper-stretchers both in Paris and Rome. He came back from the latter place a year since, with his beard and mustachios, of course. He could find no room in all Newman Street and Soho big enough to hold him and his genius, and was turned out of a decent house because, for the purposes of art, he wished to batter down the partition-wall between the two drawing-rooms he had. His great cartoon last year (whether it was "Caractacus before Claudius," or a scene from the "Vicar of Wakefield," I won't say) failed somehow. He was a good deal cut up by the defeat, and went into the country to his relations, from whom he returned after a while, with his mustachios shaved, clean linen, and other signs of depression. He said (with a hollow laugh) he should not commence on his great canvas this year, and so gave up the completion of his composition of "Boadicea addressing the Iceni"—quite a novel subject, which, with that ingenuity and profound reading which distinguish his brethren, he had determined to take up.

Well, sir, this youth and I went to the exhibitions together, and I watched his behaviour before the pictures.

At the tragic, swaggering, theatrical, historical pictures he yawned; before some of the grand, flashy landscapes he stood without the least emotion; but before some quiet scenes of humour or pathos, or some easy little copy of nature, the youth stood in pleased contemplation, the nails of his highlows seemed to be screwed into the floor there, and his face dimpled over with grins.

"These little pictures," said he, on being questioned, "are worth a hundred times more than the big ones. In the latter you see signs of ignorance of every kind, weakness of hand, poverty of invention, carelessness of drawing, lamentable imbecility of thought. Their heroism is borrowed from the theatre, their sentiment is so maudlin that it makes you sick. I see no symptoms of thought, or of minds strong and genuine enough to cope with elevated subjects. No individuality, no novelty, the decencies of costume" (my friend did not mean that the figures we were looking at were naked, like Mr. Etty's, but that they were dressed out of all historical propriety) "are disregarded; the people are striking attitudes, as at the Coburg. There is something painful to me in this *naïve* exhibition of incompetency, this imbecility that is so unconscious of its own failure. If, however, the aspiring men don't succeed, the modest do; and what they have really seen or experienced, our artists can depict with successful accuracy and delightful skill. Hence," says he, "I would sooner have So-and-so's little sketch ('A Donkey on a Common') than What-d'ye-call-'em's enormous picture ('Sir Walter Manny and the Crusaders discovering Nova Scotia'), and prefer yonder unpretending sketch, 'Shrimp-Catchers, Morning' (how exquisitely the long and level sands are touched off! how beautifully the morning light touches the countenances of the fishermen, and illumines the rosy features of the shrimps!), to yonder pretentious illustration from Spenser, 'Sir Botibol rescues Una from Sir Uglimore in the Cave of the Enchantress Ichthyosaura.'"

I am only mentioning another's opinion of these pictures, and would not, of course, for my own part, wish to give pain by provoking comparisons that must be disagreeable to some persons. But I could not help agreeing with my young friend and saying, "Well, then, in the name of goodness, my dear fellow, if you only like what is real, and natural, and unaffected —if upon such works you gaze with delight, while from more pretentious performances you turn away with weariness, why the deuce must *you* be in the heroic vein? Why don't you *do* what you like?" The young man turned round on the iron heel of his highlows, and walked downstairs clinking them sulkily.

There is a variety of classes and divisions into which the works of our geniuses may be separated. There are the heroic pictures, the theatrical-heroic, the religious, the historical-sentimental, the historical-familiar, the namby-pamby, and so forth.

Among the heroic pictures, of course Mr. Haydon's ranks the first; its size and pretensions call for that place. It roars out to you, as it were, with a Titanic voice from among all the competitors to public favour, "Come and look at me." A broad-shouldered, swaggering, hulking archangel, with those rolling eyes and distending nostrils which belong to the species of sublime caricature, stands scowling on a sphere from which the devil is just descending, bound earthwards. Planets, comets, and other astronomical phenomena roll and blaze round the pair, and flame in the new blue sky. There is something burly and bold in this resolute genius which will attack only enormous subjects, which will deal with nothing but the epic; something respectable even in the defeats of such characters. I was looking the other day at Southampton at a stout gentleman in a green coat and white hat, who a year or two since fully believed that he could walk upon the water, and set off in the presence of a great concourse of people upon his supermarine journey. There is no need to tell you that the poor fellow got a wetting, and sank amidst the jeers of all his beholders. I think somehow they should not have laughed at that honest ducked gentleman; they should have respected the faith and simplicity which led him unhesitatingly to venture upon that watery experiment. And so, instead of laughing at Haydon, which you and I were just about to do, let us check our jocularity and give him credit for his great earnestness of purpose. I begin to find the world growing more pathetic daily, and laugh less every year of my life. Why laugh at idle hopes, or vain purposes, or utter blundering self-confidence? Let us be gentle with them henceforth: who knows whether there may not be something of the sort *chez nous?* But I am wandering from Haydon and his big picture. Let us hope somebody will buy. Who, I cannot tell. It will not do for a chapel; it is too big for a house. I have it!—it might answer to hang up over a caravan at a fair, if a travelling orrery were exhibited inside.

This may be sheer impertinence and error. The picture may suit some tastes: it does the *Times*, for instance, which pronounces it to be a noble work of the highest art; whereas the *Post* won't believe a bit, and passes it by with scorn. What a comfort it is that there are different tastes then, and that almost all artists have thus a chance of getting a livelihood somehow! There is Martin, for another instance, with his brace of pictures about Adam and Eve, which I would venture to place in the theatrical-heroic class. One looks at those strange pieces and wonders how people can be found to admire, and yet they do. Grave old people, with chains and seals, look dumb-foundered into those vast perspectives, and think the apex of the sublime is reached there. In one of Sir Bulwer Lytton's novels there is a passage to that effect. I forget where; but there is a new edition of them coming out in single volumes, and I am positive you will find the sentiment somewhere. They come up to his conceptions of the sublime; they answer to his ideas of beauty—or the Beautiful as he writes it, with a large B. He is himself an artist and a man of genius. What right have we poor devils to question such an authority? Do you recollect how we used to laugh in the Capitol at the Domenichino Sibyl which this same author praises so enthusiastically?—a wooden, pink-faced, goggle-eyed, ogling creature, we said it was, with no more beauty or sentiment than a wax doll. But this was our conceit, dear Augusto. On subjects of art, perhaps, there is no reasoning after all; or who can tell why children have a passion for lollipops, and this man worships beef while t'other adores mutton? To the child lollipops may be the truthful and beautiful, and why should not some men find Martin's pictures as much to their taste as Milton?

Another instance of the blessed variety of tastes may be mentioned here advantageously. While, as you have seen, the *Times* awards the palm to Haydon, and Sir Lytton exalts Martin as the greatest painter of the English school, the *Chronicle*, quite as well informed, no doubt, says that Mr. Eddis is the great genius of the present season, and that his picture of Moses' mother parting with him before leaving him in the bulrushes is a great and noble composition.

This critic must have a taste for the neat and agreeable, that is clear. Mr. Eddis's picture is nicely coloured; the figures in fine clean draperies, the sky a bright clean colour; Moses' mother is a handsome woman; and as she holds her child to her breast for the last time, and lifts up her fine eyes to heaven, the beholder may be reasonably moved by a decent *bourgeois* compassion. A handsome woman parting from her child is always an object of proper sympathy; but as for the greatness of the picture as a work of art, that is another question of tastes again. This picture seemed to me to be essentially a prose composition, not a poetical one. It tells you no more than you can see. It has no more wonder or poetry about it than a police report or a newspaper paragraph, and should be placed, as I take it, in the historic-sentimental school, which is pretty much followed in England —nay, as close as possible to the namby-pamby quarter.

Of the latter sort there are some illustrious examples; and as it is the fashion for critics to award prizes, I would, for my part, cheerfully award the prize of a new silver teaspoon to Mr. Redgrave, the champion of suffering female innocence, for his "Governess." That picture is more decidedly *spoony* than, perhaps, any other of this present season; and the subject seems to be a favourite with the artist. We have had the "Governess" one year before, or a variation of her under the name of the "Teacher," or *vice versâ*. The Teacher's young pupils are at play in the garden; she sits sadly in the schoolroom—there she sits, poor dear!—the piano is open beside her, and (oh, harrowing thought!) "Home, sweet home!" is open in the music-book. She sits and thinks of that dear place, with a sheet of black-edged notepaper in her hand. They have brought her her tea and bread and butter on a tray. She has drunk the tea; *she has not tasted the bread and butter.* There is pathos for you! there is art!

This is, indeed, a love for lollipops with a vengeance; a regular babyhood of taste, about which a man with a manly stomach may be allowed to protest a little peevishly, and implore the public to give up such puling food.

There is a gentleman in the Octagon Room who, to be sure, runs Mr. Redgrave rather hard, and should have a silver papspoon at any rate, if the teaspoon is irrevocably awarded to his rival. The Octagon Room prize is a picture called the "Arrival of the Overland Mail." A lady is in her bedchamber; a portrait of her husband, Major Jones (cherished lord of that bridal apartment, with its drab-curtained bed), hangs on the wainscot in the distance; and you see his red coat and mustachios gleaming there between the wardrobe and the washhand-stand. But where is his lady? She is on her knees by the bedside; her face has sunk into the feather-bed; her hands are clasped agonizingly together: a most tremendous black-edged letter has just arrived by the overland mail. It is all up with Jones. Well, let us hope she will marry again, and get over her grief for poor J.

Is not there something *naïve* and simple in this downright way of exciting compassion? I saw people looking at this pair of pictures evidently with yearning hearts. The great geniuses who invented them have not, you see, toiled in vain. They can command the sympathies of the public; they have gained Art-Union prizes, let us hope, as well as those humble imaginary ones which I have just awarded; and yet my heart is not naturally hard, though it refuses to be moved by such means as are here employed.

If the simple statement of a death is to harrow up the feelings, or to claim the tributary tear, *mon Dieu!* a man ought to howl every morning over the newspaper obituary. If we are to cry for every governess who leaves home, what a fund of pathos the *Times* advertisements would afford daily! We might weep down whole columns of close type. I have said before I am growing more inclined to the pathetic daily; but let us in the name of goodness make a stand somewhere, or the namby-pamby of the world will become unendurable, and we shall melt away in a deluge of blubber. This drivelling, hysterical sentimentality it is surely the critic's duty to grin down; to shake any man roughly by the shoulder who seems dangerously affected by it, and, not sparing his feelings in the least, tell him he is a fool for his pains; to have no more respect for those who invent it, but expose their error with all the downrightness that is necessary.

By far the prettiest of the maudlin pictures is Mr. Stone's "Premier Pas." It is that old, pretty, rococo, fantastic Jenny and Jessamy couple, whose loves the painter has been chronicling any time these five years, and whom he has spied out at various wells, porches, etc. The lad is making love with all his might, and the maiden is in a pretty confusion—her heart flutters, and she only seems to spin. She drinks in the warm words of the young fellow with a pleasant conviction of the invincibility of her charms. He appeals nervously, and tugs at a pink which is growing up the porchside. It is that pink, somehow, which has saved the picture from being decidedly namby-pamby. There is something new, fresh, and delicate about the little incident of the flower. It redeems Jenny, and renders that young prig Jessamy bearable. The picture is very nicely painted, according to the careful artist's wont. The neck and hands of the girl are especially pretty. The lad's face is effeminate and imbecile, but his velveteen breeches are painted with great vigour and strength.

This artist's picture of the "Queen and Ophelia" is in a much higher walk of art. There may be doubts about Ophelia. She is too pretty to my taste; her dress (especially the black bands round her arms) too elaborately conspicuous and coquettish. The Queen is a noble dramatic head and attitude. Ophelia seems to be looking at us, the audience, and in a pretty attitude expressly to captivate us. The Queen is only thinking about the crazed girl, and Hamlet, and her own gloomy affairs, and has quite forgotten her own noble beauty and superb presence. The colour of the picture struck me as quite new, sedate, but bright and very agreeable; the chequered light and shadow is made cleverly to aid in forming the composition; it is very picturesque and good. It is by far the best of Mr. Stone's works, and in the best line. Good-bye, Jenny and Jessamy; we hope never to see you again—no more rococo rustics, no more namby-pamby: the man who can paint the Queen of "Hamlet" must forsake henceforth such fiddle-faddle company.

By the way, has any Shakespearian commentator ever remarked how fond the Queen really was of her second husband, the excellent Claudius? How courteous and kind the latter always was towards her? So excellent a family-man ought to be pardoned a few errors in consideration of his admirable behaviour to his wife. He *did* go a little far, certainly, but then it was to possess a jewel of a woman.

More pictures indicating a fine appreciation of the tragic sentiment are to be found in the exhibition. Among them may be mentioned specially Mr. Johnson's picture of "Lord Russell taking the Communion in Prison before Execution." The story is finely told here, the group large and noble. The figure of the kneeling wife, who looks at her husband meekly engaged in the last sacred office, is very good indeed; and the little episode of the jailer, who looks out into the yard indifferent, seems to me to give evidence of a true dramatic genius. In "Hamlet," how those indifferent remarks of Guildenstern and Rosencrantz, at the end, bring out the main figures and deepen the surrounding gloom of the tragedy!

In Mr. Frith's admirable picture of the "Good Pastor," from Goldsmith, there is some sentiment of a very quiet, refined, Sir-Roger-de-Coverley-like sort—not too much of it —it is indicated rather than expressed. "Sentiment, sir," Walker of the "Original" used to say—"sentiment, sir, is like garlic in made dishes: it should be felt everywhere and seen nowhere."

Now, I won't say that Mr. Frith's sentiment is like garlic, or provoke any other savoury comparison regarding it, but say, in a word, this is one of the pictures I would like to have sent abroad to be exhibited at a European congress of painters, to show what an English artist can do. The young painter seems to me to have had a thorough comprehension of his subject and his own abilities. And what a rare quality is this, to know what you can do! An ass will go and take the grand historic walk, while, with lowly wisdom, Mr. Frith prefers the lowly path where there are plenty of flowers growing, and children prattling along the walks. This is the sort of picture that is good to paint nowadays—kindly, beautiful, inspiring delicate sympathies, and awakening tender good-humour. It is a comfort to have such a companion as that in a study to look up at when your eyes are tired with work, and to refresh you with its gentle quiet good-fellowship. I can see it now, as I shut my own eyes, displayed faithfully on the camera obscura of the brain: the dear old parson, with his congregation of old and young clustered round him; the little ones plucking him by the gown, with wondering eyes, half-roguery, half-terror; the smoke is curling up from the cottage-chimneys in a peaceful, Sabbath sort of way; the three village quidnuncs are chattering together at the churchyard stile; there's a poor girl seated there on a stone, who has been crossed in love evidently, and looks anxiously to the parson for a little doubtful consolation. That's the real sort of sentiment—there's no need of a great, clumsy, black-edged letter to placard her misery, as it were, after Mr. Redgrave's fashion; the sentiment is only the more sincere for being unobtrusive, and the spectator gives his compassion the more readily because the unfortunate object makes no coarse demands upon his pity.

The painting of this picture is exceedingly clever and dexterous. One or two of the foremost figures are painted with the breadth and pearly delicacy of Greuze. The three village politicians, in the background, might have been touched by Teniers, so neat, brisk, and sharp is the execution of the artist's facile brush.

Mr. Frost (a new name, I think, in the catalogue) has given us a picture of "Sabrina," which is so pretty that I heartily hope it has not been purchased for the collection from "Comus," which adorns the Buckingham Palace summer-house. It is worthy of a better place and price than our Royal patrons appear to be disposed to give for the works of English artists. What victims have those poor fellows been of this awful patronage! Great has been the commotion in the pictorial world, dear Augusto, regarding the fate of those frescoes which royalty was pleased to order, which it condescended to purchase at a price that no poor amateur would have the face to offer. Think of the greatest patronage in the world giving forty pounds for pictures worth four hundred—condescending to buy works from humble men who could not refuse, and paying for them below their value! Think of august powers and principalities ordering the works of such a great man as Etty to be hacked out of the palace wall—that was a slap in the face to every artist in England; and I can agree with the conclusion come to by an indignant poet of *Punch's* band, who says, for his part,—

> "I will not toil for Queen and crown,
> If princely patrons spurn me down;
> I will not ask for Royal job—
> Let my Mæcenas be A SNOB!"

This is, however, a delicate, an awful subject, over which loyal subjects like you and I had best mourn in silence; but the fate of Etty's noble picture of last year made me tremble lest Frost should be similarly nipped, and I hope more genuine patronage for this promising young painter. His picture is like a mixture of very good Hilton and Howard raised to a state of genius. There is sameness in the heads, but great grace and beauty; a fine sweeping movement in the composition of the beautiful fairy figures, undulating gracefully through the stream, while the lilies lie gracefully overhead. There is another submarine picture of "Nymphs cajoling young Hylas," which contains a great deal of very clever imitations of Boucher.

That youthful Goodall, whose early attempts promised so much, is not quite realizing those promises, I think, and is cajoled, like Hylas before mentioned, by dangerous beauty. His "Connemara Girls going to Market" are a vast deal too clean and pretty for such females. They laugh and simper in much too genteel a manner; they are washing such pretty white feet as I don't think are common about Leenane or Ballynahinch, and would be better at ease in white satin slippers than trudging up Croaghpatrick. There is a luxury of geographical knowledge for you! I have not done with it yet. Stop till we come to Roberts's "View of Jerusalem," and Muller's pictures of "Rhodes," and "Xanthus," and "Telmessus." This artist's sketches are excellent; like nature, and like Decamps, that best of painters of Oriental life and colours. In the pictures the artist forgets the brilliancy of colour which is so conspicuous in his sketches, and "Telmessus" looks as grey and heavy as Dover in March.

Mr. Pickersgill (not the Academician, by any means) deserves great praise for two very poetical pieces—one from Spenser, I think (Sir Botibol, let us say, as before, with somebody in some hag's cave); another called the "Four Ages," which has still better grace and sentiment. This artist, too, is evidently one of the disciples of Hilton; and another, who has also, as it seems to me, studied with advantage that graceful and agreeable English painter, Mr. Hook, whose "Song of the Olden Time" is hung up in the Octagon Closet, and makes a sunshine in that exceedingly shady place. The female figure is faulty, but charming (many charmers have their little faults, it is said); the old bard who is singing the song of the olden time a most venerable, agreeable, and handsome old minstrel. In Alnaschar-like moods a man fancies himself a noble patron and munificent rewarder of artists; in which case I should like to possess myself of the works of these two young men, and give them four times as large a price as the —— gave for pictures five times as good as theirs.

I suppose Mr. Eastlake's composition from "Comus" is the contribution in which *he* has been mulcted, in company with his celebrated brother artists, for the famous Buckingham Palace pavilion. Working for nothing is very well; but to work for a good, honest, remunerating price is, perhaps, the best way, after all. I can't help thinking that the artist's courage has failed him over his "Comus" picture. Time and pains he has given, that is quite evident. The picture is prodigiously laboured, and hatched, and tickled up with a Chinese minuteness; but there is a woeful lack of *vis* in the work. That poor labourer has kept his promise, has worked the given number of hours; but he has had no food all the while, and has executed his job in a somewhat faint manner. This face of the lady is pure and beautiful; but we have seen it at any time these ten years, with its red transparent shadows, its mouth in which butter wouldn't melt, and its beautiful brown-madder hair. She is getting rather tedious, that sweet, irreproachable creature, that is the fact. She may be an angel; but sky-blue, my wicked senses tell me, is a feeble sort of drink, and men require stronger nourishment.

Mr. Eastlake's picture is a prim, mystic, cruciform composition. The lady languishes in the middle; an angel is consoling her, and embracing her with an arm out of joint; little rows of cherubs stand on each side the angels and the lady—wonderful little children, with blue or brown beady eyes, and sweet little flossy curly hair, and no muscles or bones, as becomes such supernatural beings, no doubt. I have seen similar little darlings in the toy-shops in the Lowther Arcade for a shilling, with just such pink cheeks and round eyes, their bodies formed out of cotton-wool, and their extremities veiled in silver paper. Well, it is as well, perhaps, that Etty's jovial nymphs should not come into such a company. Good Lord! how they would astonish the weak nerves of Mr. Eastlake's *précieuse* young lady!

Quite unabashed by the squeamishness exhibited in the highest quarter (as the newspapers call it), Mr. Etty goes on rejoicing in his old fashion. Perhaps he is worse than ever this year, and despises *nec dulces amores nec choreas*, because certain great personages are offended. Perhaps, this year, his ladies and Cupids are a little *hasardés;* his Venuses expand more than ever in the line of Hottentot beauty; his drawing and colouring are still more audacious than they were; patches of red shine on the cheeks of his blowzy nymphs; his idea of form goes to the verge of monstrosity. If you look at the pictures closely (and, considering all things, it requires some courage to do so), the forms disappear; feet and hands are scumbled away, and distances appear to be dabs and blotches of lake and brown and ultramarine. It must be confessed that some of these pictures would *not* be suitable to hang up everywhere—in a young ladies' school, for instance. But how rich and superb is the colour! Did Titian paint better, or Rubens as well? There is a nymph and child in the left corner of the Great Room, sitting, without the slightest fear of catching cold, in a sort of moonlight, of which the colour appears to me to be as rich and wonderful as Titian's best—"Bacchus and Ariadne," for instance—and better than Rubens's. There is a little head of a boy in a blue dress (for once in a way) which kills every picture in the room, outstares all the red-coated generals, out-blazes Mrs. Thwaites and her diamonds (who has the place of honour), and has that unmistakable, inestimable, indescribable mark of the GREAT painter about it, which makes the soul of a man kindle up as he sees it, and owns that there is Genius. How delightful it is to feel that shock, and how few are the works of art that can give it!

The author of that sibylline book of mystic rhymes, the unrevealed bard of the "Fallacies of Hope," is as great as usual, vibrating between the absurd and the sublime, until the eye grows dazzled in watching him, and can't really tell in what region he is. If Etty's colour is wild and mysterious, looking here as if smeared with the finger, and there with the palette-knife, what can be said about Turner? Go up and look at one of his pictures, and you laugh at yourself and at him, and at the picture, and that wonderful amateur who is invariably found to give a thousand pounds for it, or more—some sum wild, prodigious, unheard-of, monstrous, like the picture itself. All about the author of the "Fallacies of Hope" is a mysterious extravaganza—price, poem, purchaser, picture. Look at the latter for a little time, and it begins to affect you too—to mesmerize you. It is revealed to you; and as it is said in the East the magicians make children see the sultauns, carpet-bearers, tents, etc., in a spot of ink in their hands, so the magician Joseph Mallord makes you see what he likes on a board, that to the first view is merely dabbed over with occasional streaks of yellow, and flicked here and there with vermilion. The vermilion blotches become little boats full of harpooners and gondolas with a deal of music going on on board. That is not a smear of purple you see yonder, but a beautiful whale, whose tail has just slapped a half-dozen whale-boats into perdition; and as for what you fancied to be a few zigzag lines spattered on the canvas at haphazard, look! they turn out to be a ship with all her sails, the captain and his crew are clearly visible in the ship's bows: and you may distinctly see the oil-casks getting ready under the superintendence of that man with the red whiskers and the cast in his eye, who is, of course, the chief mate. In a word, I say that Turner is a great and awful mystery to me. I don't like to contemplate him too much, lest I should actually begin to believe in his poetry as well as his paintings, and fancy the "Fallacies of Hope" to be one of the finest poems in the world.

Now Stanfield has no mysticism or oracularity about him. You can see what he means at once. His style is as simple and manly as a seaman's song. One of the most dexterous, he is also one of the most careful of painters. Every year his works are more elaborated, and you are surprised to find a progress in an artist who had seemed to reach his acme before. His battle of frigates this year is a brilliant sparkling pageant of naval war; his great picture of the "Mole of Ancona," fresh, healthy, and bright as breeze and sea can make it. There are better pieces still by this painter, to my mind; one in the first room, especially—a Dutch landscape, with a warm sunny tone upon it, worthy of Cuyp and Callcott. Who is G. Stanfield, an exhibitor, and evidently a pupil of the Royal Academician? Can it be a son of that gent? If so, the father has a worthy heir to his name and honours. G. Stanfield's Dutch picture may be looked at by the side of his father's.

Roberts has also distinguished himself and advanced in skill, great as his care had been and powerful his effects before. "The Ruins of Karnac" is the most poetical of this painter's works, I think. A vast and awful scene of gloomy Egyptian ruin! the sun lights up tremendous lines of edifices, which were only parts formerly of the enormous city of the hundred gates; long lines of camels come over the reddening desert, and camps are set by the side of the glowing pools. This is a good picture to gaze at, and to fill your eyes and thoughts with grandiose ideas of Eastern life.

This gentleman's large picture of "Jerusalem" did not satisfy me so much. It is yet very faithful. Anybody who has visited this place must see the careful fidelity with which the artist has mapped the rocks and valleys, and laid down the lines of the buildings; but the picture has, to my eyes, too green and trim a look; the mosques and houses look fresh and new, instead of being mouldering, old, sun-baked edifices of glaring stone rising amidst wretchedness and ruin. There is not, to my mind, that sad fatal aspect, which the city presents from whatever quarter you view it, and which haunts a man who has seen it ever after with an impression of terror. Perhaps in the spring for a little while, at which season the sketch for this picture was painted, the country round about may look very cheerful. When we saw it in autumn, the mountains that stand round about Jerusalem were not green, but ghastly piles of hot rock, patched here and there with yellow, weedy herbage. A cactus or a few bleak olive-trees made up the vegetation of the wretched, gloomy landscape; whereas in Mr. Roberts's picture the valley of Jehoshaphat looks like a glade in a park, and the hills, up to the gates, are carpeted with verdure.

Being on the subject of Jerusalem, here may be mentioned with praise Mr. Hart's picture of a Jewish ceremony, with a Hebrew name I have forgotten. This piece is exceedingly bright and pleasing in colour, odd and novel as a representation of manners and costume—a striking and agreeable picture. I don't think as much can be said for the same artist's "Sir Thomas More going to Execution." Miss More is crying on papa's neck, pa looks up to heaven, halberdiers look fierce, etc.: all the regular adjuncts and property of pictorial tragedy are here brought into play. But nobody cares, that is the fact; and one fancies the designer himself cannot have cared much for the orthodox historical group whose misfortunes he was depicting.

These pictures are like boys' hexameters at school. Every lad of decent parts in the sixth form has a knack of turning out great quantities of respectable verse, without blunders, and with scarce any mental labour; but these verses are not the least like poetry, any more than the great Academical paintings of the artists are like great painting. You want something more than a composition, and a set of costumes and figures decently posed and studied. If these were all, for instance, Mr. Charles Landseer's picture of "Charles I. before the Battle of Edge Hill" would be a good work of art. Charles stands at a tree before the inn-door; officers are round about; the little princes are playing with a little dog, as becomes their youth and innocence; rows of soldiers appear in red coats; nobody seems to have anything particular to do, except the Royal martyr, who is looking at a bone of ham that a girl out of the inn has hold of.

Now this is all very well, but you want something more than this in an historic picture, which should have its parts, characters, varieties, and climax like a drama. You don't want the *Deus intersit* for no other purpose than to look at a knuckle of ham; and here is a piece well composed, and (bating a little want of life in the figures) well drawn, brightly and pleasantly painted, as all this artist's works are, all the parts and accessories studied and executed with care and skill, and yet meaning nothing—the part of Hamlet omitted. The King in this attitude (with the bâton in his hand, simpering at the bacon aforesaid) has no more of the heroic in him than the pork he contemplates, and he deserves to lose every battle he fights. I prefer the artist's other still-life pictures to this. He has a couple more, professedly so-called, very cleverly executed, and capital cabinet pieces.

Strange to say, I have not one picture to remark upon taken from the "Vicar of Wakefield." Mr. Ward has a very good Hogarthian work, with some little extravagance and caricature, representing Johnson waiting in Lord Chesterfield's antechamber, among a crowd of hangers-on and petitioners, who are sulky, or yawning, or neglected, while a pretty Italian singer comes out, having evidently had a very satisfactory interview with his Lordship, and who (to lose no time) is arranging another rendezvous with another admirer. This story is very well, coarsely, and humorously told, and is as racy as a chapter out of Smollett. There is a yawning chaplain, whose head is full of humour; and a pathetic episode of a widow and pretty child, in which the artist has not succeeded so well.

There is great delicacy and beauty in Mr. Herbert's picture of "Pope Gregory teaching Children to Sing." His Holiness lies on his sofa, languidly beating time over his book. He does not look strong enough to use the scourge in his hands, and with which the painter says he used to correct his little choristers. Two ghostly aides-de-camp, in the shape of worn, handsome, shaven ascetic friars, stand behind the pontiff demurely; and all the choristers are in full song, with their mouths as wide open as a nest of young birds when the mother comes. The painter seems to me to have acquired the true spirit of the middle-age devotion. All his works have unction, and the prim, subdued, ascetic face which forms the charm and mystery of the missal-illuminations, and which has operated to convert some imaginative minds from the new to the old faith.

And, by way of a wonder, behold a devotional picture from Mr. Edwin Landseer, "A Shepherd Praying at a Cross in the Fields." I suppose the Sabbath church-bells are ringing from the city far away in the plain. Do you remember the beautiful lines of Uhland?

> "Es ist der Tag des Herrn:
> Ich bin allein auf weiter Flur,
> Noch eine Morgenglocke nur,
> Und Stille nah und fern.
>
> "Anbetend knie ich hier.
> O süsses Graun, geheimes Wehn,
> Als knieeten Viele ungesehn
> Und beteten mit mir!"

Here is a noble and touching pictorial illustration of them—of Sabbath repose and *recueillement.* An almost endless flock of sheep lies around the pious pastor; the sun shines peacefully over the vast fertile plain; blue mountains keep watch in the distance; and the sky above is serenely clear. I think this is the highest flight of poetry the painter has dared to take yet. The numbers and variety of attitude and expression in that flock of sheep quite startle the spectator as he examines them. The picture is a wonder of skill.

How richly the good pictures cluster at this end of the room! There is a little Mulready, of which the colour blazes out like sapphires and rubies; a pair of Leslies—one called the "Heiress"—one a scene from Molière—both delightful; these are flanked by the magnificent nymphs of Etty before mentioned. What school of art in Europe, or what age, can show better painters than these in their various lines? The young men do well, but the eldest do best still. No wonder the English pictures are fetching their thousands of guineas at the sales. They deserve these great prices as well as the best works of the Hollanders.

I am sure that three such pictures as Mr. Webster's "Dame's School" ought to entitle the proprietor to pay the income-tax. There is a little caricature in some of the children's faces, but the schoolmistress is a perfect figure, most admirably natural, humorous, and sentimental. The picture is beautifully painted, full of air, of delightful harmony and tone.

There are works by Creswick that can hardly be praised too much—one particularly, called "A Place to be Remembered," which no lover of pictures can see and forget. Danby's great "Evening Scene" has portions which are not surpassed by Cuyp or Claude; and a noble landscape of Lee's, among several others—a height with some trees and a great expanse of country beneath.

From the fine pictures you come to the class which are very nearly being fine pictures. In this I would enumerate a landscape or two by Collins; Mr. Leigh's "Polyphemus," of which the landscape part is very good, and only the figure questionable; and let us say Mr. Elmore's "Origin of the Guelf and Ghibelline Factions," which contains excellent passages, and admirable drawing and dexterity, but fails to strike as a whole somehow. There is not sufficient purpose in it, or the story is not enough to interest, or, though the parts are excellent, the whole is somewhere deficient.

There is very little comedy in the exhibition, most of the young artists tending to the sentimental rather than the ludicrous. Leslie's scene from Molière is the best comedy. Collins's "Fetching the Doctor" is also delightful fun. The greatest farce, however, is Chalon's picture with an Italian title, "B. Virgine col," etc. Impudence never went beyond this. The infant's hair has been curled into ringlets; the mother sits on her chair with painted cheeks and a Haymarket leer. The picture might serve for the oratory of an opera girl.

Among the portraits, Knight's and Watson Gordon's are the best. A "Mr. Pigeon" by the former hangs in the place of honour usually devoted to our gracious Prince, and is a fine rich state picture. Even better are there by Mr. Watson Gordon—one representing a gentleman in black silk stockings, whose name has escaped the memory of your humble servant; another, a fine portrait of Mr. De Quincey, the opium-eater. Mr. Lawrence's heads, solemn and solidly painted, look out at you from their frames, though they be ever so high placed, and push out of sight the works of more flimsy but successful practitioners. A portrait of great power and richness of colour is that of Mr. Lopez by Linnell. Mr. Grant is the favourite; but a very unsound painter to my mind, painting like a brilliant and graceful amateur rather than a serious artist. But there is a quiet refinement and beauty about his female heads which no other painter can perhaps give, and charms in spite of many errors. Is it Count d'Orsay, or is it Mr. Ainsworth, that the former has painted? Two peas are not more alike than these two illustrious characters.

In the miniature-room, Mr. Richmond's drawings are of so grand and noble a character that they fill the eye as much as full-length canvases. Nothing can be finer than Mrs. Fry and the grey-haired lady in black velvet. There is a certain severe, respectable, Exeter-Hall look about most of this artist's pictures, that the observer may compare with the Catholic physiognomies of Mr. Herbert: see his picture of Mr. Pugin, for instance; it tells of chants and cathedrals, as Mr. Richmond's work somehow does of Clapham Common and the May Meetings. The genius of Mayfair fires the bosom of Chalon, the tea party, the quadrille, the hairdresser, the tailor, and the flunkey. All Ross's miniatures sparkle with his wonderful and minute skill; Carrick's are excellent; Thorburn's almost take the rank of historical pictures. In his picture of two sisters one has almost the most beautiful head in the world; and his picture of Prince Albert, clothed in red and leaning on a turquoise sabre, has ennobled that fine head, and given his Royal Highness's pale features an air of sunburnt and warlike vigour. Miss Corbaux, too, has painted one of the loveliest heads ever seen. Perhaps this is the pleasantest room of the whole, for you are sure to meet your friends here; kind faces smile at you from the ivory; and features of fair creatures, oh! how——

* * * * *

[Here the eccentric author breaks into a rhapsody of thirteen pages regarding No. 2576, Mrs. Major Blogg, who was formerly Miss Poddy of Cheltenham, whom it appears that Michael Angelo knew and admired. The feelings of the

Poddy family might be hurt, and the jealousy of Major Blogg aroused, were we to print Titmarsh's rapturous description of that lady. Nor, indeed, can we give him any further space, seeing that this is nearly the last page of the Magazine. He concludes by a withering denunciation of most of the statues in the vault where they are buried; praising, however, the children, Paul and Virginia, the head of Baily's nymph, and M'Dowall's boy. He remarks the honest character of the English countenance as exhibited in the busts, and contrasts it with Louis Philippe's head by Jones, on whom, both as a sculptor and a singer, he bestows great praise. He indignantly remonstrates with the committee for putting by far the finest female bust in the room, No. 1434, by Powers of Florence, in a situation where it cannot be seen; and, quitting the gallery finally, says he must go before he leaves town and give one more look at Hunt's "Boy at Prayers," in the Water-Colour Exhibition, which he pronounces to be the finest serious work of the year.]

(*Fraser's Magazine*, June 1845.)

# *TALES.*

# TALES.

## THE PROFESSOR.

### A TALE OF SENTIMENT.

"Why, then, the World's mine oyster."

### CHAPTER I.

I HAVE often remarked that, among other ornaments and curiosities, Hackney contains more ladies' schools than are to be found in almost any other village, or indeed city, in Europe. In every green rustic lane, to every tall old-fashioned house there is an iron gate, an ensign of blue and gold, and a large brass plate, proclaiming that a ladies' seminary is established upon the premises. On one of these plates is written (or rather was, for the pathetic occurrence which I have to relate took place many years ago)—on one of these plates, I say, was engraven the following inscription:—

"BULGARIA HOUSE.

Seminary for Young Ladies from three to twenty.

BY THE MISSES PIDGE.

(Please wipe your shoes.)"

The Misses Pidge took a limited number of young ladies (as limited, in fact, or as large as the public chose), and instructed them in those branches of elegant and useful learning which make the British female so superior to all other shes. The younger ones learned the principles of back-stitch, cross-stitch, bob-stitch, Doctor Watts's Hymns, and "In my Cottage near a Wood." The elder pupils diverged at once from stitching and samplers: they played like Thalberg, and pirouetted like Taglioni; they learned geography, geology, mythology, entomology, modern history, and simple equations (Miss Z. Pidge); they obtained a complete knowledge of the French, German, and Italian tongues, not including English, taught by Miss Pidge; Poonah painting and tambour (Miss E. Pidge); Brice's questions and elocution (Miss F. Pidge); and, to crown all, dancing and gymnastics (which had a very flourishing look in the Pidge prospectus, and were printed in German text), DANCING and GYMNASTICS, we say, by Professor DANDOLO. The names of other professors and assistants followed in modester type.

Although the Signor's name was decidedly foreign, so English was his appearance, and so entirely did he disguise his accent, that it was impossible to tell of what place he was a native, if not of London, and of the very heart of it; for he had caught completely the peculiarities which distinguish the so-called cockney part of the City, and obliterated his *h*'s and doubled his *v*'s, as if he had been for all his life in the neighbourhood of Bow Bells. Signor Dandolo was a stout gentleman of five feet nine, with amazing expanse of mouth, chest, and whiskers, which latter were of a red hue.

I cannot tell how this individual first received an introduction to the academy of the Misses Pidge, and established himself there. Rumours say that Miss Zela Pidge at a Hackney ball first met him, and thus the intimacy arose; but, since the circumstances took place which I am about to relate, that young lady declares that *she* was not the person who brought him to Bulgaria House—nothing but the infatuation and entreaties of Mrs. Alderman Grampus could ever have induced her to receive him. The reader will gather from this that Dandolo's after-conduct at Miss Pidge's was not satisfactory—nor was it; and may every mistress of such an establishment remember that confidence can be sometimes misplaced, that friendship is frequently but another name for villainy.

But to our story. The stalwart and active Dandolo delighted for some time the young ladies at Miss Pidge's by the agility which he displayed in the dance, as well as the strength and manliness of his form, as exhibited in the new amusement which he taught. In a very short time Miss Binx, a stout young lady of seventeen, who had never until his appearance walked half a mile without puffing like an apoplectic Lord Mayor, could dance the cachuca, swarm up a pole with the agility of a cat, and hold out a chair for three minutes without winking. Miss Jacobs could very nearly climb through a ladder (Jacob's ladder, he profanely called it); and Miss Bole ring such changes upon the dumb-bells as might have been heard at Edmonton, if the bells could have spoken. But the most promising pupil of Professor Dandolo, as indeed the fairest young creature in the establishment of Bulgaria House, was Miss Adeliza Grampus, daughter of the alderman whose name we have mentioned. The pride of her mother, the idol of her opulent father, Adeliza Grampus was in her nineteenth year. Eyes have often been described, but it would require bluer ink than ours to depict the orbs of Adeliza. The snow when it first falls in Cheapside is not whiter than her neck; when it has been for some days upon the ground, trampled by dustmen and jarvies, trodden down by sweeps and gentlemen going to business, not blacker than her hair. Slim as the Monument on Fish Street Hill, her form was slender and tall. But it is needless to recapitulate her charms, and difficult indeed to describe them. Let the reader think of his first love, and fancy Adeliza. Dandolo, who was employed to instruct her, saw her, and fancied her too, as many a fellow of his inflammable temperament would have done in his place.

There are few situations in life which can be so improved by an enterprising mind as that of a dancing-master—I mean in a tender or amatory point of view. The dancing-master has over the back, the hands, the feet and shoulders of his pupils an absolute command; and, being by nature endowed with so much authority, can speedily spread his way from the limbs to the rest of the body, and to the mind inclusive. "*Toes a little more out, Miss Adeliza*," cries he, with the tenderest air in the world; "back a *little* more straight," and he gently seizes her hand, he raises it considerably above the level of her ear, he places the tips of his left-hand fingers gently upon the young lady's spine, and in this seducing attitude gazes tenderly into her eyes! I say that no woman at any age can stand this attitude and this look, especially when darted from such eyes as those of Dandolo. On the two first occasions when the adventurer attempted this audacious manœuvre, his victim blushed only, and trembled; on the third, she dropped her full eyelids and turned ghastly pale. "A glass of water," cried Adeliza, "or I faint!" The dancing-master hastened eagerly away to procure the desired beverage, and as he put it to her lips whispered thrillingly in her ear, "Thine, thine for ever, Adeliza!"

Miss Grampus sank back in the arms of Miss Binx, but not before her raptured lover saw her eyes turning towards the ceiling, and her clammy lips whispering the name of "Dandolo."

When Madame Schroeder, in the opera of "Fidelio," cries "Nichts, nichts, mein Florestan," it is as nothing compared to the tenderness with which Miss Grampus uttered that soft name.

"Dandolo!" would she repeat to her confidante, Miss Binx; "the name was beautiful and glorious in the olden days. Five hundred years since, a myriad of voices shouted it in Venice, when one who bore it came forward to wed the sea—the doge's bride! the blue Adriatic! the boundless and eternal main! The frightened Turk shrank palsied at the sound; it was louder than the loudest of the cannon, or the stormy screaming of the tempest! Dandolo! How many brave hearts beat to hear that name! how many bright swords flashed forth at that resistless war cry! Oh, Binx!" would Adeliza continue, fondly pressing the arm of that young lady, "is it not passing strange that one of that mighty ducal race should have lived to this day, and lived to love *me?* But I, too," Adeliza would add archly, "am, as you know, a daughter of the sea."

The fact was, that the father of Miss Adeliza Grampus was a shellfishmonger, which induced the young lady to describe herself as a daughter of Ocean. She received her romantic name from her mother, after reading Miss Swipes's celebrated novel of "Toby of Warsaw;" and had been fed from her youth upwards with so much similar literary ware, that her little mind had gone distracted. Her father had sent her from home at fifteen, because she had fallen in love with the young man who opened natives in the shop, and had vowed to slay herself with the oyster-knife. At Miss Pidge's her sentiment had not deserted her; she knew all Miss Landon by heart, had a lock of Mr. Thomas Moore's hair or wig, and read more novels and poetry than ever. And thus the red-haired dancing-master became in her eyes a Venetian nobleman, with whom it was her pride and pleasure to fall in love.

Being a parlour-boarder at Miss Pidge's seminary (a privilege which was acquired by paying five annual guineas extra), Miss Grampus was permitted certain liberties which were not accorded to scholars of the ordinary description. She and Miss Binx occasionally strolled into the village by themselves; they visited the library unattended; they went upon little messages for the Misses Pidge; they walked to church alone, either before or after the long row of young virgins who streamed out on every Sabbath day from between the filigree iron railings of Bulgaria House. It is my painful duty to state, that on several of these exclusive walks they were followed, or met, by the insidious and attentive teacher of gymnastics.

Soon Miss Binx would lag behind, and—shall I own it?—would make up for the lost society of her female friend by the company of a man, a friend of the professor, mysterious and agreeable as himself. May the mistresses of all the establishments for young ladies in this kingdom, or queendom rather, peruse this, and reflect how dangerous it is for young ladies of any age—ay, even for parlour-boarders—to go out alone! In the present instance, Miss Grampus enjoyed a more than ordinary liberty, it is true. When the elder Miss Pidge would remonstrate, Miss Zela would anxiously yield to her request; and why? The reason may be gathered from the following conversation which passed between the infatuated girl and the wily *maître-de-danse.*

"How, Roderick," would Adeliza say—"how, in the days of our first acquaintance, did it chance that you always addressed yourself to that odious Zela Pidge, and never deigned to breathe a syllable to me?"

"My lips didn't speak to you, Addly" (for to such a pitch of familiarity had they arrived), "but my heyes did."

Adeliza was not astonished by the peculiarity of his pronunciation, for, to say truth, it was that commonly adopted in her native home and circle. "And mine," said she tenderly; "they followed when yours were not fixed upon them, for *then* I dared not look upwards. And though all on account of Miss Pidge you could not hear the accents of my voice, you might have heard the beatings of my heart!"

"I did, I did!" gasped Roderick; "I 'eard them haudibly. I never spoke to you then, for I feared to waken that foul fiend sispicion. I wished to henter your seminary, to be continually near you, to make you love me; therefore I wooed the easy and foolish Miss Pidge, therefore I took upon me the disguise of—ha! ha!—of a dancing-master." (And the young man's countenance assumed a grim and demoniac smile.) "Yes; I degraded my name and my birthright—I wore these ignoble trappings, and all for the love of thee, my Adeliza!" Here Signor Dandolo would have knelt down, but the road was muddy, and, his trousers being of nankeen, his gallant purpose was frustrated.

But the story must out, for the conversation above narrated has betrayed to the intelligent reader a considerable part of it. The fact is, as we have said, that Miss Zela Pidge, dancing at the Hackney assembly, was introduced to this man; that he had no profession—no means even of subsistence; that he saw enough of this lady to be aware that he could make her useful to his purpose; and he who had been, we believe it in our conscience, no better than a travelling mountebank or harlequin, appeared at Bulgaria House in the character of a professor of gymnastics. The governess, in the first instance, entertained for him just such a *penchant* as the pupil afterwards felt: the latter discovered the weakness of her mistress, and hence arose Miss Pidge's indulgence, and Miss Grampus's fatal passion.

"Mysterious being!" continued Adeliza, resuming the conversation which has been broken by the above explanatory hints, "how did I learn to love thee? Who art thou? What dire fate has brought thee hither in this lowly guise to win the heart of Adeliza?"

"Hadeliza," cried he, "you say well; *I am not what I seem.* I cannot tell thee what I am; a tale of horror, of crime, forbids the dreadful confession! But dark as I am, and wretched, nay, wicked and desperate, I love thee, Hadeliza—love thee with the rapturous devotion of purer days—the tenderness of happier times! I am sad now, and fallen, lady; suffice it that I once was happy, ay, respectable."

Adeliza's cheek grew deadly pale, her step faltered, and she would have fallen to the ground, had she not been restrained by the strong arm of her lover. "I know not," said she, as she clung timidly to his neck—

> "I know not, I hask not, if guilt's in that art;
> I know that I love thee, whatever thou hart."

"*Gilt* in my heart," said Dandolo—"gilt in the heart of Roderick? No, never!" and he drew her towards him, and on her bonnet, her veil, her gloves, nay, on her very cheeks, he imprinted a thousand maddening kisses. "But say, my sweet one," continued he, "who art *thou?* I know you as yet only by your lovely baptismal name, and your other name of Grampus."

Adeliza looked down and blushed. "My parents are lowly," she said.

"But how, then, came you at such a seminary?" said he; "twenty pound a quarter, extras and washing not included."

"They are humble, but wealthy."

"Ha! who is your father?"

"An alderman of yon metropolis."

"An alderman! and what is his profession?"

"I blush to tell: he is—*an oystermonger.*"

"AN OYSTERMONGER!" screamed Roderick, in the largest capitals. "Ha! ha! ha! this is too much!" and he dropped Adeliza's hand, and never spoke to her during the rest of her walk. They moved moodily on for some time, Miss Binx and the other young man marching astonished in the rear. At length they came within sight of the seminary. "Here is Bulgaria House," cried the maiden steadily; "Roderick, we must part!" The effort was too much for her; she flung herself hysterically into his arms.

But, oh, horror! a scream was heard from Miss Binx, who was seen scuttling at double-quick time towards the schoolhouse. Her young man had bolted completely; and close at the side of the lovely though imprudent couple stood the angry—and justly angry—Miss Zela Pidge!

"O Ferdinand," said she, "is it thus you deceive me? Did I bring you to Bulgaria House for this?—did I give you money to buy clothes for this, that you should go by false names, and make love to that saucy, slammerkin, sentimental Miss Grampus? Ferdinand, Ferdinand," cried she, "is this true? can I credit my eyes?"

"D—— your eyes!" said the Signor angrily, as he darted at her a withering look, and retired down the street. His curses might be heard long after he had passed. He never appeared more at Bulgaria House, for he received his dismissal the next day.

That night all the front windows of the Miss Pidges' seminary were smashed to shivers.

* * * * *

On the following Thursday, *two* places were taken in the coach to town. On the back seat sat the usher; on the front, the wasted and miserable Adeliza Grampus.

* * * * *

## CHAPTER II.

BUT the matter did not end here. Miss Grampus's departure elicited from her a disclosure of several circumstances which, we must say, in no degree increased the reputation of Miss Zela Pidge. The discoveries which she made were so awkward, the tale of crime and licentiousness revealed by her so deeply injurious to the character of the establishment, that the pupils emigrated from it in scores. Miss Binx retired to her friends at Wandsworth, Miss Jacobs to her relations in Houndsditch, and other young ladies, not mentioned in this history, to other and more moral schools; so that absolutely, at the end of a single half-year, such had been the scandal of the story, the Misses Pidge were left with only two pupils—Miss Dibble, the articled young lady, and Miss Bole, the grocer's daughter, who came in exchange for tea, candles, and other requisites supplied to the establishment by her father.

"I knew it! I knew it!" cried Zela passionately, as she trod the echoing and melancholy schoolroom; "he told me that none ever prospered who loved him—that every flower was blighted upon which he shone! Ferdinand! Ferdinand, you have caused ruin there!" (pointing to the empty cupboards and forms); "but what is that to the blacker ruin *here?*" and the poor creature slapped her heart, and the big tears rolled down her chin, and so into her tucker.

A very, very few weeks after this, the plate on Bulgaria House was removed for ever. That mansion is now designated "Moscow Hall, by Mr. Swishtail and assistants:" —the bankrupt and fugitive Misses Pidge have fled, Heaven knows whither! for the steamers to Boulogne cost more than five shillings in those days.

Alderman Grampus, as may be imagined, did not receive his daughter with any extraordinary degree of courtesy. "He was as grumpy," Mrs. G. remarked, "on the occasion as a sow with the measles." But had he not reason? A lovely daughter who had neglected her education, forgotten her morals for the second time, and fallen almost a prey to villains! Miss Grampus for some months was kept in close confinement, nor ever suffered to stir, except occasionally to Bunhill Row for air, and to church for devotion. Still, though she knew him to be false—though she knew that under a different, perhaps a prettier name, he had offered the same vows to another—she could not but think of Roderick.

That *Professor* (as well—too well—he may be called!) knew too well her father's name and reputation to experience any difficulty in finding his abode. It was, as every City man knows, in Cheapside, and thither Dandolo constantly bent his steps; but though he marched unceasingly about the mansion, he never (mysteriously) would pass it. He watched Adeliza walking, he followed her to church; and many and many a time as she jostled out at the gate of the Artillery ground or the beadle-flanked portal of Bow, a tender hand would meet hers, an active foot would press upon hers, a billet discreetly delivered was as adroitly seized, to hide in the recesses of her pocket-handkerchief, or to nestle in the fragrance of her bosom! Love! Love! how ingenious thou art! thou canst make a ladder of a silken thread, or a weapon of a straw; thou peerest like sunlight into a dungeon; thou scalest, like forlorn hope, a castle wall; the keep is taken!—the foeman has fled!—the banner of love floats triumphantly over the corpses of the slain!*

Thus, though denied the comfort of personal intercourse, Adeliza and her lover maintained a frequent and tender correspondence. Nine times at least in a week she, by bribing her maidservant, managed to convey letters to the Professor, to which he at rarer intervals, though with equal warmth, replied.

"Why," said the young lady in the course of this correspondence, "why, when I cast my eyes upon my Roderick, do I see him so woefully changed in outward guise? He wears not the dress which formerly adorned him. Is he poor?—is he in disguise?—do debts oppress him, or traitors track him for his blood? Oh that my arms might shield him!—Oh that my purse might aid him! It is the fondest wish of

"ADELIZA G.

"P.S.—Aware of your fondness for shell-fish, Susan will leave a barrel of oysters at the Swan with Two Necks, directed to you, as per desire. AD. G.

"P.S.—Are you partial to kippered salmon? The girl brings three pounds of it wrapped in a silken handkerchief. 'Tis marked with the hair of ADELIZA.

"P.S.—I break open my note to say that you will find in it a small pot of anchovy paste: may it prove acceptable. Heigho! I would that I could accompany it. A. G."

It may be imagined, from the text of this note, that Adeliza had profited not a little by the perusal of Mrs. Swipes's novels; and it also gives a pretty clear notion of the condition of her lover. When that gentleman was a professor at Bulgaria House, his costume had strictly accorded with his pretensions. He wore a black German coat loaded with frogs and silk trimming, a white broad-brimmed beaver, hessians, and nankeen tights. His costume at present was singularly changed for the worse: a rough brown frock-coat dangled down to the calves of his brawny legs, where likewise ended a pair of greasy shepherd's-plaid trousers; a dubious red waistcoat, a blue or bird's-eye neckerchief, and bluchers (or half-boots) remarkable for thickness and for mud, completed his attire. But he looked superior to his fortune: he wore his grey hat very much on one ear; he incessantly tugged at his smoky shirt-collar, and walked jingling the halfpence (when he had any) in his pocket. He was, in fact, no better than an adventurer, and the innocent Adeliza was his prey.

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* We cannot explain this last passage; but it is so beautiful that the reader will pardon the omission of sense, which the author certainly could have put in if he liked.

Though the Professor read the first part of this letter with hope and pleasure, it may be supposed that the three postscripts were still more welcome to him—in fact, he literally did what is often done in novels, he *devoured* them; and Adeliza, on receiving a note from him the next day, after she had eagerly broken the seal, and with panting bosom and flashing eye glanced over the contents--Adeliza, we say, was not altogether pleased when she read the following:—

"Your goodness, dearest, passes belief; but never did poor fellow need it more than your miserable, faithful Roderick. Yes! I *am* poor—I *am* tracked by hell-hounds—I *am* changed in looks, and dress, and happiness—in all but love for thee!

"Hear my tale! I come of a noble Italian family—the noblest, ay, in Venice. We were free once, and rich, and happy; but the Prussian autograph has planted his banner on our towers—the talents of his haughty heagle have seized our wealth, and consigned most of our race to dungeons. I am not a prisoner, only an exile. A mother, a bed-ridden grandmother, and five darling sisters escaped with me from Venice, and now share my poverty and my home. But I have wrestled with misfortune in vain; I have struggled with want, till want has overcome me. Adeliza, I WANT BREAD!

"The kippered salmon was very good, the anchovies admirable. But, O my love! how thirsty they make those who have no means of slaking thirst! My poor grandmother lies delirious in her bed, and cries in vain for drink. Alas! our water is cut off; I have none to give her. The oysters was capital. Bless thee, bless thee! angel of bounty! Have you any more sich, and a few srimps? My sisters are *very* fond of them.

"Half a crown would oblige. But thou art too good to me already, and I blush to ask thee for more. Adieu, Adeliza.

"The wretched but faithful
"RODERICK FERDINAND,
"(38th Count of Dandolo).

"BELL YARD, *June*—."

A shade of dissatisfaction, we say, clouded Adeliza's fair features as she perused this note; and yet there was nothing in it which the tenderest lover might not write. But the shrimps, the half-crown, the horrid picture of squalid poverty presented by the Count, sickened her young heart; the innate delicacy of the woman revolted at the thought of all this misery.

But better thoughts succeeded. Her breast heaved as she read and re-read the singular passage concerning the Prussian autograph, who had planted his standard at Venice. "I knew it!" she cried, "I knew it!—he is of noble race! O Roderick, I will perish but I will help thee!"

Alas! she was not well enough acquainted with history to perceive that the Prussian autograph had nothing to do with Venice, and had forgotten altogether that she herself had coined the story which this adventurer returned to her.

But a difficulty presented itself to Adeliza's mind. Her lover asked for money—where was she to find it? The next day the till of the shop was empty, and a weeping apprentice dragged before the Lord Mayor. It is true that no signs of the money were found upon him; it is true that he protested his innocence; but he was dismissed the alderman's service, and passed a month at Bridewell, because Adeliza Grampus had a needy lover.

"Dearest," she wrote, "will three-and-twenty and sevenpence suffice? 'Tis all I have. Take it, and with it the fondest wishes of your Adeliza.

"A sudden thought! Our apprentice is dismissed. My father dines abroad. I shall be in the retail establishment all the night, *alone*.

"A. G."

No sooner had the Professor received this note than his mind was made up. "I will see her," he said; "I will enter that accursed shop." He did, and *to his ruin*.

* * * * *

That night Mrs. Grampus and her daughter took possession of the bar or counter, in the place which Adeliza called the retail establishment, and which is commonly denominated the shop. Mrs. Grampus herself operated with the oyster-knife, and served the Milton morsels to the customers. Age had not diminished her skill, nor had wealth rendered her too proud to resume at need a profession which she had followed in early days. Adeliza flew gracefully to and fro with the rolls, the vinegar bottle with perforated cork, and the little pats of butter. A little boy ran backwards and forwards to the "Blue Lion" over the way, for the pots of porter, or for the brandy-and-water, which some gentlemen take after the play.

Midnight arrived. Miss Grampus was looking through the window, and contrasting the gleaming gas which shone upon the ruby lobsters with the calm moon which lightened up the Poultry, and threw a halo round the Royal Exchange. She was lost in maiden meditation, when her eye fell upon a pane of glass in her own window: squeezed against this, flat and white, was the nose of a man!—that man was Roderick Dandolo! He seemed to be gazing at the lobsters more intensely than at Adeliza. He had his hands in his pockets, and was whistling "Jim Crow." *

Miss Grampus felt sick with joy; she staggered to the counter, and almost fainted. The professor concluded his melody, and entered at once into the shop. He pretended to have no knowledge of Miss Grampus, but *aborded* the two ladies with easy elegance and irresistible good-humour.

"Good-evening, ma'am," said he, bowing profoundly to the *elder* lady. "What a precious hot evening *to* be sure!—hot, ma'am, and hungry, as they say. I could not resist them lobsters, 'specially when I saw the lady behind 'em."

At this gallant speech Mrs. Grampus blushed, or looked as if she would blush, and said,—

"Law, sir!"

"Law, indeed, ma'am," playfully continued the Professor; "you're a precious deal better than law—you're *divinity*, ma'am. And this, I presume, is your sister?"

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* I know this is an anachronism; but I only mean that he was performing one of the popular melodies of the time.—M. A. T.

He pointed to Adeliza as he spoke, who, pale and mute, stood fainting against a heap of ginger-beer bottles. The old lady was quite won by this stale compliment.

"My daughter, sir," she said. "Addly, lay a cloth for the gentleman. Do you take hoysters, sir, hor lobsters? Both is very fine."

"Why, ma'am," said he, "to say truth, I have come forty miles since dinner, and don't care if I have a little of both. I'll begin, if you please, with that there (Lord bless its claws, they're as red as your lips!), and we'll astonish a few of the natives afterwards, *by* your leave."

Mrs. Grampus was delighted with the manners and the appetite of the stranger. She proceeded forthwith to bisect the lobster; while the Professor, in a *dégagé* manner, his cane over his shoulder, and a cheerful whistle upon his lips, entered the little parlour, and took possession of a box and a table.

He was no sooner seated than, from a scuffle, a giggle, and a smack, Mrs. Grampus was induced to suspect that something went wrong in the oyster-room.

"Hadeliza!" cried she, and that young woman returned blushing now like a rose, who had been as pale before as a lily.

Mrs. G. herself took in the lobster, bidding her daughter sternly to stay in the shop. She approached the stranger with an angry air, and laid the lobster before him.

"For shame, sir!" said she solemnly; but all of a sudden she began to giggle like her daughter, and her speech ended with an "*Have done now!*"

We were not behind the curtain, and cannot of course say what took place, but it is evident that the Professor was a general lover of the sex.

Mrs. Grampus returned to the shop rubbing her lips with her fat arms, and restored to perfect good-humour. The little errand-boy was dispatched over the way for a bottle of Guinness and a glass of brandy-and-water.

"HOT WITH!" shouted a manly voice from the eating-room, and Adeliza was pained to think that in her presence her lover could eat so well.

He ate indeed as if he had never eaten before. Here is the bill as written by Mrs. Grampus herself:—

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| "Two lobsters at 3s. 6d. | 0 | 7 | 0 |
| Salit | 0 | 1 | 3 |
| 2 Bottils Doubling Stott | 0 | 2 | 4 |
| 11 Doz. Best natifs | 0 | 7 | 4 |
| 14 Pads of Botter | 0 | 1 | 2 |
| 4 Glasses B. & W. | 0 | 4 | 0 |
| Bredd (love & ½) | 0 | 1 | 2 |
| Brakitch of tumler | 0 | 1 | 6 |
| "To Samuel Grampus, | £1 | 5 | 9 |

"At the Mermaid in Cheapside.

"Shell-fish in all varieties. N.B.—A great saving in taking a quantity."

"A saving in *taking a quantity*," said the stranger archly. "Why, ma'am, you ought to let me off *very cheap*;" and the Professor, the potboy, Adeliza, and her mamma, grinned equally at this pleasantry.

"However, never mind the pay, missis," continued he; "we an't a-going to quarrel about *that*. Hadd another glass of brandy-and-water to the bill, and bring it me, when it shall be as I am now."

"Law, sir," simpered Mrs. Grampus, "how's that?"

"*Reseated*, ma'am, to be sure," replied he, as he sank back upon the table. The old lady went laughing away, pleased with her merry and facetious customer; the little boy picked up the oyster-shells, of which a mighty pyramid was formed at the Professor's feet.

"Here, Sammy," cried out shrill Mrs. Grampus from the shop, "go over to the 'Blue Lion' and get the gentleman his glass. But no, you are better where you are, pickin' up them shells. Go you, Hadeliza; it is but across the way."

Adeliza went with a very bad grace. She had hoped to exchange at least a few words with him her soul adored, and her mother's jealousy prevented the completion of her wish.

She had scarcely gone when Mr. Grampus entered from his dinner-party. But, though fond of pleasure, he was equally faithful to business. Without a word he hung up his brass-buttoned coat, put on his hairy cap, and stuck his sleeves through his apron.

As Mrs. Grampus was tying it (an office which this faithful lady regularly performed), he asked her what business had occurred during his absence.

"Not so bad," said she; "two pound ten to-night, besides one pound eight to receive," and she handed Mr. Grampus the bill.

"How many are there on 'em?" said that gentleman smiling, as his eye gladly glanced over the items of the account.

"Why, that's the best of all: how many do you think?"

"If four did it," said Mr. Grampus, "they wouldn't have done badly neither."

"What do you think of *one?*" cried Mrs. G. laughing, "and he an't done yet. Haddy is gone to fetch him another glass of brandy-and-water."

Mr. Grampus looked very much alarmed. "Only one, and you say he an't paid?"

"No," said the lady.

Mr. Grampus seized the bill, and rushed wildly into the dining-room. The little boy was picking up the oyster-shells still, there were so many of them; the Professor was seated on the table, laughing as if drunk, and picking his teeth with his fork.

Grampus, shaking in every joint, held out the bill. A horrid thought crossed him; he had seen that face before!

The Professor kicked sneeringly into the air the idle piece of paper, and swung his legs recklessly to and fro.

"What a flat you are," shouted he, in a voice of thunder, "to think I'm a-going to pay! Pay! I never pay—I'M DANDO!"

The people in the other boxes crowded forward to see the celebrated stranger; the little boy grinned as he dropped two hundred and forty-four oyster-shells; and Mr. Grampus rushed madly into his front shop, shrieking for a watchman.

As he ran, he stumbled over something on the floor—a woman and a glass of brandy-and-water lay there extended. Like Tarquinia reversed, Elijah Grampus was trampling over the lifeless body of Adeliza.

Why enlarge upon the miserable theme? The confiding girl, in returning with the grog from the "Blue Lion," had arrived at the shop only in time to hear the fatal name of DANDO. She saw him, tipsy and triumphant, bestriding the festal table, and yelling with horrid laughter! The truth flashed upon her—she fell!

Lost to worldly cares in contemplating the sorrows of their idolized child, her parents forgot all else besides. Mrs. G. held the vinegar-cruet to her nostrils; her husband brought the soda-water fountain to play upon her; it restored her to life, but not to sense. When Adeliza Grampus rose from that trance she was a MANIAC!

But what became of *the deceiver?* The gormandizing ruffian, the lying renegade, the fiend in human shape, escaped in the midst of this scene of desolation. He walked unconcerned through the shop, his hat cocked on one side as before, swaggering as before, whistling as before. Far in the moonlight might you see his figure; long, long in the night-silence rang his demoniac melody of "Jim Crow!"

* * * * *

When Samuel the boy cleaned out the shop in the morning, and made the inventory of the goods, a silver fork, a plated ditto, a dish, and a pewter pot were found to be wanting. Ingenuity will not be long in guessing the name of *the thief.*

Gentles, my tale is told. If it may have deterred one soul from vice, my end is fully answered. If it may have taught to schoolmistresses carefulness, to pupils circumspection, to youth the folly of sickly sentiment, the pain of bitter deception; to manhood the crime, the *meanness* of gluttony, the vice which it occasions, and the wicked passions it fosters—if these, or any of these, have been taught by the above tale, the writer seeks for no other reward.

NOTE.—Please send the proceeds as requested per letter; the bearer being directed not to give up the manuscript without.

*(First published in 1841 in a volume entitled "Comic Tales and Sketches," edited and illustrated by Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh.)*

## MISS LÖWE.

MINNA LÖWE was the daughter of Moses Löwe, banker at Bonn. I passed through the town last year, fifteen years after the events I am about to relate, and heard that Moses was imprisoned for forgery and fraudulent bankruptcy. He merited the punishment which the merciful Prussian law inflicted on him.

Minna was the most beautiful creature that my eyes ever lighted on. Sneer not, ye Christian maidens, but the fact was so. I saw her for the first time seated at a window covered with golden vine-leaves, with grapes just turning to purple, and tendrils twisting in the most fantastical arabesques. The leaves cast a pretty checkered shadow over her sweet face, and the simple, thin, white muslin gown in which she was dressed. She had bare white arms, and a blue riband confined her little waist. She was knitting, as all German women do, whether of the Jewish sort or otherwise; and in the shadow of the room sat her sister Emma, a powerful woman with a powerful voice. Emma was at the piano, singing, "Herz, mein Herz, warum so trau-au-rig?"—singing much out of tune.

I had come to change one of Coutts's circulars at Löwe's bank, and was looking for the door of the *caisse.*

"*Links, mein Herr!*" said Minna Löwe, making the gentlest inclination with her pretty little head, and blushing ever so little, and raising up tenderly a pair of heavy blue eyes, and then dropping them again, overcome by the sight of the stranger. And no wonder; I was a sight worth contemplating then. I had golden hair which fell gracefully over my shoulders, and a slim waist (where are you now, slim waist and golden hair?), and a pair of brown mustachios that curled gracefully under a firm Roman nose, and a tuft to my chin that could not but vanquish *any* woman. "Links, mein Herr," said lovely Minna Löwe.

That little word *links* dropped upon my wounded soul like balm. There is nothing in *links;* it is not a pretty word. Minna Löwe simply told me to turn to the left, when I was debating between that side and its opposite, in order to find the cashroom door. Any other person might have said *links* (or *rechts* for that matter), and would not have made the slightest impression upon me; but Minna's full red lips, as they let slip the monosyllable, wore a smile so tender, and uttered it with such inconceivable sweetness, that I was overcome at once. "Sweet bell!" I could have said, "tinkle that dulcet note for ever—links, clinks, linx! I love the chime! It soothes and blesses me." All this I could have said, and much more, had I had my senses about me, and had I been a proficient in the German language; but I could not speak, both from ignorance and emotion. I blushed, stuttered, took off my cap, made an immensely foolish bow, and began forthwith fumbling at the door-handle.

The reason why I have introduced the name of this siren is to show that if tobacco in a former unlucky instance* has proved my enemy, in the present case it was my firmest friend. I, the descendant of the Norman Fitz-Boodle, the relative of kings and emperors, might, but for tobacco, have married the daughter of Moses Löwe, the Jew forger and convict of Bonn. I would have done it; for I hold the man a slave who calculates in love, and who thinks about prudence when his heart is in question. Men marry their cookmaids, and the world looks down upon them. *Ne sit ancillæ amor pudori!* I exclaim with a notorious poet; if you heartily and entirely love your cookmaid, you are a fool and a coward not to wed her. What more can you want than to have your heart filled up? Can a duchess do more? You talk of the difference of rank and the decencies of society. Away, sir! love is divine, and knows not your paltry, worldly calculations. It is not love you worship, O heartless, silly calculator! it is the interest of thirty thousand pounds in the Three per Cents., and the blessing of a genteel mother-in-law in Harley Street, and the ineffable joy of snug dinners, and the butler behind your chair. Fool! love is eternal; butlers and mothers-in-law are perishable. You have but the enjoyment of your Three per Cents. for forty years; and *then*, what do they avail you? But if you believe that she whom you choose, and to whom your heart clings, is to be your soul's companion, not now merely, but for *ever and ever*, then what a paltry item of money or time has deterred you from your happiness, what a miserable penny-wise economist you have been!

And here, if, as a man of the world, I might be allowed to give advice to fathers and mothers of families, it would be this: young men fall in love with people of a lower rank, and they are not strong enough to resist the dread of disinheritance, or of the world's scorn, or of the cursed tyrant gentility, and dare not marry the woman they love above all. But if prudence is strong, passion is strong too, and principle is not, and women (Heaven keep them!) are weak. We all know what happens then. Prudent papas and mammas say, "George will sow his wild oats soon; he will be tired of that odious woman one day, and we'll get a good marriage for him: meanwhile it is best to hush the matter up and pretend to know nothing about it." But suppose George does the only honest thing in his power, and marries the woman he loves above all; *then* what a cry you have from parents and guardians, what shrieks from aunts and sisters, what excommunications and disinheriting! "What a weak fool George is!" say his male friends in the clubs; and no hand of sympathy is held out to poor *Mrs.* George, who is never forgiven, but shunned like a plague, and sneered at by a relentless pharisaical world until death sets her free. As long as she is *unmarried*, avoid her if you will; but as soon as she is married, go! be kind to her, and comfort her, and pardon and forget if you can! And lest some charitable people should declare that I am setting up here an apology for vice, let me here, and by the way of precaution, flatly contradict them, and declare that I only would offer a *plea for marriage.*

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* See "The Fitz-Boodle Papers."

But where has Minna Löwe been left during this page of disquisition?—gazing through a sunny cluster of vine-leaves upon a young and handsome stranger, of noble face and exquisite proportions, who was trying to find the door of her father's bank. That entrance being through her amiable directions discovered, I entered and found Messrs. Moses and Solomon Löwe in the counting-house—Herr Solomon being the son of Moses, and head-clerk or partner in the business. That I was cheated in my little matter of exchange stands to reason. A Jew banker (or such as I have had the honour to know) cannot forego the privilege of cheating—no, if it be but for a shilling. What do I say—a shilling?—a penny! He will cheat you, in the first place, in the exchanging your note; he will then cheat you in giving gold for your silver; and though very likely he will invite you to a splendid repast afterwards that shall have cost him a score of thalers to procure, he will have had the satisfaction of robbing you of your *groschen*, as no doubt he would rob his own father or son.

Herr Moses Löwe must have been a very sharp Israelite, indeed, to rob Herr Solomon, or *vice versâ*. The poor fellows are both in prison for a matter of forgery, as I heard last year when passing through Bonn; and I confess it was not without a little palpitation of the heart (it is a sausage merchant's now) that I went and took one look at the house where I had at first beheld the bright eyes of Minna Löwe.

For let them say as they will, that woman whom a man has once loved *cannot* be the same to him as another. Whenever one of my passions comes into a room, my cheeks flush—my knees tremble—I look at her with pleased tenderness and (for the objects of my adoration do not once in forty times know their good fortune) with melancholy secret wonder. There they are, the same women, and yet not the same: it is the same nose and eyes, if you will, but not the same looks; the same voice, but not the same sweet words as of old. The figure moves, and looks and talks to you; you know how dear and how different its speech and actions once were; 'tis the hall with all the lights put out and the garlands dead (as I have said in one of my poems). Did you ever have a pocket-book that once contained five thousand pounds? Did you ever look at that pocket-book with the money lying in it? Do you remember how you respected and admired that pocket-book, investing it with a sacred awe, imagining it had a superiority to other pocket-books? I have such a pocket-book; I keep it now, and often look at it rather tenderly. It cannot be as other portfolios to me. I remember that it once held five thousand pounds.

Thus it is with love. I have empty pocket-books scattered all over Europe of this kind; and I always go and look at them just for a moment, and the spirit flies back to days gone by, kind eyes look at me as of yore, and echoes of old gentle voices fall tenderly upon the ear. Away! to the true heart the past *never* is past; and some day when Death has cleared our dull faculties, and past and future shall be rolled into one, we shall * * * *

Well, you were quite right, my good sir, to interrupt me. I can't help it; I am too apt to grow sentimental, and always on the most absurd pretexts. I never know when the fit will come on me, or apropos of what. I never was so jolly in my whole life as one day coming home from a funeral; and once went to a masked ball at Paris, the gaiety of which made me so profoundly miserable, that, egad! I wept like Xerxes (wasn't that the fellow's name?), and was sick—sick at heart. This premised, permit me, my friend, to indulge in sentiment apropos of Minna Löwe. For three weeks, at least, I adored the wench, and could give any person curious that way a complete psychological history of the passion's rise, progress, and decay:—decay, indeed; why do I say decay? A man does not "decay" when he tumbles down a well—he drowns there; so is love choked sometimes by abrupt conclusions, falls down wells, and, oh, the dismal truth at the bottom of them!

"If, my Lord," said Herr Moses, counting out the gold fredericks to me, "you intend to shtay in our town, I hope my daughtersh and I vill have shometimesh de pleashure of your high vell-born shoshiety?"

"The town is a most delightful one, Mr. Löwe," answered I. "I am myself an Oxford man, and exceedingly interested about —ahem—about the Byzantine historians, of which I see the university is producing an edition; and I shall make, I think, a considerable stay." Heaven bless us! 'twas Miss Minna's eyes that had done the business. But for them I should have slept at Coblentz that very night; where, by the way, the Hôtel de la Poste is one of the very best inns in Europe.

A friend had accompanied me to Bonn—a jolly dragoon, who was quite versed in the German language, having spent some time in the Austrian service before he joined us—or in the "Awthtwian thervith," as he would call it, with a double distilled gentility of accent, very difficult to be acquired out of Regent Street. We had quarrelled already thrice on the passage from England—namely, at Rotterdam, at Cologne, and once here; so that when he said he intended to go to Mayence, I at once proclaimed that I intended to stay where

I was; and, with Miss Minna Löwe's image in my heart, went out and selected lodgings for myself as near as possible to her father's house. Wilder said I might go to—any place I liked; he remained in his quarters at the hotel, as I found a couple of days afterwards, when I saw the fellow smoking at the gateway in the company of a score of Prussian officers, with whom he had made acquaintance.

I for my part have never been famous for that habit of extemporaneous friendship-making which some lucky fellows possess. Like most of my countrymen, when I enter a room I always take care to look about with an air as if I heartily despised every one, and wanted to know what the d—l they did there! Among foreigners I feel this especially; for the truth is, right or wrong, I can't help despising the rogues, and feeling manifestly my own superiority. In consequence of this amiable quality, then (in this particular instance of my life), I gave up the *table-d'hôte* dinner at the "Star" as something low and ungentlemanlike, made a point of staring and not answering when people spoke to me, and thus I have no doubt impressed all the world with a sense of my dignity. Instead of dining at the public place, then, I took my repasts alone; though, as Wilder said with some justice, though with a good deal too much *laisser-aller* of tongue, "You gweat fool, if it'th only becauth you want to be thilent, why don't you thtill dine with uth? You'll get a wegular good dinner inthtead of a bad one; and ath for *thpeaking* to you, depend on it every man in the room will thee you hanged futht!"

"Pray allow me to dine in my own way, Wilder," says I in the most dignified way.

"Dine and be d——d!" said the lieutenant, and so I lived solitary and had my own way.

I proposed to take some German lessons, and for this purpose asked the banker, Mr. Löwe, to introduce me to a master. He procured one, a gentleman of his own persuasion; and, further, had the kindness to say that his clerk, Mr. Hirsch, should come and sit with me every morning and perfect me in the tongue, so that, with the master I had and the society I kept, I might acquire a very decent German pronunciation.

This Hirsch was a little albino of a creature with pinkish eyes, white hair, flame-coloured whiskers, and earrings. His eyes jutted out enormously from his countenance, as did his two large swollen red lips, which had the true Israelitish coarseness. He was always, after a short time, in and out of my apartments. He brought a dozen messages and ran as many errands for me in the course of the day. My way of addressing him was, "Hirsch, you scoundrel, get my boots!" "Hirsch, my Levite, brush my coat for me!" "Run, you stag of Israel, and put this letter in the post!" and with many similar compliments. The little rascal was, to do him justice, as willing as possible, never minded by what name I called him, and, above all—came from Minna. He was not the rose—no, indeed, nor anything like it—but, as the poet says, "he had lived beside it;" and was there in all Sharon such a rose as Minna Löwe?

If I did not write with a moral purpose, and because my unfortunate example may act wholesomely upon other young men of fashion, and induce them to learn wisdom, I should not say a single syllable about Minna Löwe, nor all the blunders I committed, nor the humiliation I suffered. There is about a young Englishman of twenty a degree of easy self-confidence, hardly possessed even by a Frenchman. The latter swaggers and bullies about his superiority, taking all opportunities to shriek it into your ears, and to proclaim the infinite merits of himself and his nation; but, upon my word, the bragging of the Frenchman is not so conceited or intolerable as that calm, silent, contemptuous conceit of us young Britons, who think our superiority so well established that it is really not worth arguing upon, and who take upon us to despise thoroughly the whole world through which we pass. We are hated on the Continent, they say, and no wonder. If any other nation were to attempt to domineer over us as we do over Europe, we would hate them as heartily and furiously as many a Frenchman and Italian does us.

Now when I went abroad I fancied myself one of the finest fellows under the sun. I patronized a banker's dinners as if I did him honour in eating them. I took my place before grave professors and celebrated men, and talked vapid nonsense to them in infamous French, laughing heartily in return at their own manner of pronouncing that language. I set down as a point beyond question that their customs were inferior to our own, and would not in the least scruple, in a calm way, to let my opinion be known. What an agreeable young fellow I must have been!

With these opinions, and my pleasant way of expressing them, I would sit for hours by the side of lovely Minna Löwe, ridiculing, with much of that elegant satire for which the English are remarkable, every one of the customs of the country—the dinners, with the absurd un-English pudding in the very midst of them; the dresses of the men, with their braided coats and great seal-rings. As for little Hirsch, he formed the constant subject of my raillery with Mademoiselle Minna, and I gave it as my fixed opinion that he was only fit to sell sealing-wax and oranges to the coaches in Piccadilly.

"O fous afez tant d'esprit, fous autres jeunes Anglais," would she say; and I said, "Oui, nous avons beaucoup d'esprit, beaucoup plus que les Allemands," with the utmost simplicity; and then would half close my eyes, and give her a look that I thought must kill her.

Shall I tell the result of our conversation? In conversation 1, Minna asked me if I did not think the tea remarkably good with which she and her sister treated me. She said it came overland from China, that her papa's correspondent at Petersburg forwarded it to them, and that no such tea was to be had in Germany. On this I seriously believed the tea to be excellent; and next morning at breakfast little Hirsch walked smirking into my room, with a parcel of six pounds of Congo, for which I had the honour of paying eighteen Prussian thalers, being two pounds fourteen shillings of our money.

The next time I called, Herr Moses insisted on regaling me with a glass of Cyprus wine. His brother Löwe of Constantinople was the only person in the world who possessed this precious liquor. Four days afterwards Löwe came to know how I liked the Cyprus wine which I had ordered, and would I like another dozen? On saying that I had not ordered any, that I did not like sweet wine, he answered, "*Pardon!*" it had been in my cellar three days, and he would send some excellent Médoc at a moderate price, and would take no refusal. A basket of Médoc came that very night in my absence, with a bill directed to the "High Wellborn Count von Fitz-Boodle." This excessive desire of the Löwe family to serve me made me relax my importunities somewhat. "Ah!" says Minna with a sigh the next time I saw her, "have we offended you, Herr George? You don't come to see us any more now!"

"I'll come to-morrow," says I; and she gave me a look and a smile which, oh!—"I am a fool, I know I am!" as the honourable member for Montrose said t'other day. And was not Samson ditto? was not Hercules another? Next day she was seated at the vine-leaves as I entered the court. She smiled, and then retreated. She had been on the lookout for me; I knew she had. She held out her little hand to me as I came into the room. Oh, how soft it was and how round! and with a little apricot-coloured glove that—that I have to this day! I had been arranging a little compliment as I came along, something quite new and killing. I had only the heart to say, "*Es ist sehr warm.*"

"Oh, Herr George!" says she; "*Lieber* Herr George, what a progress have you made in German! You speak it like a native!"

But somehow I preferred to continue the conversation in French; and it was made up, as I am bound to say, of remarks equally brilliant and appropriate with that one above given. When old Löwe came in I was winding a skein of silk, seated in an enticing attitude, gazing with all my soul at Delilah, who held down her beautiful eyes.

That day they did not sell me any bargains at all; and the next found me, you may be very sure, in the same parlour again, where, in his *schlafrock*, the old Israelite was smoking his pipe.

"Get away, papa," said Minna, "English lords can't bear smoke. I'm sure Herr George dislikes it."

"Indeed, I smoke occasionally myself," answered your humble servant.

"Get his Lordship a pipe, Minna, my soul's darling!" exclaimed the banker.

"Oh, yes! the beautiful long Turkish one," cried Minna, springing up, and presently returned, bearing a long cherry-stick covered with a scarlet and gold cloth, at one end an enamelled amber mouthpiece, a gilded pipe at the other. In she came dancing, wand in hand, and looking like a fairy!

"Stop!" she said; "I must light it for Herr George." (By Jupiter! there was a way that girl had of pronouncing my name, "George," which I never heard equalled before or since.) And accordingly, bidding her sister get fire, she put herself in the prettiest attitude ever seen—with one little foot put forward, and her head thrown back, and a little hand holding the pipe-stick between finger and thumb, and a pair of red lips kissing the amber mouthpiece with the sweetest smile ever mortal saw. Her sister, giggling, lighted the tobacco, and presently you saw issuing from between those beautiful, smiling, red lips of Minna's a little curling, graceful white smoke, which rose soaring up to the ceiling. I swear I felt quite faint with the fragrance of it.

When the pipe was lighted, she brought it to me with quite as pretty an attitude and a glance that—— Psha! I gave old Moses Löwe fourteen pounds sterling for that pipe that very evening; and as for the mouthpiece, I would not part with it away from me, but I wrapped it up in a glove that I took from the table, and put both into my breast-pocket; and next morning when Charley Wilder burst suddenly into my room, he found me sitting up in bed in a green silk nightcap, a little apricot-coloured glove lying on the counterpane before me, your humble servant employed in mumbling the mouthpiece as if it were a bit of barley-sugar.

He stopped, stared, burst into a shriek of laughter, and made a rush at the glove on the counterpane; but, in a fury, I sent a large single-volumed Tom Moore (I am not a poetical man, but I must confess I was reading some passages in "Lalla Rookh" that I found applicable to my situation)—I sent, I say, a Tom Moore at his head, which, luckily, missed him, and to which he responded by seizing a bolster and thumping me outrageously. It was lucky that he was a good-natured fellow, and had only resorted to that harmless weapon, for I was in such a fury that I certainly would have murdered him at the least insult.

I did not murder him then; but if he peached a single word upon the subject, I swore I would, and Wilder knew I was a man of my word. He was not unaware of my *tendre* for Minna Löwe, and was for passing some of his delicate light-dragoon jokes upon it and her; but these, too, I sternly cut short.

"Why, cuth me, if I don't think you want to mawwy her!" blurted out Wilder.

"Well, sir," said I, "and suppose I do?"

"What! mawwy the daughter of that thwindling old clotheman? I tell you what, Fitth-Boodle, they alwayth thaid you were mad in the weg'ment, and, run me thwough, if I don't think you are."

"The man," says I, "sir, who would address Mademoiselle Löwe in any but an honourable way is a scoundrel, and the man who says a word against her character is a liar!"

After a little further parley (which Wilder would not have continued but that he wanted to borrow money of me), that gentleman retired, declaring that "I wath ath thulky ath a bear with a thaw head," and left me to my apricot-coloured glove and my amber mouthpiece.

Wilder's assertion that I was going to act up to opinions which I had always professed, and to marry Minna Löwe, certainly astounded me, and gave me occasion for thought. Marry the daughter of a Jew banker! I, George Fitz-Boodle! That would never do—not unless she had a million to her fortune, at least, and it was not probable that a humble dealer at Bonn could give her so much. But, marry her or not, I could not refrain from the sweet pleasure of falling in love with her, and shut my eyes to the morrow that I might properly enjoy the day.

Shortly after Wilder's departure, little Hirsch paid his almost daily visit to me. I determined—and wondered that I had never thought of the scheme before—sagely to sound him regarding Minna's fortune, and to make use of him as my letter and message carrier.

"Ah, Hirsch! my lion of Judah!" says I, "you have brought me the pipe-stick, have you?"

"Yes, my Lord, and seven pounds of the tobacco you said you liked. 'Tis real Syrian, and a great bargain you get it, I promise."

"Egad!" replied I, affecting an air of much careless ingenuousness. "Do you know, Hirsch, my boy, that the youngest of the Miss Löwes—Miss Anna, I think you call her——"

"Minna," said Hirsch, with a grin.

"Well, Minna—Minna Hirsch, is a devilish fine girl; upon my soul now, she is."

"Do you really think so?" says Hirsch.

"'Pon my honour, I do. And yesterday, when she was lighting the pipe-stick, she looked so confoundedly handsome that I—I quite fell in love with her; really I did."

"Ho! Vell, you do our people great honour, I'm sure," answered Hirsch.

"Father a warm man?"

"Varm! How do you mean varm?"

"Why, *rich*. We call a rich man *warm* in England—only you don't understand the language. How much will he give his daughter?"

"Oh! very little. Not a veek of your income, my Lord," said Hirsch.

"Pooh, pooh! You always talk of me as if I'm rich; but I tell you I am poor—exceedingly poor."

"Go away vid you!" said Hirsch incredulously. "*You* poor! I vish I had a year of your income—that I do" (and I have no doubt he did, or of the revenue of any one else). "I'd be a rich man, and have de best house in Bonn."

"Are you so very poor yourself, Hirsch, that you talk in this way?" asked I.

To which the young Israelite replied that he had not one dollar to rub against another; that Mr. Löwe was a close man; and finally (upon my pressing the point, like a cunning dog as I was!), that he would do anything to earn a little money.

"Hirsch," said I, like a wicked young reprobate and Don Juan, "will you carry a letter to Miss Minna Löwe?"

Now there was no earthly reason why I should have made a twopenny postman of Mr. Hirsch. I might with just as much ease have given Minna the letter myself. I saw her daily and for hours, and it would be hard if I could not find her for a minute alone, or at least slip a note into her glove or pocket-handkerchief, if secret the note must be. But, I don't mind owning it, I was as ignorant of any love-making which requires mystery as any bishop on the bench, and pitched upon Hirsch, as it were, because in comedies and romances that I had read the hero has always a go-between—a valet, or humble follower—who performs the intrigue of the piece. So I asked Hirsch the above question, "Would he carry a letter to Miss Minna Löwe?"

"Give it me," said he, with a grin.

But the deuce of it was, it wasn't written. Rosina, in the opera, has hers ready in her pocket, and says, "Eccolo quà," when Figaro makes the same request, so I told Hirsch that I would get it ready. And a very hard task I found it too, in sitting down to compose the document. It shall be in verse, thought I, for Minna understands some English; but there is no rhyme to Minna, as everybody knows, except a cockney, who might make "thinner, dinner, winner," etc., answer to it. And as for Löwe, it is just as bad. Then it became, as I thought, my painful duty to send her a note in French; and in French finally it was composed, and I blush now when I think of the nonsense and bad grammar it contained—the conceit above all. The easy vulgar assurance of victory with which I, a raw lad from the stupidest country in Europe, assailed one of the most beautiful women in the world!

Hirsch took the letter, and to bribe the fellow to silence I agreed to purchase a great hideous amethyst brooch, which he had offered me a dozen times for sale, and which I had always refused till now. He said it had been graciously received, but as all the family were present in the evening when I called, of course no allusion could be made to the note; but I thought Minna looked particularly kind, as I sat and lost a couple of fredericks at *écarté* to a very stout Israelite lady, Madame Löwe, junior, the wife of Monsieur Solomon Löwe. I think it was on this night, or the next, that I was induced to purchase a bale of remarkably fine lawn for shirts, for old Löwe had everything to sell, as is not uncommon with men of his profession and persuasion, and had I expressed a fancy for a coffin or a hod of mortar, I have no doubt Hirsch would have had it at my door next morning.

I went on sending letters to Minna, copying them out of a useful little work called "Le Petit Sécrétaire Français," and easily adapting them to circumstances, by altering a phrase here and there. Day and night I used to dangle about the house. It was provoking, to be sure, that Minna was never alone now—her sister or Madame Solomon was always with her; and as they naturally spoke German, of which language I knew but few words, my evenings were passed in sighing, ogling, and saying nothing. I must have been a very charming companion. One evening was pretty much like another. Four or five times in the week old Löwe would drop in and sell me a bargain. Berlin-iron chains and trinkets for my family at home, Naples soap, a case of eau de Cologne; a beautiful dressing-gown, lined with fur for the winter; a rifle, one of the famous Frankfort make; a complete collection of the German classics; and finally, to my awful disgust, a set of the Byzantine historians.

I must tell you that, although my banking friend had furnished me with half a stone of Syrian tobacco from his brother at Constantinople, and though the most beautiful lips in the world had first taught me to smoke it, I discovered, after a few pipes of the weed, that it was not so much to my taste as that grown in the West Indies; and as his Havannah cigars were also not to my liking, I was compelled, not without some scruples of conscience at my infidelity, to procure my smoking supplies elsewhere.

And now I come to the fatal part of my story. Wilder, who was likewise an amateur of the weed, once came to my lodgings in the company of a tobacconist whom he patronized, and who brought several boxes and samples for inspection. Herr Rohr, which was the gentleman's name, sat down with us. His wares were very good, and—must I own it?—I thought it would be a very clever and prudent thing on my part to exchange some of my rare Syrian against his canaster and Havannahs. I vaunted the quality of the goods to him, and, going into the inner room, returned with a packet of the real Syrian. Herr Rohr looked at the parcel rather contemptuously, I thought.

"I have plenty of these goods in my shop," said he.

"Why, you don't thay tho," says Wilder, with a grin;

"ith the weal wegular Thywian. My friend Fitth-Boodle got it from hith bankerth, and no mithtake!"

"Was it from Mr. Löwe?" says Rohr, with another provoking sneer.

"Exactly. His brother Israel sent it from Constantinople."

"Bah!" says Rohr. "I sold this very tobacco, seven pounds of it, at fourteen groschen a pound, to Miss Minna Löwe and little Mr. Hirsch, who came express to my shop for it. Here's my seal," says Mr. Rohr. And sure enough he produced, from a very fat and dirty forefinger, a seal, which bore the engraving on the packet.

"You sold that to Miss Minna Löwe?" groaned poor George Fitz-Boodle.

"Yes; and she bated me down half a gros in the price. Heaven help you, sir! she *always* makes the bargains for her father. There's something so pretty about her that we can't resist her."

"And do you thell *wineth*, too—Thypwuth and Médoc, hay?" continued the brute Wilder, enjoying the joke.

"No," answered Mr. Rohr, with another confounded sneer. "He makes those himself; but I *have* some very fine Médoc and Greek wine, if his high well-born lordship would like a few dozen. Shall I send a panier?"

"*Leave the room*, sir!" here shouted I, in a voice of uncontrollable ferocity, and looked so wildly that little Rohr rushed away in a fright, and Wilder burst into one of his demoniacal laughs again.

"Don't you thee, my good fwiend," continued he, "how wegularly thethe people have been doing you? I tell you their chawacterth are known all over the town. There'th not a thtudent in the place but can give you a hithtory of the family. Löwe ith an infarnal old uthuwer, and hith daughterth wegular mantwapth. At the Thtar, where I dine with the officerth of the garrithon, you and Minna are a thtandard joke. Captain Heerpauk wath caught himthelf for near thix weekth; young Von Twommel wath wemoved by hith fwiendth; old Colonel Blitz wath at one time tho nearly gone in love with the elder, that he would have had a divorthe from hith lady. Among the thtudentth the mania hath been jutht the thame. Whenever one wath worth plucking, Löwe uthed to have him to hith houthe and wob him, until at latht the wathcal'th chawacter became tho well known, that the thtudentth in a body have detherted him, and you will find that not one of them will dance with hith daughterth, handthome ath they are. Go down to Godesberg to-night and thee."

"I *am* going," answered I; "the young ladies asked me to drive down in their carriage;" and I flung myself back on the sofa, and puffed away volumes of smoke, and tossed and tumbled the livelong day, with a horrible conviction that something of what Wilder had told me might be true, and with a vow to sacrifice, at least, one of the officers who had been laughing at me.

There they were, the scoundrels! in their cursed tight frock-coats and hay-coloured mustachios, twirling round in the waltzes with the citizens' daughters, when, according to promise, I arrived with the Israelitish ladies at the garden at Godesberg, where dancing is carried on twice or thrice in a week. There were the students, with their long pipes, and little caps, and long hair, tippling at the tables under the leaves, or dancing that absurd waltz which has always been the object of my contempt. The fact is, I am not a dancing man.

Students and officers, I thought, every eye was looking at me, as I entered the garden with Miss Minna Löwe on my arm. Wilder tells me that I looked blue with rage, and as if I should cut the throat of any man I met.

We had driven down in old Löwe's landau, the old gentleman himself acting as coachman, with Mr. Hirsch in his best clothes by his side. In the carriage came Madame Solomon, in yellow satin; Miss Löwe, in light green (it is astonishing how persons of a light complexion will wear this detestable colour); Miss Minna was in white muslin, with a pair of black knit gloves on her beautiful arms, a pink riband round her delicate waist, and a pink scarf on her shoulders, for in those days—and the fashion exists still somewhat on the Rhine—it was the custom of ladies to dress themselves in what we call an evening costume for dinner-time; and so was the lovely Minna attired. As I sat by her on the back seat, I did not say one single word, I confess, but looked unutterable things, and forgot in her beauty all the suspicions of the morning. I hadn't asked her to waltz; for, the fact is, I didn't know how to waltz, and so only begged her hand for a quadrille.

We entered thus Mr. Blintzner's garden as I have described, the men staring at us, the lovely Minna on my arm. I ordered refreshments for the party, and we sat at a table near the boarded place where the people were dancing. No one came up to ask Minna to waltz, and I confess I was not sorry for it—for I own to that dog-in-the-manger jealousy which is common to love—no one came but poor little Hirsch, who had been absent to get sandwiches for the ladies, and came up making his bow just as I was asking Minna whether she would give no response to my letters. She looked surprised—looked at Hirsch, who looked at me, and laying his hand (rather familiarly) upon my arm, put the other paw to his great, red, blubber lips, as if enjoining silence, and, without a word, carries off Minna, and began twisting her round in the waltz.

The little brute had assumed his best clothes for the occasion. He had a white hat and a pair of white gloves; a green satin stock, with profuse studs of jewels in his shirt; a yellow waistcoat, with one of pink Cashmere underneath; very short nankeen trousers, and striped silk stockings; and a swallow-tailed, short-waisted, light-brown coat, with brass buttons. The tails whirled in the wind as he and his partner spun round to a very quick waltz—not without agility, I confess, on the little scoundrel's part, and oh, with what incomparable grace on Minna's! The other waltzers cleared away, doubtless to look at her performance; but though such a reptile was below my jealousy, I felt that I should have preferred to the same music to kick the little beast round the circle rather than see his hand encircling such a waist as that.

They only made one or two turns, however, and came back. Minna was blushing very red, and very much agitated.

"Will you take one turn, Fräulein Emma?" said the active Hirsch; and after a little to-do on the part of the elder sister, she got up, and advanced to the dancing-place.

What was my surprise when the people again cleared off and left the pair to perform alone! Hirsch and his partner enjoyed their waltz, however, and returned, looking as ill-humoured as possible. The band struck up presently a quadrille tune. I would not receive any of Minna's excuses. She did not wish to dance; she was faint—she had no *vis-à-vis.* "Hirsch," said I, with much courtesy, "take out Madame Solomon, and come and dance." We advanced—big Mrs. Solomon and Hirsch, Minna and I—Miss Emma remaining with her papa over the Rhine wine and sandwiches.

There were at least twenty couple who were mustering to make a quadrille when we advanced. Minna blushed scarlet, and I felt her trembling on my arm; no doubt 'twas from joy at dancing with the fashionable young Englander. Hirsch, with a low bow and scrape, led Madame Solomon opposite us, and put himself in the fifth position. It *was* rather disgusting, certainly, for George Savage Fitz-Boodle to be dancing *vis-à-vis* with such an animal as that!

Mr. Hirsch clapped his hands with a knowing air, to begin. I looked up from Minna (what I had been whispering to her must not be concealed—in fact, I had said so previously, *Es ist sehr warm;* but I said it with an accent that must have gone to her heart)—when I say I looked up from her lovely face, I found that every one of the other couple had retired, and that we four were left to dance the quadrille by ourselves!

Yes, by heavens! it was so. Minna, from being scarlet, turned ghastly pale, and would have fallen back had I not encircled her with my arm. "I'm ill," said she; "let me go back to my father." "You *must dance*," said I, and held up my clenched fist at Hirsch, who I thought would have moved off too; on which the little fellow was compelled to stop. And so we four went through the quadrille.

The first figure seemed to me to last a hundred thousand years. I don't know how it was that Minna did not fall down and faint; but gathering courage all of a sudden, and throwing a quick, fierce look round about her, as if in defiance, and a frown which made my little angel for a moment look like a little demon, she went through the dance with as much gracefulness as a duchess. As for me—at first the whole air seemed to be peopled with grinning faces, and I moved about almost choked with rage and passion. Then gradually the film of fury wore off, and I became wonderfully calm—nay, had the leisure to look at Monsieur Hirsch, who performed all the steps with wonderful accuracy; and at every one of the faces round about, officers, students, and citizens. None of the gentlemen, probably, liked my face; for theirs wore, as I looked at them, a very grave and demure expression. But as Minna was dancing, I heard a voice behind her cry sneeringly, "Brava!" I turned quickly round, and caught the speaker. He turned very red, and so betrayed himself. Our eyes met—it was a settled thing. There was no need of any further arrangement; and it was then, as I have said, that the film cleared off, and I have to thank Captain Heerpauk for getting through the quadrille without an apoplexy.

"Did you hear that—that voice, Herr George?" said Miss Minna, looking beseechingly in my face, and trembling on my arm, as I led her back to her father. Poor soul! I saw it all at once. She loved me—I knew she did, and trembled lest I should run into any danger. I stuttered, stammered, vowed I did not hear it; at the same time swearing inwardly an oath of the largest dimensions, that I would cut the throat whence that "Brava" issued. I left my lady for a moment, and finding Wilder, pointed out the man to him.

"Oh, Heerpauk," says he. "What do you want with him?"

"Charley," says I, with much heroism and ferocity, "*I want to shoot him;* just tell him so." And when, on demurring, I swore I would go and pull the Captain's nose on the ground, Wilder agreed to settle the business for me, and I returned to our party.

It was quite clear that we could not stay longer in the gardens. Löwe's carriage was not to come for an hour yet; for the banker would not expend money in stabling his horses at the inn, and had accordingly sent them back to Bonn. What should we do? There is a ruined castle at Godesberg, which looks down upon the fair green plain of the Rhine, where Mr. Blintzner's house stands (and let the reader be thankful that I don't give a description of scenery here)—there is, I say, a castle at Godesberg. "*Explorons le shatto*," says I, which elegant French Hirsch translated; and this suggestion was adopted by the five Israelites, to the fairest of whom I offered my arm. The lovely Minna took it, and away we went; Wilder, who was standing at the gate, giving me a nod, to say all was right. I saw him presently strolling up the hill after me, with a Prussian officer, with whom he was talking. Old Löwe was with his daughter, and as the old banker was infirm, the pair walked but slowly. Monsieur Hirsch had given his arm to Madame Solomon. She was a fat woman. The consequence was that Minna and I were soon considerably ahead of the rest of the party, and were ascending the hill alone. I said several things to her, such as only lovers say. "*Com il fay bo issy*," says I, in the most insinuating way. No answer. "*Es ist etwas kalt*," even I continued, admirably varying my phrase. She did not speak; she was agitated by the events of the evening, and no wonder.

That fair round arm resting on mine—that lovely creature walking by my side in the calm moonlight—the silver Rhine flashing before us, with Drachenfels and the Seven Mountains rising clear in the distance—the music of the dance coming up to us from the plain below—the path winding every now and then into the darkest foliage, and at the next moment giving us rich views of the moonlit river and plain below—could any man but feel the influence of a scene so exquisitely lovely?

"Minna," says I, as she wouldn't speak—"Minna, I love you. You have known it long, long ago; I know you have. Nay, do not withdraw your hand; your heart has spoken for me. Be mine then!" and taking her hand, I kissed it rapturously, and should have proceeded to her cheek, no doubt, when——she gave me a swinging box on the ear, started back, and incontinently fell a-screaming as loudly as any woman ever did.

"Minna, Minna!" I heard the voice of that cursed Hirsch shouting. "Minna, *meine Gattin!*" and he rushed up the hill; and Minna flung herself in his arms, crying, "Lorenzo, my husband, save me!"

The Löwe family, Wilder, and his friend, came skurrying up the hill at the same time, and we formed what in the theatres is called a tableau.

"You coward!" says Minna, her eyes flashing fire, "who could see a woman insulted and never defend her!"

"You coward!" roared Hirsch; "coward as well as profligate! You communicated to me your lawless love for this angel—to me her affianced husband; and you had the audacity to send her letters, not one of which, so help me Heaven! has been received. Yes, you will laugh at Jews—will you, you brutal Englishman? You will insult our people—will you, you stupid islander? Psha! I spit upon you!" and here Monsieur Hirsch snapped his fingers in my face, holding Minna at the same time round the waist, who thus became the little monster's buckler.

* * * * *

They presently walked away, and left me in a pleasant condition. I was actually going to fight a duel on the morrow for the sake of this fury, and it appeared she had flung me off for cowardice. I had allowed myself to be swindled by her father, and insulted by her filthy little bridegroom, and for what? All the consolation I got from Wilder was, "I told you tho, my boy, but you wouldn't lithn, you gweat thtoopid, blundewing ignowamuth. And now I shall have to thee you shot and buwied to-mowow; and I dare thay you won't even remember me in your will. Captain Schläger," continued he, presenting me to his companion, "Mr. Fitz-Boodle. The Captain acts for Heerpauk in the morning, and we were just talking matters over, when Webecca yonder quied out, and we found her in the armth of Bwian de Bois Guilbert here."

Captain Schläger was a little, social, good-humoured man, with a mustachio of straw and silver mixed, and a brilliant purple sabre-cut across a rose-coloured nose. He had the iron cross at his button-hole, and looked, as he was, a fierce little fighter. But he was too kind-hearted to allow of two boys needlessly cutting each other's throats; and much to the disappointment of Wilder, doubtless, who had been my second in the Martingale affair, and enjoyed no better sport, he said, in English, laughing, "Vell, make your mint easy, my goot young man, I tink you af got into enough sgrabes about dis tam Shewess, and dat you and Heerpauk haf no need to blow each other's brains off."

"Ath for Fitth apologithing," burst out Wilder, "that'th out of the quethtion. He gave the challenge, you know; and how the *dooth* ith he to apologithe now?"

"He gave the challenge, and you took it, and you are de greatest fool of de two. I say the two young men shall not fight;" and then the honest Captain entered into a history of the worthy family of Israel, which would have saved me at least fifty pounds had I known it sooner. It did not differ in substance from what Rohr and Wilder had both told me in the morning. The venerable Löwe was a great thief and extortioner; the daughters were employed as decoy-ducks, in the first place, for the University and the garrison, and afterwards for young strangers, such as my wise self, who visited the place. There was some very sad story about the elder Miss Löwe and a tutor from Saint John's College, Cambridge, who came to Bonn on a reading tour; but I am not at liberty to set down here the particulars. And with regard to Minna, there was a still more dismal history. A fine handsome young student, the pride of the University, had first ruined himself through the offices of the father, and then shot himself for love of the daughter; from which time the whole town had put the family into Coventry, nor had they appeared for two years in public until upon the present occasion with me. As for Monsieur Hirsch, he did not care. He was of a rich Frankfort family of the people, serving his apprenticeship with Löwe, a cousin, and the destined husband of the younger daughter. He traded as much as he could on his own account, and would run upon any errand, and buy or sell anything for a consideration. And so, instead of fighting Captain Heerpauk, I agreed, willingly enough, to go back to the hotel at Godesberg and shake hands with that officer. The reconciliation, or, rather, the acquaintance between us, was effected over a bottle of wine, at Mr. Blintzner's hotel; and we rode comfortably back in a droskey together to Bonn, where the friendship was still more closely cemented by a supper. At the close of the repast, Heerpauk made a speech on England, Fatherland, and German truth and love, and kindly saluted me with a kiss, which is at any lady's service who peruses this little narrative.

As for Mr. Hirsch, it must be confessed, to my shame, that the next morning a gentleman having the air of an old clothesman off duty presented me with an envelope, containing six letters of my composition addressed to Miss Minna Löwe (among them was a little poem in English, which has since called tears from the eyes of more than one lovely girl); and, furthermore, a letter from himself, in which he, Baron Hirsch, of Hirschenwald (the scoundrel, like my friend Wilder, purchased his title in the "Awthtwian Thervith") — in which he, I say, Baron Hirsch, of Hirschenwald, challenges me for insulting Miss Minna Löwe, or demands an apology.

This, I said, Mr. Hirsch might have whenever he chose to come and fetch it, pointing to a horsewhip which lay in a corner; but that he must come early, as I proposed to quit Bonn the next morning. The Baron's friend, hearing this, asked whether I would like some remarkably fine cigars for my excursion, which he could give me a great bargain? He was then shown to the door by my body-servant; nor did Hirsch von Hirschenwald come for the apology.

Twice every year, however, I get a letter from him, dated Frankfort, and proposing to make me a present of a splendid palace in Austria or Bohemia, or 200,000 florins, should I prefer money. I saw his lady at Frankfort only last year, in a front box at the theatre, loaded with diamonds, and at least sixteen stone in weight.

Ah! Minna, Minna! thou mayest grow to be as ugly as sin, and as fat as Daniel Lambert, but I have the amber mouthpiece still, and swear that the prettiest lips in Jewry have kissed it!

[The MS. here concludes with a rude design of a young lady smoking a pipe.]

("*Fitz-Boodle's Confessions*," *Fraser's Magazine*, October 1842.)

## BLUEBEARD'S GHOST.

FOR some time after the fatal accident which deprived her of her husband, Mrs. Bluebeard was, as may be imagined, in a state of profound grief.

There was not a widow in all the country who went to such an expense for black bombazeen. She had her beautiful hair confined in crimped caps, and her weepers came over her elbows. Of course she saw no company except her sister Anne (whose company was anything but pleasant to the widow); as for her brothers, their odious mess-table manners had always been disagreeable to her. What did she care for jokes about the major, or scandal concerning the Scotch surgeon of the regiment? If they drank their wine out of black bottles or crystal, what did it matter to her? Their stories of the stable, the parade, and the last run with the hounds, were perfectly odious to her; besides, she could not bear their impertinent mustachios and filthy habit of smoking cigars.

They were always wild, vulgar young men at the best; but *now*, oh! their presence to her delicate soul was horror! How could she bear to look on them after what had occurred? She thought of the best of husbands ruthlessly cut down by their cruel heavy cavalry sabres; the kind friend, the generous landlord, the spotless justice of peace, in whose family differences these rude cornets of dragoons had dared to interfere, whose venerable blue hairs they had dragged down with sorrow to the grave!

She put up a most splendid monument to her departed lord over the family vault of the Bluebeards. The rector, Doctor Sly, who had been Mr. Bluebeard's tutor at college, wrote an epitaph in the most pompous yet pathetic Latin:—"Siste, viator! mœrens conjux, heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse;" in a word, everything that is usually said in epitaphs. A bust of the departed saint, with Virtue mourning over it, stood over the epitaph, surrounded by medallions of his wives, and one of these medallions had as yet no name in it, nor (the epitaph said) could the widow ever be consoled until her own name was inscribed there. "For then I shall be with him. In cœlo quies," she would say, throwing up her fine eyes to heaven, and quoting the enormous words of the hatchment which was put up in the church and over Bluebeard's Hall, where the butler, the housekeeper, the footman, the housemaid, and scullions, were all in the profoundest mourning. The keeper went out to shoot birds in a crape band; nay, the very scarecrows in the orchard and fruit-garden were ordered to be dressed in black.

Sister Anne was the only person who refused to wear black. Mrs. Bluebeard would have parted with her, but she had no other female relative. Her father, it may be remembered by readers of the former part of her Memoirs, had married again; and the mother-in-law and Mrs. Bluebeard, as usual, hated each other furiously. Mrs. Shacabac had come to the Hall on a visit of condolence; but the widow was so rude to her on the second day of the visit, that the stepmother quitted the house in a fury. As for the Bluebeards, of course *they* hated the widow. Had not Mr. Bluebeard settled every shilling upon her? and, having no children by his former marriage, her property, as I leave you to fancy, was pretty handsome. So sister Anne was the only female relative whom Mrs. Bluebeard would keep near her; and, as we all know, a woman *must* have a female relative under any circumstances of pain, or pleasure, or profit—when she is married, or when she is in a delicate situation. But let us continue our story.

"I will never wear mourning for that odious wretch, sister!" Anne would cry.

"I will trouble you, Miss Anne, not to use such words in my presence regarding the best of husbands, or to quit the room at once!" the widow would answer.

"I'm sure it's no great pleasure to sit in it. I wonder you don't make use of the closet, sister, where the *other* Mrs. Bluebeards are."

"Impertinence! they were all embalmed by Monsieur Gannal. How dare you repeat the monstrous calumnies regarding the best of men? Take down the family Bible and read what my blessed saint says of his wives—read it written in his own hand:—

"'*Friday, June* 20.—Married my beloved wife, Anna Maria Scrogginsia.

"'*Saturday, August* 1.—A bereaved husband has scarcely strength to write down in this chronicle that the dearest of wives, Anna Maria Scrogginsia, expired this day of sore throat.'

"There! can anything be more convincing than that? Read again:—

"'*Tuesday, September* 1.—This day I led to the hymeneal altar my soul's blessing, Louisa Matilda Hopkinson. May this angel supply the place of her I have lost!

"'*Wednesday, October* 5.—Oh, heavens! pity the distraction of a wretch who is obliged to record the ruin of his dearest hopes and affections! This day my adored Louisa Matilda Hopkinson gave up the ghost! A complaint of the head and shoulders was the sudden cause of the event which has rendered the unhappy subscriber the most miserable of men.

"'BLUEBEARD.'

"Every one of the women are calendared in this delightful, this pathetic, this truly virtuous and tender way; and can you suppose that a man who wrote such sentiments could be a *murderer*, miss?"

"Do you mean to say that he did not *kill* them, then?" said Anne.

"Gracious goodness, Anne, kill them! they died all as naturally as I hope you will. My blessed husband was an angel of goodness and kindness to them. Was it *his* fault that the doctors could not cure their maladies? No, that it wasn't! And when they died, the inconsolable husband had their bodies embalmed, in order that on this side of the grave he might never part from them."

"And why did he take you up in the tower, pray? and why did you send me in such a hurry to the leads? and why did he sharpen his long knife, and roar out to you to COME DOWN?"

"Merely to punish me for my curiosity—the dear, good, kind, excellent creature!" sobbed the widow, overpowered with affectionate recollections of her lord's attentions to her.

"I wish," said sister Anne sulkily, "that I had not been in such a hurry in summoning my brothers."

"Ah!" screamed Mrs. Bluebeard, with a harrowing scream, "don't—don't recall that horrid fatal day, miss!

If you had not misled your brothers, my poor dear darling Bluebeard would still be in life, still—still the soul's joy of his bereaved Fatima!"

Whether it is that all wives adore husbands when the latter are no more, or whether it is that Fatima's version of the story is really the correct one, and that the common impression against Bluebeard is an odious prejudice, and that he no more murdered his wives than you and I have, remains yet to be proved, and, indeed, does not much matter for the understanding of the rest of Mrs. B.'s adventures. And though people will say that Bluebeard's settlement of his whole fortune on his wife, in event of survivorship, was a mere act of absurd mystification, seeing that he was fully determined to cut her head off after the honeymoon, yet the best test of his real intentions is the profound grief which the widow manifested for his death, and the fact that he left her mighty well to do in the world.

If any one were to leave you or me a fortune, my dear friend, would we be too anxious to rake up the how and the why? Pooh! pooh! we would take it and make no bones about it; and Mrs. Bluebeard did likewise. Her husband's family, it is true, argued the point with her, and said, "Madam, you must perceive that Mr. Bluebeard never intended the fortune for you, as it was his fixed intention to chop off your head! It is clear that he meant to leave his money to his blood relations; therefore you ought in equity to hand it over." But she sent them all off with a flea in their ears, as the saying is, and said, "Your argument may be a very good one, but I will, if you please, keep the money." And she ordered the mourning as we have before shown, and indulged in grief, and exalted everywhere the character of the deceased. If any one would but leave me a fortune, what a funeral and what a character I would give him!

Bluebeard Hall is situated, as we all very well know, in a remote country district, and, although a fine residence, is remarkably gloomy and lonely. To the widow's susceptible mind, after the death of her darling husband, the place became intolerable. The walk, the lawn, the fountain, the green glades of park over which frisked the dappled deer, all—all recalled the memory of her beloved. It was but yesterday that, as they roamed through the park in the calm summer evening, her Bluebeard pointed out to the keeper the fat buck he was to kill. "Ah!" said the widow, with tears in her fine eyes, "the artless stag was shot down, the haunch was cut and roasted, the jelly had been prepared from the currant-bushes in the garden that he loved; but my Bluebeard never ate of the venison! Look, Anna sweet, pass we the old oak hall; 'tis hung with trophies won by him in the chase, with pictures of the noble race of Bluebeard! Look! by the fireplace there is the gig-whip, his riding-whip, the spud with which you know he used to dig the weeds out of the terrace-walk; in that drawer are his spurs, his whistle, his visiting-cards, with his dear, dear name engraven upon them! There are the bits of string that he used to cut off the parcels and keep, because string was always useful; his button-hook; and there is the peg on which he used to hang his h—h—*hat!*"

Uncontrollable emotions, bursts of passionate tears, would follow these tender reminiscences of the widow; and the long and short of the matter was, that she was determined to give up Bluebeard Hall and live elsewhere—her love for the memory of the deceased, she said, rendered the place too wretched.

Of course an envious and sneering world said that she was tired of the country, and wanted to marry again. But she little heeded its taunts; and Anne, who hated her stepmother and could not live at home, was fain to accompany her sister to the town where the Bluebeards have had for many years a very large, genteel, old-fashioned house. So she went to the town-house, where they lived and quarrelled pretty much as usual; and though Anne often threatened to leave her and go to a boarding-house, of which there were plenty in the place, yet after all to live with her sister, and drive out in the carriage with the footman and coachman in mourning, and the lozenge on the panels, with the Bluebeard and Shacabac arms quartered on it, was far more respectable, and so the lovely sisters continued to dwell together.

For a lady under Mrs. Bluebeard's circumstances, the town house had other and peculiar advantages. Besides being an exceedingly spacious and dismal brick building, with a dismal iron railing in front, and long dismal thin windows with little panes of glass, it looked out into the churchyard where, time out of mind, between two yew-trees, one of which is cut into the form of a peacock, while the other represents a dumb-waiter, it looked into the churchyard where the monument of the late Bluebeard was placed over the family vault. It was the first thing the widow saw from her bedroom window in the morning, and 'twas sweet to watch at night from the parlour the pallid moonlight lighting up the bust of the departed, and Virtue throwing great black shadows athwart it. Polyanthuses, rhododendra, ranunculuses, and other flowers with the largest names and of the most delightful odours, were planted within the little iron railing that enclosed the last resting-place of the Bluebeards; and the beadle was instructed to half kill any little boys who might be caught plucking these sweet testimonies of a wife's affection.

Over the sideboard in the dining-room hung a full-length of Mr. Bluebeard, by Ticklegill, R.A., in a militia uniform, frowning down upon the knives and forks and silver trays. Over the mantelpiece he was represented in a hunting costume on his favourite horse. There was a sticking-plaster silhouette of him in the widow's bedroom, and a miniature in the drawing-room, where he was drawn in a gown of black and gold, holding a gold-tasselled trencher cap with one hand, and with the other pointing to a diagram of Pons Asinorum. This likeness was taken when he was a fellow-commoner at Saint John's College, Cambridge, and before the growth of that blue beard which was the ornament of his manhood, and a part of which now formed a beautiful blue neck-chain for his bereaved wife.

Sister Anne said the town-house was even more dismal than the country-house; for there was pure air at the Hall, and it was pleasanter to look out on a park than on a churchyard, however fine the monuments might be. But the widow said she was a light-minded hussy, and persisted as usual in her lamentations and mourning. The only male whom she would admit within her doors was the parson of the parish, who read sermons to her; and as his reverence was at least seventy years old, Anne, though she might be ever so much minded to fall in love, had no opportunity to indulge her inclination; and the townspeople, scandalous as they might be, could not find a word to say against the *liaison* of the venerable man and the heart-stricken widow.

All other company she resolutely refused. When the players were in the town, the poor manager, who came to beg her to bespeak a comedy, was thrust out of the gates by the big butler. Though there were balls, card-parties, and assemblies, Widow Bluebeard would never subscribe to one of them; and even the officers, those all-conquering heroes who make such ravages in ladies' hearts, and to whom all ladies' doors are commonly open, could never get an entry into the widow's house. Captain Whiskerfield strutted for three weeks up and down before her house, and had not the least effect upon her. Captain O'Grady (of an Irish regiment) attempted to bribe the servants, and one night actually scaled the garden wall; but all that he got was his foot in a man-trap, not to mention being dreadfully scarified by the broken glass, and so *he* never made love any more. Finally, Captain Blackbeard, whose whiskers vied in magnitude with those of the deceased Bluebeard himself, although he attended church regularly every week—he who had not darkened the doors of a church for ten years before—even Captain Blackbeard got nothing by his piety; and the widow never once took her eyes off her book to look at him. The barracks were in despair; and Captain Whiskerfield's tailor, who had supplied him with new clothes in order to win the widow's heart, ended by clapping the Captain into jail.

His reverence the parson highly applauded the widow's conduct to the officers; but being himself rather of a social turn, and fond of a good dinner and a bottle, he represented to the lovely mourner that she should endeavour to divert her grief by a little respectable society, and recommended that she should from time to time entertain a few grave and sober persons whom he would present to her. As Doctor Sly had an unbounded influence over the fair mourner, she acceded to his desires; and accordingly he introduced to her house some of the most venerable and worthy of his acquaintance—all married people, however, so that the widow should not take the least alarm.

It happened that the Doctor had a nephew who was a lawyer in London, and this gentleman came dutifully in the long vacation to pay a visit to his reverend uncle. "He is none of your roistering, dashing young fellows," said his reverence; "he is the delight of his mamma and sisters; he never drinks anything stronger than tea; he never missed church thrice a Sunday for these twenty years; and I hope, my dear and amiable madam, that you will not object to receive this pattern of young men for the sake of your most devoted friend, his uncle."

The widow consented to receive Mr. Sly. He was not a handsome man, certainly. "But what does that matter?" said the Doctor; "he is *good*, and virtue is better than all the beauty of all the dragoons in the Queen's service."

Mr. Sly came there to dinner, and he came to tea; and he drove out with the widow in the carriage with the lozenge on it; and at church he handed the psalm-book; and, in short, he paid her every attention which could be expected from so polite a young gentleman.

At this the town began to talk, as people in towns will. "The Doctor kept all bachelors out of the widow's house," said they, "in order that that ugly nephew of his may have the field entirely to himself." These speeches were of course heard by Sister Anne, and the little minx was not a little glad to take advantage of them, in order to induce her sister to see some more cheerful company. The fact is, the young hussy loved a dance or a game at cards much more than a hum-drum conversation over a tea-table; and so she plied her sister day and night with hints as to the propriety of opening her house, receiving the gentry of the county, and spending her fortune.

To this point the widow at length, though with many sighs and vast unwillingness, acceded; and she went so far as to order a very becoming half-mourning, in which all the world declared she looked charming. "I carry," said she, "my blessed Bluebeard in my heart: *that* is in the deepest mourning for him; and when the heart grieves, there is no need of outward show."

So she issued cards for a little quiet tea and supper, and several of the best families in the town and neighbourhood attended her entertainment. It was followed by another and another; and at last Captain Blackbeard was actually introduced, though, of course, he came in plain clothes.

Doctor Sly and his nephew never could abide the Captain. "They had heard some queer stories," they said, "about proceedings in barracks. Who was it that drank three bottles at a sitting? who had a mare that ran for the plate? and why was it that Dolly Coddlins left the town so suddenly?" Mr. Sly turned up the whites of his eyes as his uncle asked these questions, and sighed for the wickedness of the world. But for all that he was delighted, especially at the anger which the widow manifested when the Dolly Coddlins affair was hinted at. She was furious, and vowed she would never see the wretch again. The lawyer and his uncle were charmed. O short-sighted lawyer and parson, do you think Mrs. Bluebeard would have been so angry if she had not been jealous? do you think she would have been jealous if she had not—had not what? She protested that she no more cared for the Captain than she did for one of her footmen; but the next time he called she would not condescend to say a word to him.

"My dearest Miss Anne," said the Captain, as he met her in Sir Roger de Coverley (she was herself dancing with Ensign Trippet), "what is the matter with your lovely sister?"

"Dolly Coddlins is the matter," said Miss Anne. "Mr. Sly has told all;" and she was down the middle in a twinkling.

The Captain blushed so at this monstrous insinuation that any one could see how incorrect it was. He made innumerable blunders in the dance, and was all the time casting such ferocious glances at Mr. Sly (who did not dance, but sat by the widow and ate ices), that his partner thought he was mad, and that Mr. Sly became very uneasy.

When the dance was over, he came to pay his respects to the widow, and in so doing somehow trod so violently on Mr. Sly's foot that that gentleman screamed with pain, and presently went home. But though he was gone, the widow was not a whit more gracious to Captain Blackbeard. She requested Mr. Trippet to order her carriage that night, and went home without uttering one single word to Captain Blackbeard.

The next morning, and with a face of preternatural longitude, the Reverend Doctor Sly paid a visit to the widow. "The wickedness and bloodthirstiness of the world," said he, "increase every day. O my dear madam, what monsters do we meet in it! what wretches, what assassins are allowed to go abroad! Would you believe it, that this morning, as my nephew was taking his peaceful morning meal, one of the ruffians from the barracks presented himself with a challenge from Captain Blackbeard?"

"Is he hurt?" screamed the widow.

"No, my dear friend, my dear Frederick is not hurt. And oh, what a joy it will be to him to think you have that tender solicitude for his welfare!"

"You know I have always had the highest respect for him," said the widow, who, when she screamed, was in truth thinking of somebody else. But the Doctor did not choose to interpret her thoughts in that way, and gave all the benefit of them to his nephew.

"That anxiety, dearest madam, which you express for him emboldens me, encourages me, authorizes me, to press a point on you which I am sure must have entered your thoughts ere now. The dear youth in whom you have shown such an interest lives but for you! Yes, fair lady, start not at hearing that his sole affections are yours; and with what pride shall I carry to him back the news that he is not indifferent to you!"

"Are they going to fight?" continued the lady, in a breathless state of alarm. "For Heaven's sake, dearest Doctor, prevent the horrid, horrid meeting! Send for a magistrate's warrant—do anything—but do not suffer those misguided young men to cut each other's throats!"

"Fairest lady, I fly!" said the Doctor, and went back to lunch quite delighted with the evident partiality Mrs. Bluebeard showed for his nephew. And Mrs. Bluebeard, not content with exhorting him to prevent the duel, rushed to Mr. Pound, the magistrate, informed him of the facts, got out warrants against both Mr. Sly and the Captain, and would have put them into execution; but it was discovered that the former gentleman had abruptly left town, so that the constable could not lay hold of him.

It somehow, however, came to be generally known that the widow Bluebeard had declared herself in favour of Mr. Sly, the lawyer; that she had fainted when told her lover was about to fight a duel; finally, that she had accepted him, and would marry him as soon as the quarrel between him and the Captain was settled. Doctor Sly, when applied to, hummed and ha'd, and would give no direct answer; but he denied nothing, and looked so knowing, that all the world was certain of the fact; and the county paper next week stated:—

> "We understand that the lovely and wealthy Mrs. Bl—b—rd is about once more to enter the bands of wedlock with our distinguished townsman, Frederick S—y, Esquire, of the Middle Temple, London. The learned gentleman left town in consequence of a dispute with a gallant son of Mars, which was likely to have led to warlike results had not a magistrate's warrant intervened, when the Captain was bound over to keep the peace."

In fact, as soon as the Captain was so bound over, Mr. Sly came back, stating that he had quitted the town not to avoid a duel—far from it—but to keep out of the way of the magistrates, and give the Captain every facility. *He* had taken out no warrant; *he* had been perfectly ready to meet the Captain: if others had been more prudent, it was not his fault. So he held up his head, and cocked his hat with the most determined air; and all the lawyers' clerks in the place were quite proud of their hero.

As for Captain Blackbeard, his rage and indignation may be imagined—a wife robbed from him, his honour put in question by an odious, lanky, squinting lawyer! He fell ill of a fever incontinently; and the surgeon was obliged to take a quantity of blood from him, ten times the amount of which he swore he would have out of the veins of the atrocious Sly.

The announcement in the *Mercury*, however, filled the widow with almost equal indignation. "The widow of the gallant Bluebeard," she said, "marry an odious wretch who lives in dingy chambers in the Middle Temple! Send for Doctor Sly." The Doctor came. She rated him soundly, asked him how he dared set abroad such calumnies concerning her; ordered him to send his nephew back to London at once; and as he valued her esteem, as he valued the next presentation to a fat living which lay in her gift, to contradict everywhere, and in the fullest terms, the wicked report concerning her.

"My dearest madam," said the Doctor, pulling his longest face, "you shall be obeyed. The poor lad shall be acquainted with the fatal change in your sentiments!"

"Change in my sentiments, Doctor Sly!"

"With the destruction of his hopes, rather let me say; and Heaven grant that the dear boy have strength to bear up against the misfortune which comes so suddenly upon him!"

The next day sister Anne came with a face full of care to Mrs. Bluebeard. "Oh that unhappy lover of yours!" said she.

"Is the Captain unwell?" exclaimed the widow.

"No, it is the other," answered sister Anne. "Poor, poor Mr. Sly! He made a will, leaving you all, except five pounds a year to his laundress—he made his will, locked his door, took heartrending leave of his uncle at night, and this morning was found hanging at his bedpost when Sambo, the black servant, took him up his water to shave. 'Let me be buried,' he said, 'with the pincushion she gave me and the locket containing her hair.' *Did* you give him a pincushion, sister? *did* you give him a locket with your hair?"

"It was only silver-gilt!" sobbed the widow; "and now, oh, heavens! I have killed him." The heartrending nature of her sobs may be imagined; but they were abruptly interrupted by her sister.

"Killed him?—no such thing! Sambo cut him down when he was as black in the face as the honest negro himself. He came down to breakfast, and I leave you to fancy what a touching meeting took place between the nephew and uncle."

"So much love!" thought the widow. "What a pity he squints so! If he would but get his eyes put straight, I might perhaps——" She did not finish the sentence: ladies often leave this sort of sentence in a sweet confusion.

But hearing some news regarding Captain Blackbeard, whose illness and blood-letting were described to her most pathetically, as well as accurately, by the Scotch surgeon of the regiment, her feelings of compassion towards the lawyer cooled somewhat; and when Doctor Sly called to know if she would condescend to meet the unhappy youth, she said, in rather a *distrait* manner, that she wished him every happiness; that she had the highest regard and respect for him; that she besought him not to think any more of committing the dreadful crime which would have made her unhappy for ever; *but* that she thought, for the sake of both parties, they had better not meet until Mr. Sly's feelings had grown somewhat more calm.

"Poor fellow! poor fellow!" said the Doctor, "may he be enabled to bear his frightful calamity! I have taken away his razors from him, and Sambo, my man, never lets him out of his sight."

The next day Mrs. Bluebeard thought of sending a friendly message to Doctor Sly's, asking for news of the health of his nephew; but as she was giving her orders on that subject to John Thomas the footman, it happened that the Captain arrived, and so Thomas was sent downstairs again. And the Captain looked so delightfully interesting with his arm in a sling, and his beautiful black whiskers curling round a face which was paler than usual, that at the end of two hours the widow forgot the message altogether, and indeed, I believe, asked the Captain whether he would not stop and dine. Ensign Trippet came, too, and the party was very pleasant; and the military gentlemen laughed hugely at the idea of the lawyer having been cut off the bedpost by the black servant, and were so witty on the subject that the widow ended by half believing that the bedpost and hanging scheme on the part of Mr. Sly was only a feint—a trick to win her heart. Though this, to be sure, was not agreed to by the lady without a pang; for, *entre nous*, to hang oneself for a lady is no small compliment to her attractions, and, perhaps, Mrs. Bluebeard was rather disappointed at the notion that the hanging was not a *bonâ fide* strangulation.

However, presently her nerves were excited again, and she was consoled or horrified, as the case may be (the reader must settle the point according to his ideas and knowledge of womankind)—she was at any rate dreadfully excited by the receipt of a billet in the well-known clerk-like hand of Mr. Sly. It ran thus:—

> "I saw you through your dining-room windows. You were hob-nobbing with Captain Blackbeard. You looked rosy and well. You smiled. You drank off the champagne at a single draught.
>
> "I can bear it no more. Live on, smile on, and be happy. My ghost shall repine, perhaps, at your happiness with another—but in life I should go mad were I to witness it.
>
> "It is best that I should be gone.
>
> "When you receive this, tell my uncle to drag the fish-pond at the end of Bachelor's Acre. His black servant Sambo accompanies me, it is true. But Sambo shall perish with me should his obstinacy venture to restrain me from my purpose. I know the poor fellow's honesty well, but I also know my own despair.
>
> "Sambo will leave a wife and seven children. Be kind to those orphan mulattoes for the sake of FREDERICK."

The widow gave a dreadful shriek, and interrupted the two Captains, who were each just in the act of swallowing a bumper of claret. "Fly—fly—save him!" she screamed; "save him, monsters, ere it is too late! Drowned!—Frederick!—Bachelor's Wa—" Syncope took place, and the rest of the sentence was interrupted.

Deucedly disappointed at being obliged to give up their wine, the two heroes seized their cocked-hats, and went towards the spot which the widow in her wild exclamations of despair had sufficiently designated.

Trippet was for running to the fish-pond at the rate of ten miles an hour. "Take it easy, my good fellow," said Captain Blackbeard; "running is unwholesome after dinner. And if that squinting scoundrel of a lawyer *does* drown himself, I shan't sleep any the worse." So the two gentlemen walked very leisurely on towards the Bachelor's Walk; and, indeed, seeing on their way thither Major Macabaw looking out of the window at his quarters and smoking a cigar, they went upstairs to consult the Major, as also a bottle of Schiedam he had.

"They come not!" said the widow, when restored to herself. "Oh, heavens! grant that Frederick is safe! Sister Anne, go up to the leads and look if anybody is coming." And up, accordingly, to the garrets sister Anne mounted. "Do you see anybody coming, sister Anne?"

"I see Doctor Drench's little boy," said Sister Anne; "he is leaving a pill and draught at Miss Molly Grub's."

"Dearest sister Anne, don't you see any one coming?" shouted the widow once again.

"I see a flock of dust—no! a cloud of sheep. Pshaw! I see the London coach coming in. There are three outsides, and the guard has flung a parcel to Mrs. Jenkins's maid."

"Distraction! Look once more, sister Anne."

"I see a crowd—a shutter—a shutter with a man on it—a beadle—forty little boys—gracious goodness! what *can* it be?" and downstairs tumbled sister Anne, and was looking out of the parlour window by her sister's side, when the crowd she had perceived from the garret passed close by them.

At the head walked the beadle, slashing about at the little boys.

Two scores of these followed and surrounded

A SHUTTER carried by four men.

On the shutter lay *Frederick!* He was ghastly pale; his hair was draggled over his face; his clothes stuck tight to him on account of the wet; streams of water gurgled down the shutter sides. But he was not dead! He turned one eye round towards the window where Mrs. Bluebeard sat, and gave her a look which she never could forget.

Sambo brought up the rear of the procession. He was quite wet through; and if anything would have put his hair out of curl, his ducking would have done so. But as he was not a gentleman, he was allowed to walk home on foot; and as he passed the widow's window, he gave her one dreadful glance with his goggling black eyes, and moved on pointing with his hands to the shutter.

John Thomas, the footman, was instantly dispatched to Doctor Sly's to have news of the patient. There was no shilly-shallying now. He came back in half an hour to say that Mr. Frederick flung himself into Bachelor's Acre fishpond with Sambo, had been dragged out with difficulty, had been put to bed, and had a pint of white wine whey, and was pretty comfortable. "Thank Heaven!" said the widow, and gave John Thomas a seven-shilling piece, and sat down with a lightened heart to tea. "What a heart!" said she to sister Anne. "And, oh, what a pity it is that he squints!"

Here the two Captains arrived. They had not been to the Bachelor's Walk; they had remained at Major Macabaw's consulting the Schiedam. They had made up their minds what to say. "Hang the fellow! he will never have the pluck to drown himself," said Captain Blackbeard. "Let us argue on that, as we may safely."

"My sweet lady," said he accordingly, "we have had the pond dragged. No Mr. Sly. And the fisherman who keeps the punt assures us that he has not been there all day."

"Audacious falsehood!" said the widow, her eyes flashing fire. "Go, heartless man, who dares to trifle thus with the feelings of a respectable and unprotected woman! Go, sir; you're only fit for the love of a—Dolly—Coddlins!" She pronounced the *Coddlins* with a withering sarcasm that struck the Captain aghast; and sailing out of the room, she left her tea untasted, and did not wish either of the military gentlemen good-night.

But, gentles, an ye know the delicate fibre of woman's heart, ye will not in very sooth believe that such events as those we have described—such tempests of passion—fierce winds of woe—blinding lightnings of tremendous joy and tremendous grief—could pass over one frail flower and leave it all unscathed. No! Grief kills as joy doth. Doth not the scorching sun nip the rose-bud as well as the bitter wind? As Mrs. Sigourney sweetly sings,—

> "Ah! the heart is a soft and a delicate thing;
> Ah! the heart is a lute with a thrilling string;
> A spirit that floats on a gossamer's wing!"

Such was Fatima's heart. In a word, the preceding events had a powerful effect upon her nervous system, and she was ordered much quiet and sal-volatile by her skilful medical attendant, Doctor Glauber.

To be so ardently, passionately loved as she was, to know that Frederick had twice plunged into death from attachment to her, was to awaken in her bosom "a thrilling string" indeed! Could she witness such attachment, and not be touched by it? She *was* touched by it—she was influenced by the virtues, by the passion, by the misfortunes of Frederick; but then he was so abominably ugly that she could not—she could not consent to become his bride!

She told Doctor Sly so. "I respect and esteem your nephew," said she; "but my resolve is made. I will continue faithful to that blessed saint whose monument is ever before my eyes" (she pointed to the churchyard as she spoke). "Leave this poor tortured heart in quiet. It has already suffered more than most hearts could bear. I will repose under the shadow of that tomb until I am called to rest within it—to rest by the side of my Bluebeard!"

The ranunculuses, rhododendra, and polyanthuses, which ornamented that mausoleum, had somehow been suffered to run greatly to seed during the last few months, and it was with no slight self-accusation that she acknowledged this fact on visiting the "garden of the grave," as she called it; and she scolded the beadle soundly for neglecting his duty towards it. He promised obedience for the future, dug out all the weeds that were creeping round the family vault, and (having charge of the key) entered that awful place, and swept and dusted the melancholy contents of the tomb.

Next morning the widow came down to breakfast looking very pale. She had passed a bad night; she had had awful dreams; she had heard a voice call her thrice at midnight. "Pooh! my dear; it's only nervousness," said the sceptical sister Anne.

Here John Thomas, the footman, entered, and said the beadle was in the hall, looking in a very strange way. He had been about the house since daybreak, and insisted on seeing Mrs. Bluebeard. "Let him enter," said that lady, prepared for some great mystery. The beadle came. He was pale as death; his hair was dishevelled, and his cocked-hat out of order. "What have you to say?" said the lady, trembling.

Before beginning, he fell down on his knees.

"Yesterday," said he, "according to your ladyship's orders, I dug up the flower-beds of the family vault—dusted the vault and the—the coffins" (added he, trembling) "inside. Me and John Sexton did it together, and polished up the plate quite beautiful."

"For heaven's sake, don't allude to it," cried the widow, turning pale.

"Well, my lady, I locked the door, came away, and found in my hurry—for I wanted to beat two little boys what was playing at marbles on Alderman Paunch's monyment—I found, my lady, I'd forgot my cane. I couldn't get John Sexton to go back with me till this morning, and I didn't like to go alone, and so we went this morning; and what do you think I found? I found his honour's coffin turned round, and the cane broke in two. Here's the cane!"

"Ah!" screamed the widow, "take it away—take it away!"

"Well, what does this prove," said sister Anne, "but that somebody moved the coffin, and broke the cane?"

"Somebody! *who's somebody?*" said the beadle, staring round about him. And all of a sudden he started back with a tremendous roar, that made the ladies scream, and all the glasses on the sideboard jingle, and cried, "*That's the man!*"

He pointed to the portrait of Bluebeard, which stood over the jingling glasses on the sideboard. "That's the man I saw last night walking round the vault, as I'm a living sinner. I saw him a-walking round and round, and when I went up to speak to him, I'm blessed if he didn't go in at the iron gate, which opened afore him like—like winking, and then in at the vault door, which I'd double-locked, my lady, and bolted inside, I'll take my oath on it!"

"Perhaps you had given him the key?" suggested sister Anne.

"It's never been out of my pocket. Here it is," cried the beadle, "I'll have no more to do with it;" and he flung down the ponderous key, amidst another scream from widow Bluebeard.

"At what hour did you see him?" gasped she.

"At twelve o'clock, of course."

"It must have been at that very hour," said she, "I heard the voice."

"What voice?" said Anne.

"A voice that called 'Fatima! Fatima! Fatima!' three times, as plain as ever voice did."

"It didn't speak to me," said the beadle; "it only nodded its head, and wagged its head and beard."

"W—w—was it a *bl—ue beard?*" said the widow.

"Powder-blue, ma'am, as I've a soul to save!"

Doctor Drench was of course instantly sent for. But what are the medicaments of the apothecary in a case where the grave gives up its dead? Doctor Sly arrived, and he offered ghostly—ah! too ghostly—consolation. He said he believed in them. His own grandmother had appeared to his grandfather several times before he married again. He could not doubt that supernatural agencies were possible, even frequent.

"Suppose he were to appear to me alone," ejaculated the widow, "I should die of fright."

The Doctor looked particularly arch. "The best way in these cases, my dear madam," said he—"the best way for unprotected ladies is to get a husband. I never heard of a first husband's ghost appearing to a woman and her second husband in my life. In all history there is no account of one."

"Ah! why should I be afraid of seeing my Bluebeard again?" said the widow; and the Doctor retired quite pleased, for the lady was evidently thinking of a second husband.

"The Captain would be a better protector for me certainly than Mr. Sly," thought the lady, with a sigh; "but Mr. Sly will certainly kill himself, and will the Captain be a match for two ghosts? Sly will kill himself; but ah! the Captain won't," and the widow thought with pangs of bitter mortification of Dolly Coddlins. How, how should these distracting circumstances be brought to an end?

She retired to rest that night not without a tremor—to bed, but not to sleep. At midnight a voice was heard in her room crying, "Fatima! Fatima! Fatima!" in awful accents. The doors banged to and fro, the bells began to ring, the maids went up and down stairs skurrying and screaming, and gave warning in a body. John Thomas, as pale as death, declared that he found Bluebeard's yeomanry sword, that hung in the hall, drawn and on the ground; and the sticking-plaster miniature in Mr. Bluebeard's bedroom was found turned topsy-turvy!

"It is some trick," said the obstinate and incredulous sister Anne. "To-night I will come and sleep with you, sister;" and the night came, and the sisters retired together.

'Twas a wild night. The wind howling without went crashing through the old trees of the old rookery round about the old church. The long bedroom windows went thump—thumping; the moon could be seen through them lighting up the graves with their ghastly shadows; the yew-tree, cut into the shape of a bird, looked particularly dreadful, and bent and swayed as if it would peck something off that other yew-tree which was of the shape of a dumb-waiter. The bells at midnight began to ring as usual; the doors clapped; jingle—jingle down came a suit of armour in the hall; and a voice came and cried, "Fatima! Fatima! Fatima! look, look, look! the tomb, the tomb, the tomb!"

She looked. The vault door was open, and there in the moonlight stood Bluebeard, exactly as he was represented in the picture in his yeomanry dress, his face frightfully pale, and his great blue beard curling over his chest, as awful as Mr. Muntz's.

Sister Anne saw the vision as well as Fatima. We shall spare the account of their terrors and screams. Strange to say, John Thomas, who slept in the attic above his mistress's bedroom, declared he was on the watch all night, and had seen nothing in the churchyard, and heard no sort of voices in the house.

And now the question came, What could the ghost want by appearing? "Is there anything," exclaimed the unhappy and perplexed Fatima, "that he would have me do? It is well to say, 'Now, now, now,' and to show himself; but what is it that makes my blessed husband so uneasy in his grave?" And all parties consulted agreed that it was a very sensible question.

John Thomas, the footman, whose excessive terror at the appearance of the ghost had procured him his mistress's confidence, advised Mr. Screw, the butler, who communicated with Mrs. Baggs, the housekeeper, who condescended to impart her observations to Mrs. Bustle, the lady's-maid—John Thomas, I say, decidedly advised that my lady should consult a cunning man. There was such a man in town. He had prophesied who should marry his (John Thomas's) cousin; he had cured Farmer Horn's cattle, which were evidently bewitched; he could raise ghosts, and make them speak, and he therefore was the very person to be consulted in the present juncture.

"What nonsense is this you have been talking to the maids, John Thomas, about the conjurer who lives in—in——"

"In Hangman's Lane, ma'am, where the old gibbet used to stand," replied John, who was bringing in the muffins. "It's no nonsense, my lady. Every word as that man says comes true, and he knows everything."

"I desire you will not frighten the girls in the servants' hall with any of those silly stories," said the widow; and the meaning of this speech may, of course, at once be guessed. It was that the widow meant to consult the conjurer that very night. Sister Anne said that she would never, under such circumstances, desert her dear Fatima. John Thomas was summoned to attend the ladies with a dark lantern, and forth they set on their perilous visit to the conjurer at his dreadful abode in Hangman's Lane.

* * * * *

What took place at that frightful interview has never been entirely known. But there was no disturbance in the house on the night after. The bells slept quietly, the doors did not bang in the least, twelve o'clock struck and no ghost appeared in the churchyard, and the whole family had a quiet night. The widow attributed this to a sprig of rosemary which the wizard gave her, and a horse-shoe which she flung into the garden round the family vault, and which would keep *any* ghost quiet.

It happened the next day that, going to her milliner's, sister Anne met a gentleman who has been before mentioned in this story, Ensign Trippet by name; and, indeed, if the truth must be known, it somehow happened that she met the Ensign somewhere every day of the week.

"What news of the ghost, my dearest Miss Shacabac?" said he (you may guess on what terms the two young people were by the manner in which Mr. Trippet addressed the lady); "has Bluebeard's ghost frightened your sister into any more fits, or set the bells a-ringing?"

Sister Anne, with a very grave air, told him that he must not joke on so awful a subject; that the ghost had been laid for a while; that a cunning man had told her sister things so wonderful that *any* man must believe in them; that, among other things, he had shown to Fatima her future husband.

"Had," said the Ensign, "he black whiskers and a red coat?"

"No," answered Anne, with a sigh; "he had red whiskers and a black coat."

"It can't be that rascal Sly!" cried the Ensign. But Anne only sighed more deeply, and would not answer yes or no. "You may tell the poor Captain," she said, "there is no hope for him, and all he has left is to hang himself."

"He shall cut the throat of Sly first, though," replied Mr. Trippet fiercely. But Anne said things were not decided as yet. Fatima was exceedingly restive and unwilling to acquiesce in the idea of being married to Mr. Sly; she had asked for further authority. The wizard said he could bring her own husband from the grave to point out her second bridegroom, who shall be, can be, must be, no other than Frederick Sly.

"It is a trick," said the Ensign. But Anne was too much frightened by the preceding evening's occurrences to say so. "To-night," she said, "the grave will tell all." And she left Ensign Trippet in a very solemn and affecting way.

* * * * *

At midnight three figures were seen to issue from widow Bluebeard's house and pass through the churchyard turnstile, and so away among the graves.

"To call up a ghost is bad enough," said the wizard; "to make him speak is awful. I recommend you, ma'am, to beware, for such curiosity has been fatal to many. There was one Arabian necromancer of my acquaintance who tried to make a ghost speak, and was torn in pieces on the spot. There was another person who *did* hear a ghost speak certainly, but came away from the interview deaf and dumb. There was another——"

"Never mind," says Mrs. Bluebeard, all her old curiosity aroused; "see him and hear him I will. Haven't I seen him and heard him, too, already? When he's audible *and* visible, *then's* the time."

"But when you heard him," said the necromancer, "he was invisible, and when you saw him he was inaudible; so make up your mind what you will ask him, for ghosts will stand no shilly-shallying. I knew a stuttering man who was flung down by a ghost, and——"

"I *have* made up my mind," said Fatima, interrupting him.

"To ask him what husband you shall take," whispered Anne.

Fatima only turned red, and sister Anne squeezed her hand. They passed into the graveyard in silence.

There was no moon; the night was pitch-dark. They threaded their way through the graves, stumbling over them here and there. An owl was toowhooing from the church tower, a dog was howling somewhere, a cock began to crow, as they will sometimes at twelve o'clock at night.

"Make haste!" said the wizard. "Decide whether you will go on or not."

"Let us go back, sister," said Anne.

"I *will* go on," said Fatima. "I should die if I gave it up—I feel I should."

"Here's the gate; kneel down," said the wizard. The women knelt down.

"Will you see your first husband or your second husband?"

"I will see Bluebeard first," said the widow. "I shall know then whether this be a mockery, or you have the power you pretend to."

At this the wizard uttered an incantation, so frightful and of such incomprehensible words, that it is impossible for any mortal to repeat them. And at the end of what seemed to be a versicle of his chant he called "Bluebeard!" There was no noise but the moaning of the wind in the trees, and toowhooing of the owl in the tower.

At the end of the second verse he paused again and called "Bluebeard!" The cock began to crow, the dog began to howl, a watchman in the town began to cry out the hour, and there came from the vault within a hollow groan, and a dreadful voice said, "Who wants me?"

Kneeling in front of the tomb, the necromancer began the third verse. As he spoke, the former phenomena were still to be remarked. As he continued, a number of ghosts rose from their graves and advanced round the kneeling figures in a circle. As he concluded, with a loud bang the door of the vault flew open, and there in blue light stood Bluebeard in his blue uniform, waving his blue sword and flashing his blue eyes round about!

"Speak now, or you are lost!" said the necromancer to Fatima. But, for the first time in her life, she had not a word to say. Sister Anne, too, was dumb with terror. And as the awful figure advanced towards them as they were kneeling, the sister thought all was over with them, and Fatima once more had occasion to repent her fatal curiosity.

The figure advanced, saying, in dreadful accents, "Fatima! Fatima! Fatima! wherefore am I called from my grave?" when all of a sudden down dropped his sword, down the ghost of Bluebeard went on his knees, and, clasping his hands together, roared out, "Mercy, mercy!" as loud as man could roar.

*Six other ghosts* stood round the kneeling group. "Why do you call me from the tomb?" said the first; "Who dares disturb my grave?" said the second; "Seize him and away with him!" cried the third. "Murder, mercy!" still roared the ghost of Bluebeard, as the white-robed spirits advanced and caught hold of him.

"It's only Tom Trippet!" said a voice at Anne's ear.

"And your very humble servant!" said a voice well known to Mrs. Bluebeard; and they helped the ladies to rise, while the other ghosts seized Bluebeard. The necromancer took to his heels and got off. He was found to be no other than Mr. Claptrap, the manager of the theatre.

It was some time before the ghost of Bluebeard could recover from the fainting fit into which he had been plunged when seized by the opposition ghosts in white; and while they were ducking him at the pump his blue beard came off, and he was discovered to be—who do you think? Why, Mr. Sly, to be sure. And it appears that John Thomas, the footman, had lent him the uniform, and had clapped the doors, and rung the bells, and spoken down the chimney; and it was Mr. Claptrap who gave Mr. Sly the blue fire and the theatre gong, and he went to London next morning by the coach. And as it was discovered that the story concerning Miss Coddlins was a shameful calumny, why, of course, the widow married Captain Blackbeard. Doctor Sly married them, and has always declared that he knew nothing of his nephew's doings, and wondered that he has not tried to commit suicide since his last disappointment.

Mr. and Mrs. Trippet are likewise living happily together; and this, I am given to understand, is the ultimate fate of a family in whom we were all very much interested in early life.

You will say that the story is not probable. Psha! Isn't it written in a book? and is it a whit less probable than the first part of the tale?

(*Fraser's Magazine*, October 1843.)

# *VARIOUS ESSAYS, LETTERS, SKETCHES, ETC.*

# VARIOUS ESSAYS, LETTERS, SKETCHES, ETC.

## MEMORIALS OF GORMANDIZING.

### IN A LETTER TO OLIVER YORKE, ESQUIRE, BY M. A. TITMARSH.

PARIS, *May* 1841.

SIR,—The man who makes the best salads in London, and whom, therefore, we have facetiously called Sultan Saladin—a man who is conspicuous for his love and practice of all the polite arts—music, to wit, architecture, painting, and cookery—once took the humble personage who writes this into his library, and laid before me two or three volumes of manuscript year-books, such as, since he began to travel and to observe, he has been in the habit of keeping.

Every night, in the course of his rambles, his highness the sultan (indeed, his port is sublime, as, for the matter of that, are all the wines in his cellar) sets down with an iron pen, and in the neatest handwriting in the world, the events and observations of the day; with the same iron pen he illuminates the leaf of his journal by the most faithful and delightful sketches of the scenery which he has witnessed in the course of the four-and-twenty hours; and if he has dined at an inn or restaurant, gasthaus, posada, albergo, or what not, invariably inserts into his log-book the bill of fare. The sultan leads a jolly life—a tall stalwart man, who every day about six o'clock in London and Paris, at two in Italy, in Germany and Belgium at an hour after noon, feels the noble calls of hunger agitating his lordly bosom (or its neighbourhood, that is), and replies to the call by a good dinner. Ah! it is wonderful to think how the healthy and philosophic mind can accommodate itself in all cases to the varying circumstances of the time—how, in its travels through the world, the liberal and cosmopolite stomach recognizes the national dinner-hour! Depend upon it that, in all countries, nature has wisely ordained and suited to their exigencies THE DISHES OF A PEOPLE. I mean to say that olla-podrida is good in Spain (though a plateful of it, eaten in Paris, once made me so dreadfully ill that it is a mercy I was spared ever to eat another dinner); I mean to say, and have proved it, that sauerkraut is good in Germany; and I make no doubt that whale's blubber is a very tolerable dish in Kamtschatka, though I have never visited the country. Cannibalism in the South Seas, and sheep's-headism in Scotland, are the only practices that one cannot, perhaps, reconcile with this rule—at least, whatever a man's private opinions may be, the decencies of society oblige him to eschew the expression of them upon subjects which the national prejudice has precluded from free discussion.

Well, after looking through three or four of Saladin's volumes, I grew so charmed with them that I used to come back every day and study them. I declare there are bills of fare in those books over which I have cried; and the reading of them, especially about an hour before dinner, has made me so ferociously hungry, that, in the first place, the sultan (a kind-hearted generous man, as every man is who loves his meals) could not help inviting me to take potluck with him; and, secondly, I could eat twice as much as upon common occasions, though my appetite is always good.

Lying awake, then, of nights, or wandering solitary abroad on wide commons, or by the side of silent rivers, or at church when Doctor Snufflem was preaching his favourite sermon, or stretched on the flat of my back smoking a cigar at the club when X was talking of the corn-laws, or Y was describing that famous run they had with the Z hounds—at all periods, I say, favourable to self-examination, those bills of fare have come into my mind, and often and often I have thought them over. "Titmarsh," I have said to myself, "if ever you travel again, do as the sultan has done, and *keep your dinner-bills.* They are always pleasant to look over; they always will recall happy hours and actions, be you ever so hard pushed for a dinner, and fain to put up with an onion and a crust: of the past Fate cannot deprive you. Yesterday is the philosopher's property; and by thinking of it, and using it to advantage, he may gaily go through to-morrow, doubtful and dismal though it be. Try this lamb stuffed with pistachio-nuts; another handful of this pillau. Ho, you rascals! bring round the sherbet there, and never spare the jars of wine—'tis true Persian, on the honour of a Barmecide!" Is not that dinner in the "Arabian Nights" a right good dinner? Would you have had Bedreddin to refuse and turn sulky at the windy repast, or to sit down grinning in the face of his grave entertainer, and gaily take what came? Remember what came of the honest fellow's philosophy. He slapped the grim old prince in the face; and the grim old prince, who had invited him but to laugh at him, did presently order a real and substantial repast to be set before him—great pyramids of smoking rice and pillau (a good pillau is one of the best dishes in the world), savoury kids, snow-cooled sherbets, luscious wine of Schiraz; with an accompaniment of moon-faced beauties from the harem, no doubt, dancing, singing, and smiling in the most ravishing manner. Thus should we, my dear friends, laugh at Fate's beard, as we confront him; thus should we, if the old monster be insolent, fall to and box his ears. He has a spice of humour in his composition; and be sure he will be tickled by such conduct.

Some months ago, when the expectation of war between England and France grew to be so strong, and there was such a talk of mobilizing national guards, and arming three or four hundred thousand more French soldiers—when such ferocious yells of hatred against perfidious Albion were uttered by the liberal French press, that I did really believe the rupture between the two countries was about immediately to take place—being seriously alarmed, I set off for Paris at once. My good sir, what could we do without our Paris? I came here first in 1815, when the Duke and I were a good deal remarked by the inhabitants. I proposed but to stay a week; stopped three months, and have returned every year since. There is something fatal in the place—a charm about it—a wicked one very likely—but it acts on us all; and perpetually the old Paris man comes hieing back to his quarters again, and is to be found, as usual, sunning himself in the Rue de la Paix. Painters, princes, gourmands, officers on half-pay—serious old ladies even acknowledge the attraction of the place—are more at ease here than in any other place in Europe; and back they come, and are to be found sooner or later occupying their old haunts.

My darling city improves, too, with each visit, and has some new palace, or church, or statue, or other gimcrack, to greet your eyes withal. A few years since, and lo! on the column of the Place Vendôme, instead of the shabby tricoloured rag, shone the bronze statue of Napoleon. Then came the famous triumphal arch; a noble building indeed!—how stately and white, and beautiful and strong, it seems to dominate over the whole city! Next was the obelisk; a huge bustle and festival being made to welcome it to the city. Then came the fair asphaltum terraces round about the obelisk; then the fountains to decorate the terraces. I have scarcely been twelve months absent, and behold they have gilded all the Naiads and Tritons; they have clapped a huge fountain in the very midst of the Champs Elysées—a great, glittering, frothing fountain, that to the poetic eye looks like an enormous shaving-brush; and all down the avenue they have placed hundreds of gilded flaring gas-lamps, that make this gayest walk in the world look gayer still than ever. But a truce to such descriptions, which might carry one far, very far, from the object proposed in this paper.

I simply wish to introduce to public notice a brief dinner-journal. It has been written with the utmost honesty and simplicity of purpose; and exhibits a picture or table of the development of the human mind under a series of gastronomic experiments, diversified in their nature, and diversified, consequently, in their effects. A man in London has not, for the most part, the opportunity to make these experiments. You are a family man, let us presume, and you live in that metropolis for half a century. You have on Sunday, say, a leg of mutton and potatoes for dinner. On Monday you have cold mutton and potatoes. On Tuesday, hashed mutton and potatoes; the hashed mutton being flavoured with little damp triangular pieces of toast, which always surround that charming dish. Well, on Wednesday, the mutton ended, you have beef: the beef undergoes the same alternations of cookery, and disappears. Your life presents a succession of joints, varied every now and then by a bit of fish and some poultry. You drink three glasses of a brandified liquor called sherry at dinner; your excellent lady imbibes one. When she has had her glass of port after dinner, she goes upstairs with the children, and you fall asleep in your armchair. Some of the most pure and precious enjoyments of life are unknown to you. You eat and drink, but you do not know the *art* of eating and drinking; nay, most probably you despise those who do. "Give me a slice of meat," say you very likely, "and a fig for your gourmands." You fancy it is very virtuous and manly all this. Nonsense, my good sir; you are indifferent because you are ignorant, because your life is passed in a narrow circle of ideas, and because you are bigotedly blind and pompously callous to the beauties and excellences beyond you.

Sir, RESPECT YOUR DINNER; idolize it, enjoy it properly. You will be by many hours in the week, many weeks in the year, and many years in your life the happier if you do.

Don't tell us that it is not worthy of a man. All a man's senses are worthy of employment, and should be cultivated as a duty. The senses are the arts. What glorious feasts does Nature prepare for your eye in animal form, in landscape, and painting! Are you to put out your eyes and not see? What royal dishes of melody does her bounty provide for you in the shape of poetry, music, whether windy or wiry, notes of the human voice, or ravishing song of birds! Are you to stuff your ears with cotton, and vow that the sense of hearing is unmanly?—you obstinate dolt you! No, surely; nor must you be so absurd as to fancy that the art of eating is in any way less worthy than the other two. You like your dinner, man; never be ashamed to say so. If you don't like your victuals, pass on to the next article; but remember that every man who has been worth a fig in this world, as poet, painter, or musician, has had a good appetite and a good taste. Ah, what a poet Byron would have been had he taken his meals properly, and allowed himself to grow fat—if nature intended him to grow fat—and not have physicked his intellect with wretched opium pills and acrid vinegar, that sent his principles to sleep, and turned his feelings sour! If that man had respected his dinner, he never would have written "Don Juan."

*Allons donc!* enough sermonizing; let us sit down and fall to at once.

I dined soon after my arrival at a very pleasant Paris club, where daily is provided a dinner for ten persons, that is universally reported to be excellent. Five men in England would have consumed the same amount of victuals, as you will see by the bill of fare:—

A beef, with carrots and vegetables, very good;

removed by

A brace of roast pheasants.

Soupe, purée aux croûtons.

Poulets à la Marengo;

removed by

Cardons à la Moelle.

Dessert of cheese, pears and Fontainebleau grapes.
Bordeaux red, and excellent Chablis at discretion.

This dinner was very nicely served. A venerable *maître d'hôtel* in black cutting up neatly the dishes on a trencher at the side-table, and several waiters attending in green coats, red plush tights, and their hair curled. There was a great quantity of light in the room; some handsome pieces of plated ware; the pheasants came in with their tails to their backs; and the smart waiters, with their hair dressed and parted down the middle, gave a pleasant, lively, stylish appearance to the whole affair.

Now I certainly dined (by the way, I must not forget to mention that we had with the beef some boiled kidney potatoes, very neatly dished up in a napkin)—I certainly dined, I say; and half an hour afterwards felt, perhaps, more at my ease than I should have done had I consulted my own inclinations, and devoured twice the quantity that on this occasion came to my share. But I would rather, as a man not caring for appearances, dine, as a general rule, off a beefsteak for two at the Café Foy, than sit down to take a tenth part of such a meal every day. There was only one man at the table besides your humble servant who did not put water into his wine; and he—I mean the other—was observed by his friends, who exclaimed, "Comment! vous buvez sec," as if to do so was a wonder. The consequence was, that half a dozen bottles of wine served for the whole ten of us; and the guests, having dispatched their dinner in an hour, skipped lightly away from it, did not stay to ruminate, and to feel uneasy, and to fiddle about the last and penultimate waistcoat button, as we do after a house-dinner at an English club. What was it that made the charm of this dinner?—for pleasant it was. It was the neat and comfortable manner in which it was served; the pheasant-tails had a considerable effect; that snowy napkin coquettishly arranged round the kidneys gave them a *distingué* air; the light and glittering service gave an appearance of plenty and hospitality that sent everybody away contented.

I put down this dinner just to show English and Scotch housekeepers what may be done, and for what price. Say,—

| | *s.* | *d.* |
|---|---|---|
| Soup and fresh bread<br>Beef and carrots } prime cost................ | 2 | 6 |
| Fowls and sauce.................................... | 3 | 6 |
| Pheasants (hens)...................................... | 5 | 0 |
| Grapes, pears, cheese, vegetables.................. | 3 | 0 |
| | 14 | 0 |

For fifteenpence *par tête* a company of ten persons may have a dinner set before them—nay, and be made to fancy that they dine well, provided the service is handsomely arranged, that you have a good stock of side-dishes, etc., in your plate-chest, and don't spare the spermaceti.

As for the wine, that depends on yourself. Always be crying out to your friends, "Mr. So-and-so, I don't drink myself, but pray pass the bottle. Tomkins, my boy, help your neighbour, and never mind me. What! Hopkins, are there two of us on the doctor's list? Pass the wine; *Smith*, I'm sure, won't refuse it;" and so on. A very good plan is to have the butler (or the fellow in the white waistcoat who "behaves as sich") pour out the wine when wanted (in half-glasses, of course), and to make a deuced great noise and shouting, "John, John, why the devil, sir, don't you help Mr. Simkins to another glass of wine?" If you point out Simkins once or twice in this way, depend upon it *he* won't drink a great quantity of your liquor. You may thus keep your friends from being dangerous by a thousand innocent manœuvres; and, as I have said before, you may very probably make them believe that they have had a famous dinner. There was only one man in our company of ten the other day who ever thought he had not dined; and what was he? a foreigner—a man of a discontented, inquiring spirit, always carping at things, and never satisfied.

Well, next day I dined *au cinquième* with a family (of Irish extraction, by the way), and what do you think was our dinner for six persons? Why, simply,—

Nine dozen Ostend oysters;
Soup à la mulligatawny;
Boiled turkey, with celery sauce;
Saddle of mutton rôti.
Removes: Plompouding; croûte de macaroni.
Vin: Beaune ordinaire, volnay, bordeaux, champagne, eau chaude, cognac.

I forget the dessert. Alas! in moments of prosperity and plenty one is often forgetful. I remember the dessert at the Cercle well enough.

A person whom they call in this country an *illustration littéraire*—the editor of a newspaper, in fact—with a very pretty wife, were of the party, and looked at the dinner with a great deal of good-humoured superiority. I declare, upon my honour, that I helped both the illustration and his lady twice to saddle of mutton; and as for the turkey and celery sauce, you should have seen how our host dispensed it to them! They ate the oysters, they ate the soup ("Diable! mais il est poivré!" said the illustration, with tears in his eyes), they ate the turkey, they ate the mutton, they ate the pudding; and what did our hostess say? Why, casting down her eyes gently, and with the modestest air in the world, she said, "There is such a beautiful piece of cold beef in the larder, do somebody ask for a little slice of it."

Heaven bless her for that speech! I loved and respected her for it; it brought the tears to my eyes. A man who could sneer at such a sentiment could have neither heart nor good breeding. Don't you see that it shows

Simplicity,
Modesty,
Hospitality?

Put these against

Waiters with their hair curled,
Pheasants roasted with their tails on,
A dozen spermaceti candles.

Add them up, I say, O candid reader, and answer in the sum of human happiness, which of the two accounts makes the better figure?

I declare, I know few things more affecting than that little question about the cold beef; and considering calmly our national characteristics, balancing in the scale of quiet thought our defects and our merits, am daily more inclined to believe that there is something in the race of Britons which renders them usually superior to the French family. This is but one of the traits of English character that has been occasioned by the use of roast beef.

It is an immense question, that of diet. Look at the two bills of fare just set down—the relative consumption of ten animals and six. What a profound physical and moral difference may we trace here! How distinct, from the cradle upwards, must have been the thoughts, feelings, education of the parties who ordered those two dinners! It is a fact which does not admit of a question, that the French are beginning, since so many English have come among them, to use beef much more profusely. Everybody at the restaurateur's orders beefsteak and pommes. Will the national character slowly undergo a change under the influence of this dish? Will the French be more simple, broader in the shoulders, less inclined to brag about military glory and such humbug? All this in the dark vista of futurity the spectator may fancy is visible to him, and the philanthropist cannot but applaud the change. This brings me naturally to the consideration of the manner of dressing beefsteaks in this country, and of the merit of that manner.

I dined on a Saturday at the Café Foy, on the Boulevard, in a private room, with a friend. We had

> Potage julienne, with a little purée in it;
> Two entrecôtes aux épinards;
> One perdreau truffé;
> One fromage roquefort;
> A bottle of nuits with the beef;
> A bottle of sauterne with the partridge.

And perhaps a glass of punch, with a cigar, afterwards; but that is neither here nor there. The insertion of the purée into the julienne was not of my recommending; and if this junction is effected at all, the operation should be performed with the greatest care. If you put too much purée, both soups are infallibly spoiled. A much better plan it is to have your julienne by itself, though I will not enlarge on this point, as the excellent friend with whom I dined may chance to see this notice, and may be hurt at the renewal in print of a dispute which caused a good deal of pain to both of us. By the way, we had half a dozen sardines while the dinner was getting ready, eating them with delicious bread and butter, for which this place is famous. Then followed the soup. Why the deuce *would* he have the pu—— but never mind. After the soup, we had what I do not hesitate to call the very best beefsteak I ever ate in my life. By the shade of Heliogabalus! as I write about it now, a week after I have eaten it, the old, rich, sweet, piquant, juicy taste comes smacking on my lips again, and I feel something of that exquisite sensation I then had. I am ashamed of the delight which the eating of that piece of meat caused me. G—— and I had quarrelled about the soup (I said so, and don't wish to return to the subject); but when we began on the steak, we looked at each other, and loved each other. We did not speak—our hearts were too full for that; but we took a bit, and laid down our forks, and looked at one another, and understood each other. There were no two individuals on this wide earth—no two lovers billing in the shade—no mother clasping baby to her heart, more supremely happy than we. Every now and then we had a glass of honest, firm, generous Burgundy, that nobly supported the meat. As you may fancy, we did not leave a single morsel of the steak; but when it was done, we put bits of bread into the silver dish, and wistfully sopped up the gravy. I suppose I shall never in this world taste anything so good again. But what then? What if I *did* like it excessively? Was my liking unjust or unmanly? Is my regret now puling or unworthy? No. "Laudo manentem!" as Titmouse says. When it is eaten, I resign myself, and can eat a two-franc dinner at Richard's without ill-humour and without a pang.

Any dispute about the relative excellence of the beefsteak cut from the fillet, as is usual in France, and of the *entrecôte*, must henceforth be idle and absurd. Whenever, my dear young friend, you go to Paris, call at once for the *entrecôte;* the fillet in comparison to it is a poor *fade* lady's meat. What folly, by the way, is that in England which induces us to attach an estimation to the part of the sirloin that is called the Sunday side—poor, tender, stringy stuff, not comparable to the manly meat on the other side, handsomely garnished with crisp fat, and with a layer of horn! Give the Sunday side to misses and ladies'-maids; for men be the Monday's side, or, better still, a thousand times more succulent and full of flavour—the *ribs of beef.* This is the meat I would eat were I going to do battle with any mortal foe. Fancy a hundred thousand Englishmen, after a meal of stalwart beef ribs, encountering a hundred thousand Frenchmen who had partaken of a trifling collation of soup, turnips, carrots, onions, and Gruyère cheese. Would it be manly to engage at such odds? I say, no.

Passing by Véry's one day, I saw a cadaverous cook with a spatula thumping a poor beefsteak with all his might. This is not only a horrible cruelty, but an error. They not only beat the beef, moreover, but they soak it in oil. Absurd, disgusting barbarity! Beef so beaten loses its natural spirit; it is too noble for corporal punishment. You may by these tortures and artifices make it soft and greasy, but tender and juicy never.

The landlord of the Café Foy (I have received no sort of consideration from him) knows this truth full well, and follows the simple, honest plan—first, to have good meat, and next to hang it a long time. I have instructed him how to do the steaks to a turn—not raw, horribly livid and blue in the midst, as I have seen great flaps of meat (what a shame to think of our fine meat being so treated!), but *cooked* all the way through. Go to the Café Foy then, ask for a BEEFSTEAK A LA TITMARSH, and you will see what a dish will be set before you. I have dwelt upon this point at too much length, perhaps, for some of my readers; but it can't be helped. The truth is, beef is my weakness; and I do declare that I derive more positive enjoyment from the simple viand than from any concoction whatever in the whole cook's cyclopædia.

Always drink red wine with beefsteaks—port, if possible; if not, Burgundy, of not too high a flavour—good Beaune, say. This fact, which is very likely not known to many persons who, forsooth, are too magnificent to care about their meat and drink—this simple fact I take to be worth the whole price I shall get for this article.

But to return to dinner. We were left, I think, G—— and I, sopping up the gravy with bits of bread, and declaring that no power on earth could induce us to eat a morsel more that day. At one time we thought of countermanding the perdreau aux truffes, that to my certain knowledge had been betruffed five days before.

Poor blind mortals that we were; ungrateful to our appetites, needlessly mistrustful and cowardly. A man may do what he dares; nor does he know, until he tries, what the honest appetite will bear. We were kept waiting between the steak and the partridge some ten minutes or so. For the first two or three minutes we lay back in our chairs quite exhausted indeed. Then we began to fiddle with a dish of toothpicks, for want of anything more savoury; then we looked out of the window; then G—— got in a rage, rang the bell violently, and asked, "Pourquoi diable nous fait-on attendre si longtemps?" The waiter grinned. He is a nice good-humoured fellow, Auguste, and I heartily trust that some reader of this may give him a five-franc piece for my sake. Auguste grinned and disappeared.

Presently we were aware of an odour gradually coming towards us, something musky, fiery, savoury, mysterious—a hot, drowsy smell, that lulls the senses, and yet inflames them—the truffes were coming! Yonder they lie, caverned under the full bosom of the red-legged bird. My hand trembled as, after a little pause, I cut the animal in two. G—— said I did not give him his share of the truffes; I don't believe I did. I spilled some salt into my plate, and a little cayenne pepper—very little. We began, as far as I can remember, the following conversation:—

*Gustavus.* Chop, chop, chop.

*Michael Angelo.* Globlobbloblob.

*G.* Gobble.

*M. A.* Obble.

*G.* Here's a big one.

*M. A.* Hobgob. What wine shall we have? I should like some champagne.

*G.* It's bad here. Have some Sauterne.

*M. A.* Very well. Hobgobglobglob, etc.

*Auguste* (opening the Sauterne). Cloo-oo-oo-oop! The cork is out; he pours it into the glass, glock, glock, glock.

Nothing more took place in the way of talk. The poor little partridge was soon a heap of bones—a very little heap. A trufflesque odour was left in the room, but only an odour. Presently the cheese was brought; the amber Sauterne flask has turned of a sickly green hue; nothing, save half a glass of sediment at the bottom, remained to tell of the light and social spirit that had but one half-hour before inhabited the flask. Darkness fell upon our little chamber; the men in the street began crying, "*Messager! Journal du Soir!*" The bright moon rose glittering over the tiles of the Rue Louis le Grand opposite, illuminating two glasses of punch that two gentlemen in a small room of the Café Foy did ever and anon raise to their lips. Both were silent; both happy; both were smoking cigars, for both knew that the soothing plant of Cuba is sweeter to the philosopher after dinner than the prattle of all the women in the world. Women—psha! The man who, after dinner—after a good dinner—can think about driving home, and shaving himself by candlelight, and enduing a damp shirt, and a pair of tight glazed pumps to show his cobweb stockings and set his feet in a flame; and, having undergone all this, can get into a cold cab, and drive off to No. 222 Harley Street, where Mrs. Mortimer Smith is at home; where you take off your cloak in a damp, dark back parlour, called Mr. Smith's study, and containing, when you arrive, twenty-four ladies' cloaks and tippets, fourteen hats, two pairs of clogs (belonging to two gentlemen of the Middle Temple, who walk for economy, and think dancing at Mrs. Mortimer Smith's the height of enjoyment),—the man who can do all this, and walk, gracefully smiling, into Mrs. Smith's drawing-rooms, where the brown holland bags have been removed from the chandeliers, a man from Kirkman's is thumping on the piano, and Mrs. Smith is standing simpering in the middle of the room, dressed in red, with a bird of paradise in her turban, a tremulous fan in one hand, and the other clutching hold of her little fat gold watch and seals,—the man who, after making his bow to Mrs. Smith, can advance to Miss Jones, in blue crape, and lead her to a place among six other pairs of solemn-looking persons, and whisper *fadaises* to her (at which she cries, "Oh, fie, you naughty man! how can you?"), and look at Miss Smith's red shoulders struggling out of her gown, and her mottled elbows that a pair of crumpled kid gloves leave in a state of delicious nature; and, after having gone through certain mysterious quadrille figures with her, lead her back to her mamma, who has just seized a third glass of muddy negus from the black footman;—the man who can do all this may do it. and go hang, for me! And many such men there be, my Gustavus, in yonder dusky London city. Be it ours, my dear friend, when the day's labour and repast are done, to lie and ruminate calmly; to watch the bland cigar-smoke as it rises gently ceiling-wards; to be idle in body as well as mind; not to kick our heels madly in quadrilles, and puff and pant in senseless gallopades; let us appreciate the joys of idleness; let us give a loose to silence; and having enjoyed this, the best dessert after a goodly dinner, at close of eve saunter slowly home.

* * * * *

As the dinner above described drew no less than three five-franc pieces out of my purse, I determined to economize for the next few days, and either to be invited out to dinner, or else to partake of some repast at a small charge, such as one may have here. I had on the day succeeding the truffled partridge a dinner for a shilling, namely:—

Bifsteck aux pommes (heu quantum mutatus ab illo!)
Galantine de volaille,
Fromage de Gruyère,
Demi-bouteille de vin très-vieux de Mâcon ou Chablis,
Pain à discrétion.

This dinner, my young friend, was taken about half-past two o'clock in the day, and was, in fact, a breakfast—a breakfast taken at a two-franc house, in the Rue Haute Vivienne. It was certainly a sufficient dinner; I certainly was not hungry for all the rest of the day. Nay, the wine was decently good, as almost all wine is in the morning, if one had the courage or the power to drink it. You see many honest English families marching into these two-franc eating-houses, at five o'clock, and fancy they dine in great luxury. Returning to England, however, they inform their friends that the meat in France is not good, that the fowls are very small and black, the kidneys very tough, the partridges and fruit have no taste in them, and the soup is execrably thin. A dinner at Williams's, in the Old Bailey, is better than the best of these; and therefore had the English cockney better remain at Williams's than judge the great nation so falsely.

The worst of these two-franc establishments is a horrid air of shabby elegance which distinguishes them. At some of them they will go the length of changing your knife and fork with every dish; they have grand chimney-glasses, and a fine lady at the counter, and fine arabesque paintings on the walls; they give you your soup in a battered dish of plated ware, which has served its best time, most likely, in a first-rate establishment, and comes here to *étaler* its second-hand splendour amongst amateurs of a lower grade. I fancy the very meat that is served to you has undergone the same degradation, and that some of the mouldy cutlets that are offered to the two-franc epicures lay once plump and juicy in Véry's larder. Much better is the sanded floor and the iron fork! Homely neatness is the charm of poverty; elegance should belong to wealth alone. There is a very decent place where you dine for thirty-two sous in the Passage Choiseul. You get your soup in china bowls; they don't change your knife and fork, but they give you very fit portions of meat and potatoes, and mayhap a herring with mustard sauce, a dish of apple fritters, a dessert of stewed prunes, and a pint of drinkable wine, as I have proved only yesterday.

After two such banyan days, I allowed myself a little feasting; and as nobody persisted in asking me to dinner, I went off to the "Trois Frères" by myself, and dined in that excellent company.

I would recommend a man who is going to dine by himself here, to reflect well before he orders soup for dinner.

My notion is, that you eat as much after soup as without it, but you *don't eat with the same appetite.*

Especially if you are a healthy man, as I am—deuced hungry at five o'clock. My appetite runs away with me; and if I order soup (which is always enough for two), I invariably swallow the whole of it, and the greater portion of my *petit pain*, too, before my second dish arrives.

The best part of a pint of julienne, or purée à la Condé, is very well for a man who has only one dish besides to devour; but not for you and me, who like our fish and our *rôti* of game or meat as well.

Oysters you may eat. They do, for a fact, prepare one to go through the rest of a dinner properly. Lemon and cayenne pepper is the word, depend on it, and a glass of white wine braces you up for what is to follow.

French restaurateur dinners are intended, however, for two people, at least; still better for three; and require a good deal of thought before you can arrange them for one.

Here, for instance, is a recent *menu*:—

*Trois Frères Provençaux.*

| | f. | c. |
|---|---|---|
| Pain | 0 | 25 |
| Beaune première | 3 | 0 |
| Purée à la Créci | 0 | 75 |
| Turbot aux capres | 1 | 75 |
| Quart poulet aux truffes | 2 | 25 |
| Champignons à la Provençale | 1 | 25 |
| Gelée aux pommes | 1 | 25 |
| Cognac | 0 | 30 |
| | 10 | 80 |

A heavy bill for a single man; and a heavy dinner, too; for I have said before I have a great appetite, and when a thing is put before me I eat it. At Brussels I once ate fourteen dishes; and have seen a lady, with whom I was in love, at the table of a German grand duke, eat seventeen dishes. This is a positive though disgusting fact. Up to the first twelve dishes she had a very good chance of becoming Mrs. Titmarsh, but I have lost sight of her since.

Well, then, I say to you, if you have self-command enough to send away half your soup, order some; but you are a poor creature if you do, after all. If you are a man, and have *not* that self-command, don't have any. The Frenchman cannot live without it, but I say to you that you are better than a Frenchman. I would lay even money that you who are reading this are more than five feet seven in height, and weigh eleven stone; while a Frenchman is five feet four, and does not weigh nine. The Frenchman has after his soup a dish of vegetables, where you have one of meat. You are a different and superior animal—a French-beating animal (the history of hundreds of years has shown you to be so): you must have, to keep up that superior weight and sinew, which is the secret of your superiority—as for public institutions, bah!—you must have, I say, simpler, stronger, more succulent food.

Eschew the soup, then, and have the fish up at once. It is the best to begin with fish, if you like it, as every epicure and honest man should, simply boiled or fried in the English fashion, and not tortured and bullied with oil, onions, wine, and herbs, as in Paris it is frequently done.

Turbot with lobster-sauce is too much; turbot à la Hollandaise vulgar; sliced potatoes swimming in melted butter are a mean concomitant for a noble, simple, liberal fish: turbot with capers is the thing. The brisk little capers relieve the dullness of the turbot; the melted butter is rich, bland, and calm—it *should be*, that is to say; not that vapid watery mixture that I see in London; not oiled butter, as the Hollanders have it, but melted, with plenty of thickening matter: I don't know how to do it, but I know it when it is good.

They melt butter well at the "Rocher de Cancale," and at the "Frères."

Well, this turbot was very good; not so well, of course, as one gets it in London, and dried rather in the boiling, which can't be helped, unless you are a Lucullus or a Cambacérès of a man, and can afford to order one for yourself. This *grandeur d'âme* is very rare. My friend Tom Willows is almost the only man I know who possessed it. Yes, ——, one of the wittiest men in London, I once knew to take the whole *intérieur* of a diligence (six places), because he was a little unwell. Ever since I have admired that man. He understands true economy: a mean extravagant man would have contented himself with a single place, and been unwell in consequence. How I am rambling from my subject, however. The fish was good, and I ate up every single scrap of it, sucking the bones and fins curiously. That is the deuce of an appetite, it *must* be satisfied; and if you were to put a roast donkey before me, with the promise of a haunch of venison afterwards, I believe I should eat the greater part of the long-eared animal.

A pint of purée à la Créci, a pain de gruau, a slice of turbot—a man should think about ordering his bill, for he has had enough dinner; but no, we are creatures of superstition and habit, and must have one regular course of meat. Here comes the *poulet à la Marengo:* I hope they've given me the wing.

No such thing. The poulet à la Marengo aux truffes is bad—too oily by far; the truffles are not of this year, as they should be, for there are cartloads in town—they are poor in flavour, and have only been cast into the dish a minute before it was brought to table, and what is the consequence? They do not flavour the meat in the least. Some faint trufflesque savour you may get as you are crunching each individual root, but that is all, and that all not worth the having; for as nothing is finer than a good truffle, in like manner nothing is meaner than a bad one. It is merely pompous, windy, and pretentious, like those scraps of philosophy with which a certain eminent novelist decks out his meat.

A mushroom, thought I, is better a thousand times than these tough flavourless roots. I finished every one of them, however, and the fine fat capon's thigh which they surrounded. It was a disappointment not to get a wing, to be sure. They *always* give me legs; but, after all, with a little good-humour and philosophy, a leg of a fine Mans capon may be found very acceptable. How plump and tender the rogue's thigh is! his very drumstick is as fat as the calf of a London footman; and the sinews, which puzzle one so over the lean black hen-legs in London, are miraculously whisked away from the limb before me. Look at it now! Half a dozen cuts with the knife, and yonder lies the bone—white, large, stark naked, without a morsel of flesh left upon it, solitary in the midst of a pool of melted butter.

How good the Burgundy smacks after it! I always drink Burgundy at this house, and that not of the best. It is my firm opinion that a third-rate Burgundy, and a third-rate claret—Beaune and Larose, for instance—are *better* than the best. The Bordeaux enlivens, the Burgundy invigorates; stronger drink only inflames; and where a bottle of good Beaune only causes a man to feel a certain manly warmth of benevolence—a glow something like that produced by sunshine and gentle exercise—a bottle of Chambertin will set all your frame in a fever, swell the extremities, and cause the pulses to throb. Chambertin should *never* be handed round more than twice; and I recollect to this moment the headache I had after drinking a bottle and a half of Romanée-Gélée, for which this house is famous. Somebody else *paid* for the—(no other than you, O Gustavus! with whom I hope to have many a tall dinner on the same charges)—but 'twas in our hot youth, ere experience had taught us that moderation was happiness, and had shown us that it is absurd to be guzzling wine at fifteen francs a bottle.

By the way, I may here mention a story relating to some of Blackwood's men who dined at this very house. Fancy the fellows trying claret, which they voted sour; then Burgundy, at which they made wry faces; and finished the evening with brandy and *lunel!* This is what men call eating a French dinner. Willows and I dined at the "Rocher," and an English family there feeding ordered—mutton chops and potatoes. Why not, in these cases, stay at home? Chops are better chops in England (the best chops in the world are to be had at the Reform Club) than in France. What could literary men mean by ordering lunel? I always rather liked the descriptions of eating in the *Noctes.* They were gross in all cases, absurdly erroneous in many; but there was manliness about them, and strong evidence of a great, though misdirected and uneducated, genius for victuals.

Mushrooms, thought I, are better than those tasteless truffles, and so ordered a dish to try. You know what a *Provençale* sauce is, I have no doubt—a rich, savoury mixture of garlic and oil, which, with a little cayenne pepper and salt, impart a pleasant taste to the plump little mushrooms that can't be described but may be thought of with pleasure.

The only point was, how will they agree with me to-morrow morning? for the fact is, I had eaten an immense quantity of them, and began to be afraid! Suppose we go and have a glass of punch and a cigar! Oh, glorious garden of the Palais Royal! your trees are leafless now, but what matters? Your alleys are damp, but what of that? All the windows are blazing with light and merriment; at least two thousand happy people are pacing up and down the colonnades; cheerful sounds of money chinking are heard as you pass the changers' shops; bustling shouts of "Garçon!" and "V'là, monsieur!" come from the swinging doors of the restaurateurs. Look at that group of soldiers gaping at Véfour's window, where lie lobsters, pine-apples, fat truffle-stuffed partridges, which make me almost hungry again. I wonder whether those three fellows with mustachios and a toothpick a piece have had a dinner, or only a toothpick. When the "Trois Frères" used to be on the first floor, and had a door leading into the Rue de Valois, as well as one into the garden, I recollect seeing three men with toothpicks mount the stair from the street, descend the stair into the garden, and give themselves as great airs as if they had dined for a napoleon a-head. The rogues are lucky if they have had a sixteen-sous dinner; and the next time I dine abroad, I am resolved to have one myself. I never understood why Gil Blas grew so mighty squeamish in the affair of the cat and the hare. Hare is best, but why should not cat be good?

Being on the subject of bad dinners, I may as well ease my mind of one that occurred to me some few days back. When walking in the Boulevard, I met my friend, Captain Hopkinson, of the half-pay, looking very hungry, and indeed going to dine. In most cases one respects the dictum of a half-pay officer regarding a dining-house. He knows as a general rule where the fat of the land lies, and how to take his share of that fat in the most economical manner.

"I tell you what I do," says Hopkinson: "I allow myself fifteen francs a week for dinner (I count upon being asked out twice a week), and so have a three-franc dinner at Richard's, where, for the extra francs, they give me an excellent bottle of wine, and make me comfortable."

"Why shouldn't they?" I thought. "Here is a man who has served his country, and no doubt knows a thing when he sees it." We made a party of four, therefore, and went to the Captain's place to dine.

We had a private room *au second*—a very damp and dirty private room, with a faint odour of stale punch, and dingy glasses round the walls.

We had a soup of purée aux croûtons—a very dingy dubious soup, indeed, thickened, I fancy, with brown paper, and flavoured with the same.

At the end of the soup, Monsieur Landlord came upstairs very kindly, and gave us each a pinch of snuff out of a gold snuff-box.

We had four portions of anguille à la Tartare, very good and fresh (it is best in these places to eat freshwater fish). Each portion was half the length of a man's finger. Dish one was dispatched in no time, and we began drinking the famous wine that our guide recommended. I have cut him ever since. It was four-sous wine—weak, vapid, watery stuff, of the most unsatisfactory nature.

We had four portions of gigot aux haricots—four flaps of bleeding tough meat, cut unnaturally (that is, with the grain; the French gash the meat in parallel lines with the bone). We ate these up as we might, and the landlord was so good as to come up again and favour us with a pinch from his gold box.

With wonderful unanimity, as we were told the place was famous for civet de lièvre, we ordered civet de lièvre for four.

It came up; but we couldn't—really we couldn't. We were obliged to have extra dishes, and pay extra. Gustavus had a mayonnaise of crayfish, and half a fowl; I fell to work upon my cheese, as usual, and availed myself of the discretionary bread. We went away disgusted, wretched, unhappy. We had had for our three francs bad bread, bad meat, bad wine. And there stood the landlord at the door (and be hanged to him!) grinning and offering his box.

We don't speak to Hopkinson any more now when we meet him. How can you trust or be friendly with a man who deceives you in this miserable way?

What is the moral to be drawn from this dinner? It is evident. Avoid pretence; mistrust shabby elegance; cut your coat according to your cloth. If you have but a few shillings in your pocket, aim only at those humble and honest meats which your small store will purchase. At the Café Foy, for the same money, I might have had:—

| | f. | s. |
|---|---|---|
| A delicious entrecôte and potatoes | 1 | 5 |
| A pint of excellent wine | 0 | 10 |
| A little bread (meaning a great deal) | 0 | 5 |
| A dish of stewed kidneys | 1 | 0 |
| | 3 | 0 |

Or at Paolo's:—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| A bread (as before) | 0 | 5 |
| A heap of macaroni, or raviuoli | 0 | 15 |
| A Milanese cutlet | 1 | 0 |
| A pint of wine | 0 | 10 |

And ten sous for any other luxury your imagination could suggest. The raviuoli and the cutlets are admirably dressed at Paolo's. Does any healthy man need more?

These dinners, I am perfectly aware, are by no means splendid; and I might, with the most perfect ease, write you out a dozen bills of fare, each more splendid and piquant than the other, in which all the luxuries of the season should figure. But the remarks here set down are the result of experience, not fancy, and intended only for persons in the middling classes of life. Very few men can afford to pay more than five francs daily for dinner. Let us calmly, then, consider what enjoyment may be had for those five francs; how, by economy on one day, we may venture upon luxury the next; how, by a little forethought and care, we may be happy on all days. Who knew and studied this cheap philosophy of life better than old Horace before quoted? Sometimes (when in luck) he chirruped over cups that were fit for an archbishop's supper; sometimes he philosophized over his own *ordinaire* at his own farm. How affecting is the last ode of the first book:—

| *To his serving-boy.* | *Ad ministram.* |
|---|---|
| Persicos odi, | Dear Lucy, you know what my wish is,— |
| Puer, apparatus; | I hate all your Frenchified fuss; |
| Displicent nexæ | Your silly entrées and made dishes |
| Philyrâ coronæ: | Were never intended for us. |
| Mitte sectari | No footman in lace and in ruffles |
| Rosa quo locorum | Need dangle behind my armchair; |
| Sera moretur. | And never mind seeking for truffles, |
| | Although they be ever so rare. |
| | |
| Simplici myrto | But a plain leg of mutton, my Lucy, |
| Nihil allabores | I pr'ythee get ready at three: |
| Sedulus curæ: | Have it smoking, and tender, and juicy, |
| Neque te ministrum | And what better meat can there be? |
| Dedecet myrtus, | And when it has feasted the master, |
| Neque me sub arctâ | 'Twill amply suffice for the maid; |
| Vite bibentem. | Meanwhile I will smoke my canaster, |
| | And tipple my ale in the shade. |

Not that this is the truth entirely and for ever. Horatius Flaccus was too wise to dislike a good thing; but it is possible that the Persian apparatus was on that day beyond his means, and so he contented himself with humble fare.

A gentleman, by-the-bye, has just come to Paris to whom I am very kind, and who will, in all human probability, between this and next month, ask me to a dinner at the

"Rocher de Cancale." If so, something may occur worth writing about; or if you are anxious to hear more on the subject, send me over a sum to my address, to be laid out for you exclusively in eating. I give you my honour I will do you justice, and account for every farthing of it.

One of the most absurd customs at present in use is that of giving your friend—when some piece of good luck happens to him, such as an appointment as Chief Judge of Owhyhee, or King's Advocate to Timbuctoo—of giving your friend, because, forsooth, he may have been suddenly elevated from £200 a year to £2,000, an enormous dinner of congratulation.

Last year, for instance, when our friend, Fred Jowling, got his place of Commissioner at Quashumaboo, it was considered absolutely necessary to give the man a dinner, and some score of us had to pay about fifty shillings a piece for the purpose. I had, so help me Moses! but three guineas in the world at that period; and out of this sum the *bienséances* compelled me to sacrifice five-sixths, to feast myself in company of a man gorged with wealth, rattling sovereigns in his pocket as if they had been so much dross, and capable of treating us all without missing the sum he might expend on us.

Jow himself allowed, as I represented the case to him, that the arrangement *was* very hard; but represented, fairly enough, that this was one of the sacrifices that a man of the world, from time to time, is called to make. "You, my dear Titmarsh," said he, "know very well that I don't care for these grand entertainments" (the rogue, he is a five-bottle man, and just the most finished *gourmet* of my acquaintance!); "you know that I am perfectly convinced of your friendship for me, though you join in the dinner or not, but—it would look rather queer if you backed out—*it would look rather queer.*" Jow said this in such an emphatic way, that I saw I must lay down my money; and accordingly Mr. Lovegrove of Blackwall, for a certain quantity of iced punch, champagne, cider cup, fish, flesh, and fowl, received the last of my sovereigns.

At the beginning of the year Bolter got a place too—Judge-Advocate in the Topinambo Islands, of £3,000 a year, which, he said, was a poor remuneration in consideration of *the practice* which he gave up in town. He may have practised on his laundress, but for anything else I believe the man never had a client in his life.

However, on his way to Topinambo—by Marseilles, Egypt, the Desert, the Persian Gulf, and so on—Bolter arrived in Paris; and I saw from his appearance, and his manner of shaking hands with me, and the peculiar way in which he talked about the "Rocher de Cancale," that he expected we were to give him a dinner, as we had to Jowling.

There were four friends of Bolter's in the capital besides myself, and among us the dinner question was mooted. We agreed that it should be a simple dinner of ten francs a-head, and this was the bill of fare:—

1. Oysters (common), nice.
2. Oysters, green of Marennes (very good).
3. Potage, purée de gibier (very fair).

As we were English, they instantly then served us,—

4. Sole en matelotte Normande (comme ça).
5. Turbot à la crème au gratin (excellent).
6. Jardinière cutlets (particularly seedy).
7. Poulet à la Marengo (very fair, but why the deuce is one always to be pestered by it?)

8. }
9. } (Entrées of some kind, but a blank in my memory).

10. A rôt of chevreuil.
11. Ditto of ortolans (very hot, crisp, and nice).
12. Ditto of partridges (quite good and plump).
13. Pointes d'asperges.
14. Champignons à la Provençale (the most delicious mushrooms I ever tasted).
15. Pineapple jelly.
16. Blanc or red mange.
17. Pencacks. Let everybody who goes to the "Rocher" order these pancakes. They are arranged with jelly inside, rolled up between various *couches* of vermicelli, flavoured with a *leetle* wine; and, by everything sacred, the most delightful meat possible.
18. Timbale of macaroni.

The jellies and sucreries should have been mentioned in the dessert, and there were numberless plates of trifles, which made the table look very pretty, but need not be mentioned here.

The dinner was not a fine one, as you see. No rarities, no truffles even, no *mets de primeur*, though there were peas and asparagus in the market at a pretty fair price. But with rarities no man has any business except he have a colossal fortune. Hothouse strawberries, asparagus, etc., are, as far as my experience goes, most *fade*, mean, and tasteless meats. Much better to have a simple dinner of twenty dishes, and content therewith, than to look for impossible splendours and Apician morsels.

In respect of wine. Let those who go to the "Rocher" take my advice and order Madeira. They have here some pale old East India very good. How they got it is a secret, for the Parisians do not know good Madeira when they see it. Some very fair strong young wine may be had at the Hôtel des Américains, in the Rue Saint Honoré; as, indeed, all West India produce—pineapple rum, for instance. I may say, with confidence, that I never knew what rum was until I tasted this at Paris.

But to the "Rocher." The Madeira was the best wine served; though some Burgundy, handed round in the course of dinner, and a bottle of Montrachet, similarly poured out to us, were very fair. The champagne was decidedly not good—poor, inflated, thin stuff. They say the drink we swallow in England is not genuine wine, but brandy-loaded and otherwise doctored for the English market; but, ah, what superior wine! *Au reste*, the French will not generally pay the money for the wine; and it therefore is carried from an ungrateful country to more generous climes, where it is better appreciated. We had claret and speeches after dinner; and very possibly some of the persons present made free with a jug of hot water, a few lumps of sugar, and the horrid addition of a glass of cognac. There can be no worse practice than this. After a dinner of eighteen dishes, in which you have drunk at least thirty-six glasses of wine—when the stomach is full, the brain heavy, the hands and feet inflamed—when the claret begins to pall—you, forsooth, must gorge yourself with brandy-and-water, and puff filthy cigars. For shame! Who ever does it? Does a gentleman drink brandy-and-water? Does a man who mixes in the society of the lovelier half of humanity befoul himself by tobacco smoke? Fie, fie! avoid the practice. I indulge in it always myself; but that is no reason why you, a young man entering into the world, should degrade yourself in any such way. No, no, my dear lad, never refuse an evening party, and avoid tobacco as you would the upas plant.

By the way, not having my purse about me when the above dinner was given, I was constrained to borrow from Bolter, whom I knew more intimately than the rest; and nothing grieved me more than to find, on calling at his hotel four days afterwards, that he had set off by the mail post for Marseilles. Friend of my youth, dear, dear Bolter! if haply this trifling page should come before thine eyes, weary of perusing the sacred rolls of Themis in thy far-off island in the Indian Sea, thou wilt recall our little dinner in the little room of the Cancalian Coffee-house, and think for a while of thy friend!

Let us now mention one or two places that the Briton, on his arrival here, should frequent or avoid. As a quiet dear house, where there are some of the best rooms in Paris—always the best meat, fowls, vegetables, etc.—we may specially recommend Monsieur Voisin's café, opposite the Church of the Assumption. A very decent and lively house of restauration is that at the corner of the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre, on the Boulevard. I never yet had a good dinner at Véfour's; *something* is always *manqué* at the place. The grand Vatel is worthy of note, as cheap, pretty, and quiet. All the English houses gentlemen may frequent who are so inclined; but, though the writer of this has many times dined for sixteen sous at Catcomb's, cheek by jowl with a French chasseur or a labourer, he has, he confesses, an antipathy to enter into the confidence of a footman or groom of his own country.

A gentleman who purchases pictures in this town was lately waited upon by a lady, who said she had in her possession one of the greatest rarities in the world—a picture admirable, too, as a work of art—no less than an original portrait of Shakespeare, by his comrade, the famous John Davis. The gentleman rushed off immediately to behold the wonder, and saw a head, rudely but vigorously painted on panel, about twice the size of life, with a couple of hooks drawn through the top part of the board, under which was written:

THE WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,
BY JOHN DAVIS.

"Voyez-vous, Monsieur," said the lady; "il n'y a plus de doute. Le portrait de Shakespeare, du célèbre Davis, et signé même de lui!"

I remember it used to hang up in a silent little street in the Latin quarter, near an old convent, before a quaint old quiet tavern that I loved. It was pleasant to see the old name written up in a strange land, and the well-known friendly face greeting one. There was a quiet little garden at the back of the tavern, and famous good roast beef, clean rooms, and English beer. Where are you now, John Davis? Could not the image of thy august patron preserve thy house from ruin, or rally the faithful around it? Are you unfortunate, Davis? Are you a bankrupt? Let us hope not. I swear to thee that when, one sunny afternoon, I saw the ensign of thy tavern, I loved thee for thy choice, and doused my cap on entering the porch, and looked around, and thought all friends were here.

In the queer old pleasant novel of the "Spiritual Quixote" honest Tugwell, the Sancho of the story, relates a Warwickshire legend, which at the time Graves wrote was not much more than a hundred years old; and by which it appears that the owner of New Place was a famous jesting gentleman, and used to sit at his gate of summer evenings, cutting the queerest merriest jokes with all the passers-by. I have heard from a Warwickshire clergyman that the legend still exists in the country; and Ward's "Diary" says that Master Shakespeare died of a surfeit, brought on by carousing with a literary friend who had come to visit him from London. And wherefore not? Better to die of good wine and good company than of slow disease and doctors' doses. Some geniuses live on sour misanthropy, and some on meek milk and water. Let us not deal too hardly with those that are of a jovial sort, and indulge in the decent practice of the cup and the platter.

A word or two, by way of conclusion, may be said about the numerous pleasant villages in the neighbourhood of Paris, or rather of the eating and drinking to be found in the taverns of those suburban spots. At Versailles, Monsieur Duboux, at the Hôtel des Reservoirs, has a good cook and cellars, and will gratify you with a heavier bill than is paid at Véry's and the "Rocher." On the beautiful terrace of Saint Germain, looking over miles of river and vineyard, of fair villages basking in the meadows, and great tall trees stretching wide round about, you may sit in the open air of summer evenings, and see the white spires of Saint Denis rising in the distance, and the grey arches of Marly to the right, and before you the city of Paris with innumerable domes and towers.

Watching these objects, and the setting sun gorgeously illumining the heavens and them, you may have an excellent dinner served to you by the *chef* of Messire Gallois, who at present owns the pavilion where Louis XIV. was born. The *maître d'hôtel* is from the "Rocher," and told us that he came out to Saint Germain for the sake of the air. The only drawback to the entertainment is, that the charges are as atrociously high in price as the dishes provided are small in quantity; and dining at this pavilion on the 15th of April, at a period when a *botte* of asparagus at Paris cost only three francs, the writer of this and a chosen associate had to pay seven francs for about the third part of a *botte* of asparagus, served up to them by Messire Gallois.

Facts like these ought not to go unnoticed. Therefore let the readers of *Fraser's Magazine* who propose a visit to Paris, take warning by the unhappy fate of the person now addressing them, and avoid the place or not, as they think fit. A bad dinner does no harm to any human soul, and the philosopher partakes of such with easy resignation; but a bad and dear dinner is enough to raise the anger of any man, however naturally sweet-tempered, and he is bound to warn his acquaintance of it.

With one parting syllable in praise of the "Marronniers" at Bercy, where you get capital eels, fried gudgeons fresh from the Seine, and excellent wine of the ordinary kind, this discourse is here closed. "En telle ou meilleure pensée, Beuueurs très illustres (car à vous non à aultres sont dédiés ces escriptz) reconfortez vostre malheur, et beuuez fraiz si faire se peult."

(*Fraser's Magazine*, June 1841.)

## MEN AND COATS.

THERE is some peculiar influence, which no doubt the reader has remarked in his own case, for it has been sung by ten thousand poets, or versifying persons, whose ideas you adopt, if perchance, as is barely possible, you have none of your own—there is, I say, a certain balmy influence in the springtime, which brings a rush of fresh dancing blood into the veins of all nature, and causes it to wear a peculiarly festive and sporting look. Look at the old Sun: how pale he was all the winter through! Some days he was so cold and wretched he would not come out at all—he would not leave his bed till eight o'clock, and retired to rest, the old sluggard! at four. But lo! comes May, and he is up at five; he feels, like the rest of us, the delicious vernal influence; he is always walking abroad in the fresh air, and his jolly face lights up anew! Remark the trees: they have dragged through the shivering winter-time without so much as a rag to cover them; but about May they feel obligated to follow the mode, and come out in a new suit of green. The meadows, in like manner, appear invested with a variety of pretty spring fashions, not only covering their backs with a brand-new glossy suit, but sporting a world of little coquettish ornamental gimcracks that are suited to the season. This one covers his robe with the most delicate twinkling white daisies; that tricks himself out with numberless golden cowslips, or decorates his bosom with a bunch of dusky violets. Birds sing and make love; bees wake and make honey: horses and men leave off their shaggy winter clothing and turn out in fresh coats. The only animal that does not feel the power of spring is that selfish, silent, and cold-blooded beast, the oyster, who shuts himself up for the best months of the year, and with whom the climate disagrees.

Some people have wondered how it is that what is called "the season" in London should not begin until spring.

What an absurd subject for wondering at! How *could* the London season begin at any other time? How could the great, black, bilious, overgrown city, stifled by gas, and fogs, and politics, ever hope to have a season at all, unless nature with a violent effort came to its aid about Easter-time, and infused into it a little spring blood. The town of London feels then the influences of the spring, and salutes it after its fashion. The parks are green for about a couple of months. Lady Smigsmag, and other leaders of the *ton*, give their series of grand parties; Gunter and Grange come forward with iced-creams and champagnes; ducks and green peas burst out; the river Thames blossoms with whitebait; and Alderman Birch announces the arrival of fresh lively turtle. If there are no birds to sing and make love, as in country places, at least there are coveys of opera-girls that frisk and hop about airily, and Rubini and Lablache to act as a couple of nightingales. "A lady of fashion remarked," says Dyson, in the *Morning Post*, "that for all persons pretending to hold a position in genteel society"—I forget the exact words, but the sense of them remains indelibly engraven upon my mind—"for any one pretending to take a place in genteel society, two things are *indispensable*. And what are these?—a BOUQUET AND AN EMBROIDERED POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF." This is a self-evident truth. Dyson does not furnish the bouquets—he is not a market-gardener—he is not the goddess Flora; but, a town-man, he knows what the season requires, and furnishes his contribution to it. The lilies of the field are not more white and graceful than his embroidered nose ornaments, and with a little *eau des cent mille fleurs*, not more fragrant. Dyson knows that pocket-handkerchiefs are necessary, and has "an express from Longchamps" to bring them over.

Whether they are picked from ladies' pockets by Dyson's couriers, who then hurry breathless across the Channel with them, no one need ask. But the gist of Dyson's advertisement, and of all the preceding remarks, is this great truth, which need not be carried out further by any illustrations from geography or natural history,—that in the spring-time all nature renews itself. There is not a country newspaper published in England that does not proclaim the same fact. Madame

Hoggin informs the nobility and gentry of Penzance that her new and gigantic stock of Parisian fashions has just arrived from London. Mademoiselle M'Whirter begs to announce to the *haut-ton* in the environs of John o' Groat's that she has this instant returned from Paris, with her dazzling and beautiful collection of spring fashions.

In common with the birds, the trees, the meadows—in common with the sun, with Dyson, with all nature, in fact—I yielded to the irresistible spring impulse,—*homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum*, etc.,—I acknowledged the influence of the season, and ordered a new coat, waistcoat, and tr—— in short, a new suit. Now, having worn it for a few days, and studied the effect which it has upon the wearer, I thought that perhaps an essay upon new clothes and their influence might be attended with some profit both to the public and the writer.

One thing is certain. A man does not have a new suit of clothes every day; and another general proposition may be advanced, that a man in sporting a coat for the first time is either

agreeably affected, or
disagreeably affected, or
not affected at all,—

which latter case I don't believe. There is no man, however accustomed to new clothes, but must feel some sentiment of pride in assuming them—no philosopher, however calm, but must remark the change of raiment. Men consent to wear old clothes for ever—nay, feel a pang at parting with them for new; but the first appearance of a new garment is always attended with exultation.

Even the feeling of shyness, which makes a man ashamed of his splendour, is a proof of his high sense of it. What causes an individual to sneak about in corners and shady places, to avoid going out in new clothes of a Sunday, lest he be mistaken for a snob? sometimes even to go the length of ordering his servant to powder his new coat with sand, or to wear it for a couple of days, and remove the gloss thereof? Are not these manœuvres proofs of the effects of new coats upon mankind in general?

As this notice will occupy at least ten pages (for a reason that may be afterwards mentioned), I intend, like the great philosophers who have always sacrificed themselves for the public good, imbibing diseases, poisons, and medicines, submitting to operations, inhaling asphyxiations, etc., in order that they might note in themselves the particular phenomena of the case—in like manner, I say, I intend to write this essay in five several coats, namely :—

1. My old single-breasted black frock-coat, with patches at the elbows, made to go into mourning for William IV.

2. My double-breasted green ditto, made last year but one, and still very good, but rather queer about the lining, and snowy in the seams.

3. My grand black dress-coat, made by Messrs. Sparding and Spohrer, of Conduit Street, in 1836. A little scouring and renovating have given it a stylish look even now; and it was always a splendid cut.

4. My worsted-net jacket that my uncle Harry gave me on his departure for Italy. This jacket is wadded inside with a wool like that one makes Welsh wigs of; and though not handsome, amazing comfortable, with pockets all over.

5. MY NEW FROCK-COAT.

Now, will the reader be able to perceive any difference in the style of writing of each chapter? I fancy I see it myself clearly, and am convinced that the new frock-coat chapter will be infinitely more genteel, spruce, and glossy than the woollen-jacket chapter, which, again, shall be more comfortable than the poor, seedy, patched William-the-Fourth's black frock chapter. The double-breasted green one will be dashing, manly, free-and-easy; and though not fashionable, yet with a well-bred look. The grand black-dress chapter will be solemn and grave, devilish tight about the waist, abounding in bows and shrugs and small talk; it will have a great odour of bohea and pound-cake—perhaps there will be a faint whiff of negus—and the tails will whisk up in a quadrille at the end, or sink down, mayhap, on a supper-table bench before a quantity of trifles, lobster-salads, and champagnes; and near a lovely, blushing, white satin skirt, which is continually crying out, "O you ojous creature!" or, "O you naughty, satirical man, you!" "And do you really believe Miss Moffat dyes her hair?" "And have you read that sweet thing in the 'Keepsake,' by Lord Diddle?" "Well, only one *leetle*, leetle drop, for mamma will scold;" and "O you horrid Mr. Titmarsh, you have filled my glass, I declare!" Dear white satin skirt, what pretty shoulders and eyes you have! what a nice white neck, and bluish-mottled, round, innocent arms! how fresh you are and candid! and ah, my dear, what a fool you are!

* * * * *

I don't have so many coats nowadays as in the days of hot youth, when the figure was more elegant, and credit, mayhap, more plenty; and, perhaps, this accounts for the feeling of unusual exultation that comes over me as I assume this one. Look at the skirts, how they are shining in the sun, with a delicate gloss upon them—that evanescent gloss that passes away with the first freshness of the coat, as the bloom does from the peach. A friend meets you; he salutes you cordially, but looks puzzled for a moment at the change in your appearance. "I have it!" says Jones. "Hobson, my boy, I congratulate you—a new coat, and very neat cut—puce-coloured frock, brown silk lining, brass buttons, and velvet collar—quite novel, and quiet and genteel at the same time." You say, "Pooh, Jones! do you think so, though?" and at the same time turn round just to give him a view of the back, in which there is not a single wrinkle. You find suddenly that you must buy a new stock; that your old Berlin gloves will never do, and that a pair of three-and-sixpenny kids are absolutely necessary. You find your boots are cruelly thick, and fancy that the attention of the world is accurately divided between the new frock-coat and the patch on your great toe. It is very odd that that patch did not annoy you yesterday in the least degree; that you looked with a good-natured grin at the old sausage-fingered Berlin gloves, bulging out at the end, and concaved like spoons. But there *is* a change in the man, without any doubt. Notice Sir M—— O'D——: those who know that celebrated military man by sight are aware of one peculiarity in his appearance—his hat is never brushed. I met him one day with the beaver brushed quite primly; and looking hard at the baronet to ascertain the cause of this phenomenon, saw that he had a new coat. Even his great spirit was obliged to yield to the power of the coat—he made a genteel effort—he awoke up from his habitual Diogenic carelessness; and I have no doubt had Alexander, before he visited the cynic, ordered some one to fling a new robe into his barrel, but that he would have found the fellow prating and boasting with all the airs of a man of fashion, and talking of tilburies, opera girls, and the last ball at Devonshire House, as if the brute had been used all his life to no other company. Fie upon the swaggering, vulgar bully! I have always wondered how the Prince of Macedon, a gentleman by birth, with an excellent tutor to educate him, could have been imposed upon by the grovelling, obscene, envious tub-man, and could have uttered the speech we know of. It was a humbug, depend upon it, attributed to his Majesty by some maladroit *bon-mot* maker of the Court, and passed subsequently for genuine Alexandrine.

It is hardly necessary for the moralist earnestly to point out to persons moving in a modest station of life the necessity of not having coats of too fashionable and rakish a cut. Coats have been, and will be in the course of this disquisition, frequently compared to the flowers of the field—like them they bloom for a season, like them they grow seedy and they fade.

Can you afford always to renew your coat when this fatal hour arrives? Is your coat like the French monarchy, and does it never die? Have, then, clothes of the newest fashion, and pass on to the next article in the Magazine—unless, always, you prefer the style of this one.

But while a shabby coat, worn in a manly way, is a bearable, nay, sometimes a pleasing object, reminding one of "a good man struggling with the storms of fate," whom Mr. Joseph Addison has represented in his tragedy of "Cato"—while a man of a certain character may look august and gentlemanlike in a coat of a certain cut, it is quite impossible for a person who sports an ultra-fashionable costume to wear it with decency beyond a half year, say. *My* coats always last me two years, and any man who knows me knows how *I* look; but I defy Count d'Orsay thus publicly to wear a suit for seven hundred and thirty days consecutively, and look respectable at the end of that time. In like manner, I would defy, without any disrespect, the Marchioness of X——, or her Grace the Duchess of Z——, to sport a white satin gown constantly for six months and look decent. There is *propriety* in dress. Ah, my poor Noll Goldsmith, in your famous plum-coloured velvet I can see thee strutting down Fleet Street, and stout old Sam rolling behind, as Maister Boswell pours some Caledonian jokes into his ear, and grins at the poor vain poet. In what a pretty condition will Goldy's puce-coloured velvet be about two months hence, when it is covered with dust and grease, and he comes in his slatternly finery to borrow a guinea of his friend!

A friend of the writer's once made him a present of two very handsome gold pins, and what did the author of this notice do? Why, with his usual sagacity, he instantly sold the pins for five-and-twenty shillings, the cost of the gold, knowing full well that he could not afford to live up to such fancy articles. If you sport handsome gold pins, you must have everything about you to match. Nor do I in the least agree with my friend Bosk, who has a large amethyst brooch, and fancies that, because he sticks it in his shirit, his atrocious shabby stock and surtout may pass muster. No, no! let us be all peacock, if you please; but one peacock's feather in your tail is a very absurd ornament, and of course all moderate men will avoid it. I remember, when I travelled with Captain Cook in the South Sea Islands, to have seen Quashamaboo with nothing on him but a remarkably fine cocked hat; his queen sported a red coat; and one of the princesses went frisking about in a pair of leather breeches, much to our astonishment.

This costume was not much more absurd than poor Goldsmith's, who might be very likely seen drawing forth from the gold-embroidered pocket of his plum-coloured velvet a pat of butter wrapped in a cabbage-leaf, a pair of farthing rushlights, an onion or two, and a bit of bacon.

I recollect meeting a great, clever, ruffianly boor of a man, who had made acquaintance with a certain set of very questionable aristocracy, and gave himself the air of a man of fashion. He had a coat made of the very pattern of Lord Toggery's—a green frock, a green velvet collar, a green lining: a plate of spring-cabbage is not of a brisker, brighter hue.

This man, who had been a shopkeeper's apprentice originally, now declared that every man who was a gentleman wore white kid gloves, and for a certain period sported a fresh pair every day.

One hot, clear, sunshiny July day, walking down the Haymarket at two o'clock, I heard a great yelling and shouting of blackguard boys, and saw that they were hunting some object in their front.

The object approached us: it was a green object—a green coat, collar, and lining, and a pair of pseudo-white kid gloves. The gloves were dabbled with mud and blood. The man was bleeding at the nose, and slavering at the mouth, and yelling some unintelligible verses of a song, and swaying to and fro across the sunshiny street, with the blackguard boys in chase.

I turned round the corner of Vigo Lane with the velocity of a cannon-ball, and sprung panting into a baker's shop. It was Mr. Bludyer, our London Diogenes. Have a care, ye gay, dashing Alexanders! how ye influence such men by too much praise, or debauch them by too much intimacy. How much of that man's extravagance, and absurd aristocratic airs, and subsequent *roueries*, and cutting of old acquaintance, is to be attributed to his imitation of Lord Toggery's coat!

Actors of the lower sort affect very much braiding and fur collars to their frock-coats; and a very curious and instructive sight it is to behold these personages with pale lean faces, and hats cocked on one side, in a sort of pseudo-military trim. One sees many such sauntering under Drury Lane Colonnade, or about Bow Street, with sickly smiles on their faces. Poor fellows, poor fellows! how much of their character is embroidered in that seedy braiding of their coats! Near five o'clock, in the neighbourhood of Rupert Street and the Haymarket, you may still occasionally see the old, shabby, manly, gentlemanly, half-pay frock; but the braid is now growing scarce in London, and your military man, with reason perhaps, dresses more like a civilian, and understanding life better, and the means of making his half-crown go as far as five shillings in former days, has usually a club to dine at, and leaves Rupert Street eating-houses to persons of a different grade—to some of those dubious dandies whom one sees swaggering in Regent Street in the afternoon, or to those gay spruce gentlemen whom you encounter in Saint Paul's Churchyard at ten minutes after five, on their way westward from the City. Look at the same hour at the Temple, and issuing thence and from Essex Street you behold many scores of neat barristers, who are walking to the joint and half a pint of Marsala at the Oxford and Cambridge Club. They are generally tall, slim, proper, well-dressed men, but their coats are too prim and professionally cut. Indeed, I have generally remarked that their clerks, who leave chambers about the same time, have a far more rakish and fashionable air; and if, my dear madam, you will condescend to take a beefsteak at the "Cock," or at some of the houses around Covent Garden, you will at once allow that this statement is perfectly correct.

I have always had rather a contempt for a man who, on arriving at home, deliberately takes his best coat from his back and adopts an old and shabby one. It is a mean precaution. Unless very low in the world indeed, one should be above a proceeding so petty. Once I knew a French lady very smartly dressed in a black velvet pelisse, a person whom I admired very much—and indeed, for the matter of that, she was very fond of me, but that is neither here nor there—I say I knew a French lady of some repute who used to wear a velvet pelisse, and how do you think the back of it was arranged?

Why, pelisses are worn, as you know, very full behind; and Madame de Tournuronval had actually a strip of black satin let into the hinder part of her dress, over which the velvet used to close with a spring when she walked or stood, so that the satin was invisible. But when she sat on a chair, especially one of the cane-bottomed species, Euphemia gave a loose to her spring, the velvet divided on each side, and she sat down on the satin.

Was it an authorized stratagem of millinery? Is a woman under any circumstances permitted to indulge in such a manœuvre? I say, No. A woman with such a gown is of a mean, deceitful character. Of a woman who has a black satin patch behind her velvet gown, it is right that one should speak ill behind the back; and when I saw Euphemia Tournuronval spread out her wings (*non usitatæ pennæ*, but what else to call them?)—spread out her skirts and ensure them from injury by means of this dastardly ruse, I quitted the room in disgust, and never was intimate with her as before. A widow I know she was; I am certain she looked sweet upon me; and she said she had a fortune, but I don't believe it. Away with parsimonious ostentation! That woman, had I married her, would either have turned out a swindler, or we should have had *bouilli* five times a week for dinner—*bouilli* off silver, and hungry lackeys in lace looking on at the windy meal!

The old coat plan is not so base as the above female arrangement; but say what you will, it is not highminded and honourable to go out in a good coat, to flaunt the streets in it with an easy *dégagé* air, as if you always wore such, and returning home assume another under pretext of dressing for dinner. There is no harm in putting on your old coat of a morning, or in wearing one always. Common reason points out the former precaution, which is at once modest and manly. If your coat pinches you, there is no harm in changing it; if you are going out to dinner, there is no harm in changing it for a better. But I say the plan of habitual changing is a base one, and only fit for a man at last extremities; or for a clerk in the City, who hangs up his best garment on a peg, both at the office and at home; or for a man who smokes, and has to keep his coat for tea-parties—a paltry precaution, however, this. If you like smoking, why shouldn't you? If you *do* smell a little of tobacco, where's the harm? The smell is not pleasant, but it does not kill anybody. If the lady of the house do not like it, she is quite at liberty not to invite you again. *Et puis?* Bah! Of what age are you and I? Have we lived? Have we seen men and cities? Have we their manners noted, and understood their idiosyncrasy? Without a doubt! And what is the truth at which we have arrived? This—that a pipe of tobacco is many an hour in the day, and many a week in the month, a thousand times better and more agreeable society than the best Miss, the loveliest Mrs., the most beautiful Baroness, Countess, or what not. Go to tea-parties, those who will; talk fiddle-faddle, such as like: many men there are who do so, and are a little partial to music, and know how to twist the leaf of the song that Miss Jemima is singing exactly at the right moment. Very good. These are the enjoyments of dress-coats; but *men*—are they to be put off with such fare for ever? No! One goes out to dinner, because one likes eating and drinking; because the very act of eating and drinking opens the heart, and causes the tongue to wag. But evening parties! Oh, milk and water, bread and butter! No, no, the age is wiser! The manly youth frequents his club for common society, has a small circle of amiable ladies for friendly intercourse, his book and his pipe always.

Do not be angry, ladies, that one of your most ardent and sincere admirers should seem to speak disparagingly of your merits, or recommend his fellows to shun the society in which you ordinarily assemble. No, miss, I am the man who respects you truly—the man who respects and loves you when you are most lovely and respectable—in your families, my dears. A wife, a mother, a daughter—has God made anything more beautiful? A friend—can one find a truer, kinder, a more generous and enthusiastic one, than a woman often will be? All that has to do with your hearts is beautiful, and in everything with which they meddle, a man must be a brute not to love and honour you.

But Miss Rudge in blue crape, squeaking romances at a harp, or Miss Tobin dancing in a quadrille, or Miss Blogg twisting round the room in the arms of a lumbering Life Guardsman;—what are these?—so many vanities. With the operations here described the heart has nothing to do. Has the intellect? O ye gods! think of Miss Rudge's intellect while singing,—

> "Away, away to the mountain's brow,
>   Where the trees are gently waving;
> Away, away to the fountain's flow,
>   Where the streams are softly la-a-ving!"

These are the words of a real song that I have heard many times, and rapturously applauded too. Such a song, such a poem—such a songster!

No, madam, if I want to hear a song sung, I will pay eight-and-sixpence, and listen to Tamburini and Persiani. I will not pay, gloves, three-and-six; cab, there and back, four shillings; silk stockings every now and then, say a shilling a time,—I will not pay to hear Miss Rudge screech such disgusting twaddle as the above. If I want to see dancing, there is Taglioni for my money; or across the water, Mrs. Serle and her forty pupils; or at Covent Garden, Madame Vedy, beautiful as a houri, dark-eyed and agile as a gazelle. I can see all these in comfort; and they dance a great deal better than Miss Blogg and Captain Haggerty, the great red-whiskered monster, who always wears nankeens because he thinks his legs are fine. If I want conversation, what has Miss Flock to say to me, forsooth, between the figures of a cursed quadrille that we are all gravely dancing? By heavens, what an agony it is! Look at the he-dancers: they seem oppressed with dreadful care. Look at the cavalier seul: if the operation lasted long the man's hair would turn white—he would go mad! And is it for this that men and women assemble in multitudes—for this sorry pastime?

No! dance as you will, Miss Smith, and swim through the quadrille like a swan, or flutter through the galop like a sylphide, and have the most elegant fresh toilettes, the most brilliantly polished white shoulders, the blandest eyes, the reddest, simperingest mouth, the whitest neck, the—in fact, I say, be as charming as you will, *that* is not the place in which, if you are worth anything, you are most charming. You are beautiful; you are very much *décolletée;* your eyes are always glancing down at a pretty pearl necklace round a pearly neck, or on a fresh fragrant bouquet stuck—fiddlestick! What is it that the men admire in you?—the animal, miss—the white, plump, external Smith, which men with their eye-glasses, standing at various parts of the room, are scanning pertly and curiously, and of which they are speaking brutally. A pretty admiration, truly! But is it possible that these men can admire anything else in you who have so much that is really admirable? Cracknell, in the course of the waltz, has just time to pant into your ear, "Were you at Ascot races?" Kidwinter, who dances two sets of quadrilles with you, whispers to you, "Do you pwefer thtwawbewy ithe aw wathbewy ithe?" and asks the name of "that gweat enawmuth fat woman in wed thatin and bird of pawadithe!"

to which you reply, "Law, sir, it's mamma!" The rest of the evening passes away in conversation similarly edifying. What can any of the men admire in you, you little silly creature, but the animal? There is your mother, now, in red and a bird of paradise, as Kidwinter says. She has a large fan, which she flaps to and fro across a broad chest; and has one eye directed to her Amelia, dancing with Kidwinter before mentioned; another watching Jane, who is dancing *vis-à-vis* with Major Cutts; and a third complacently cast upon Edward, who is figuring with Miss Binx in the other quadrille. How the dear fellow has grown, to be sure; and how like his papa at his age—heigho! There is mamma, the best woman breathing; but fat, and even enormous, as has been said of her. Does anybody gaze on *her?* And yet she was once as slim and as fair as you, O simple Amelia!

Does anybody care for her? Yes, one. Your father cares for her—SMITH cares for her—and in his eyes she is still the finest woman of the room, and he remembers when he danced down seven-and-forty couples of a country-dance with her, two years before you were born or thought of. But it was all chance that Miss Hopkins turned out to be the excellent creature she was. Smith did not know any more than that she was gay, plump, good-looking, and had five thousand pounds. Hit or miss, he took her, and has had assuredly no cause to complain; but she might have been a Borgia or Joan of Naples, and have had the same smiling looks and red cheeks, and five thousand pounds, which won his heart in the year 1814.

The system of evening parties, then, is a false and absurd one. Ladies may frequent them professionally with an eye to a husband; but a man is an ass who takes a wife out of such assemblies, having no other means of judging of the object of his choice. You are not the same person in your white crape and satin slip as you are in your morning dress. A man is not the same in his tight coat and feverish glazed pumps, and stiff white waistcoat, as he is in his green double-breasted frock, his old black ditto, or his woollen jacket. And a man is doubly an ass who is in the habit of frequenting evening parties, unless he is forced thither in search of a lady to whom he is attached, or unless he is compelled to go by his wife. A man who loves dancing may be set down to be an ass, and the fashion is greatly going out with the increasing good sense of the age. Do not say that he who lives at home, or frequents clubs in lieu of balls, is a brute, and has not a proper respect for the female sex; on the contrary, he may respect it most sincerely. He feels that a woman appears to most advantage, not among those whom she cannot care about, but among those whom she loves. He thinks her beautiful when she is at home making tea for her old father. He believes her to be charming when she is singing a simple song at her piano, but not when she is screeching at an evening party. He thinks by far the most valuable part of her is her heart; and a kind, simple heart, my dear, shines in conversation better than the best of wit. He admires her best in her intercourse with her family and her friends, and detests the miserable, twaddling slipslop that he is obliged to hear from and utter to her in the course of a ball; and avoids and despises such meetings.

He keeps his evening coat, then, for *dinners.* And if this friendly address to all the mothers who read this miscellany may somewhat be acted upon by them; if heads of families, instead of spending hundreds upon chalking floors, and Gunter, and cold suppers, and Weippert's band, will determine upon giving a series of plain, neat, nice dinners, of not too many courses, but well cooked, of not too many wines, but good of their sort, and according to the giver's degree, they will see that the young men will come to them fast enough, that they will marry their daughters quite as fast, without injuring their health, and that they will make a saving at the year's end. I say that young men, young women, and heads of families should bless me for pointing out this obvious plan to them, so natural, so hearty, so hospitable, so different to the present artificial mode.

A grand ball in a palace is splendid, generous, and noble —a sort of procession in which people may figure properly. A family dance is a pretty and pleasant amusement; and (especially after dinner) it does the philosopher's heart good to look upon merry young people who know each other, and are happy, natural, and familiar. But a Baker Street hop is a base invention, and as such let it be denounced and avoided.

A dressing-gown has great merits, certainly, but it is dangerous. A man who wears it of mornings generally takes the liberty of going without a neckcloth, or of not shaving, and is no better than a driveller. Sometimes, to be sure, it is necessary, in self-defence, not to shave—as a precaution against yourself, that is to say; and I know no better means of ensuring a man's remaining at home than neglecting the use of the lather and razor for a week, and encouraging a crop of bristles. When I wrote my tragedy, I shaved off for the last two acts my left eyebrow, and never stirred out of doors until it had grown to be a great deal thicker than its right-hand neighbour. But this was an extreme precaution; and unless a man has very strong reasons indeed for stopping at home, and a very violent propensity to gadding, his best plan is to shave every morning neatly, to put on his regular coat, and go regularly to work, and to avoid a dressing-gown as the father of all evil. Painters are the only persons who can decently appear in dressing-gowns. But these are none of your easy morning-gowns; they are commonly of splendid stuff, and put on by the artist in order to render himself remarkable and splendid in the eyes of his sitter. Your loose, wadded German *schlafrock*, imported of late years into our country, is the laziest, filthiest invention; and I always augur as ill of a man whom I see appearing at breakfast in one, as of a woman who comes downstairs in curl-papers.

By the way, in the third act of "Macbeth," Mr. Macready makes his appearance in the courtyard of Glamis Castle in an affair of brocade that has always struck me as absurd and un-Macbethlike. Mac in a dressing-gown (I mean 'Beth, not 'Ready)—Mac in list slippers—Mac in a cotton nightcap, with a tassel bobbing up and down,—I say the thought is unworthy, and am sure the worthy thane would have come out, if suddenly called from bed, by any circumstance, however painful, in a *good stout jacket*. It is a more manly, simple, and majestic wear than the lazy dressing-gown; it more becomes a man of Macbeth's mountainous habits; it leaves his legs quite free, to run whithersoever he pleases—whether to the stables, to look at the animals; to the farm, to see the pig that has been slaughtered that morning; to the garden, to examine whether that scoundrel of a John Hoskins has dug up the potato-bed; to the nursery, to have a romp with the little Macbeths that are spluttering and quarrelling over their porridge—or whither you will. A man in a jacket is fit company for anybody. There is no shame about it as about being seen in a changed coat; it is simple, steady, and straightforward. It is, as I have stated, all over pockets, which contain everything you want: in one, your buttons, hammer, small nails, thread, twine, and cloth-strips for the trees on the south wall; in another, your dog-whip and whistle, your knife, cigar-case, gingerbread for the children, paper of Epsom salts for John Hoskins's mother who is mortal bad—and so on; there is no end to the pockets and to the things you put in them. Walk about in your jacket, and meet what person you will, you assume at once an independent air; and, thrusting your hands into the receptacle that flaps over each hip, look the visitor in the face, and talk to the ladies on a footing of perfect equality. Whereas, look at the sneaking way in which a man caught in a dressing-gown, in loose bagging trousers most likely (for the man who has a dressing-gown has, two to one, no braces), and in shuffling slippers—see how he whisks his dressing-gown over his legs, and looks ashamed and uneasy. His lanky hair hangs over his blowzy, fat, shining, unhealthy face; his bristly, dumpling-shaped double-chin peers over a flaccid shirt-collar; the sleeves of his gown are in rags, and you see underneath a pair of black wristbands and the rim of a dingy flannel waistcoat.

A man who is not strictly neat in his person is not an honest man. I shall not enter into this very ticklish subject of personal purification and neatness, because this essay will be read by hundreds of thousands of ladies as well as men; and for the former I would wish to provide nothing but pleasure. Men may listen to stern truths; but for ladies one should only speak verities that are sparkling, rosy, brisk, and agreeable. A man who wears a dressing-gown is not neat in his person; his moral character takes invariably some of the slatternliness and looseness of his costume; he becomes enervated, lazy, incapable of great actions. A man IN A

JACKET is a man. All great men wore jackets. Walter Scott wore a jacket, as everybody knows; Byron wore a jacket (not that I count a man who turns down his collars for much); I have a picture of Napoleon in a jacket, at Saint Helena; Thomas Carlyle wears a jacket; Lord John Russell always mounts a jacket on arriving at the Colonial Office. And if I have a single fault to find with that popular writer, the author of—never mind what, you know his name as well as I—it is that he is in the habit of composing his works in a large-flowered damask dressing-gown, and morocco slippers; whereas in a jacket he would write you off something not so flowery, if you please, but of honest texture—something not so long, but terse, modest, and comfortable—no great, long, streeling tails of periods—no staring peonies and hollyhocks of illustrations—no flaring cords and tassels of episodes—no great, dirty, wadded sleeves of sentiment, ragged at the elbows and cuffs, and mopping up everything that comes in their way—cigar-ashes, ink, candle-wax, cold brandy-and-water, coffee, or whatever aids to the brain he may employ as a literary man; not to mention the quantity of tooth-powder, whisker-dye, soap-suds, and pomatum that the same garment receives in the course of the toilets at which it assists. Let all literary men, then, get jackets. I prefer them without tails. But do not let this interfere with another man's pleasure; he may have tails if he likes, and I for one will never say him nay.

Like all things, however, jackets are subject to abuse; and the pertness and conceit of those jackets cannot be sufficiently reprehended which one sees on the backs of men at watering-places, with a telescope poking out of one pocket, and a yellow bandanna flaunting from the other. Nothing is more contemptible than Tims in a jacket, with a blue bird's-eye neck-handkerchief tied sailor-fashion, puffing smoke like a steamer, with his great broad orbicular stern shining in the sun. I always long to give the wretch a smart smack upon that part where his coat-tails ought to be, and advise him to get into a more decent costume. There is an age and a figure for jackets; those who are of a certain build should not wear them in public. Witness fat officers of the Dragoon Guards that one has seen bumping up and down the Steyne, at Brighton, on their great chargers, with a laced and embroidered coat, a cartridge-box, or whatever you call it, of the size of a twopenny loaf, placed on the small of their backs—if their backs may be said to have a small—and two little twinkling abortions of tails pointing downwards to the enormity jolting in the saddle. Officers should be occasionally measured, and after passing a certain width should be drafted into other regiments, or allowed—nay, ordered—to wear frock-coats.

The French tailors make frock-coats very well, but the people who wear them have the disgusting habit of wearing stays, than which nothing can be more unbecoming the dignity of man. Look what a waist the Apollo has, not above four inches less in the girth than the chest is. Look, ladies, at the waist of the Venus, and pray—pray do not pinch in your dear little ribs in that odious and unseemly way. In a young man a slim waist is very well; and if he looks like the Eddystone lighthouse, it is as nature intended him to look. A man of certain age may be built like a tower, stalwart and straight. Then a man's middle may expand from the pure cylindrical to the barrel shape; well, let him be content. Nothing is so horrid as a fat man with a band; an hour-glass is a most mean and ungracious figure. Daniel Lambert is ungracious, but not mean. One meets with some men who look in their frock-coats perfectly sordid, sneaking, and ungentlemanlike, who if you see them dressed for an evening have a slim, easy, almost fashionable appearance. Set these persons down as fellows of poor spirit and milksops. Stiff white ties and waistcoats, prim straight tails, and a gold chain will give any man of moderate lankiness an air of factitious gentility. But if you want to understand the individual, look at him in the daytime; see him walking with his hat on. There is a great deal in the build and wearing of hats—a great deal more than at first meets the eye. I know a man who in a particular hat looked so extraordinarily like a man of property, that no tradesman on earth could refuse to give him credit. It was one of André's, and cost a guinea and a half ready money; but the person in question was frightened at the enormous charge, and afterwards purchased beavers in the City at the cost of seventeen-and-sixpence.

And what was the consequence? He fell off in public estimation, and very soon after he came out in his City hat it began to be whispered abroad that he was a ruined man.

A blue coat is, after all, the best; but a gentleman of my acquaintance has made his fortune by an Oxford mixture, of all colours in the world, with a pair of white buckskin gloves. He looks as if he had just got off his horse, and as if he had three thousand a year in the country. There is a kind of proud humility in an Oxford mixture. Velvet collars, and all such gimcracks, had best be avoided by sober people. This paper is not written for drivelling dandies, but for honest men. There is a great deal of philosophy and forethought in Sir Robert Peel's dress; he does not wear those white waistcoats for nothing. I say that O'Connell's costume is likewise that of a profound rhetorician, slouching and careless as it seems. Lord Melbourne's air of reckless, good-humoured, don't-care-a-damn-ativeness is not obtained without an effort. Look at the Duke as he passes along in that stern little straight frock and plaid breeches; look at him, and off with your hat! How much is there in that little grey coat of Napoleon's! A spice of claptrap and dandyism, no doubt; but we must remember the country which he had to govern. I never see a picture of George III. in his old stout Windsor uniform without feeling a respect; or of George IV., breeches and silk stockings, a wig, a sham smile, a frogged frock-coat and a fur collar, without that proper degree of reverence which such a costume should inspire. The coat is the expression of the man—*οἵηπερ φύλλων*, etc.; and as the peach-tree throws out peach-leaves, the pear-tree pear-ditto, as old George appeared invested in the sober old garment of blue and red, so did young George in oiled wigs, fur collars, stays, and braided surtouts, according to his nature.

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Enough—enough; and may these thoughts arising in the writer's mind from the possession of a new coat, which circumstance caused him to think not only of new coats but of old ones, and of coats neither old nor new—and not of coats merely, but of men—may these thoughts so inspired answer the purpose for which they have been set down on paper, and which is not a silly wish to instruct mankind—no, no, but an honest desire to pay a deserving tradesman whose confidence supplied the garment in question.

PENTONVILLE, *April* 25, 1841.

(*Fraser's Magazine*, August 1841.)

## GREENWICH—WHITEBAIT.

I WAS recently talking in a very touching and poetical strain about the above delicate fish to my friend Foozle and some others at the club, and expatiating upon the excellence of the dinner which our little friend Guttlebury had given us, when Foozle, looking round about him with an air of triumph and immense wisdom, said,—

"I'll tell you what, Wagstaff, I'm a plain man, and despise all your gormandizing and kickshaws. I don't know the difference between one of your absurd made dishes and another; give me a plain cut of mutton or beef. I'm a plain Englishman, I am, and no glutton."

Foozle, I say, thought this speech a terrible set-down for me; and indeed acted up to his principles. You may see him any day at six sitting down before a great reeking joint of meat; his eyes quivering, his face red, and he cutting great smoking red collops out of the beef before him, which he devours with corresponding quantities of cabbage and potatoes, and the other gratis luxuries of the club-table.

What I complain of is, not that the man should enjoy his great meal of steaming beef—let him be happy over that as much as the beef he is devouring was in life happy over oil-cakes or mangel-wurzel—but I hate the fellow's brutal self-complacency, and his scorn of other people who have different tastes from his. A man who brags regarding himself, that whatever he swallows is the same to him, and that his coarse palate recognizes no difference between venison and turtle, pudding, or mutton-broth, as his indifferent jaws close over them, brags about a personal defect—the wretch—and not about a virtue. It is like a man boasting that he has no ear for music, or no eye for colour, or that his nose cannot scent the difference between a rose and a cabbage. I say, as a general rule, set that man down as a conceited fellow who swaggers about not caring for his dinner.

Why shouldn't we care about it? Was eating not made to be a pleasure to us? Yes, I say, a daily pleasure—a sweet solamen—a pleasure familiar, yet ever new; the same, and yet how different! It is one of the causes of domesticity. The neat dinner makes the husband pleased, the housewife happy; the children consequently are well brought up, and love their papa and mamma. A good dinner is the centre of the circle of the social sympathies. It warms acquaintanceship into friendship; it maintains that friendship comfortably unimpaired; enemies meet over it and are reconciled. How many of you, dear friends, has that late bottle of claret warmed into affectionate forgiveness, tender recollections of old times, and ardent glowing anticipations of new! The brain is a tremendous secret. I believe some chemist will arise anon who will know how to doctor the brain as they do the body now, as Liebig doctors the ground. They will apply certain medicines, and produce crops of certain qualities that are lying dormant now for want of intellectual guano. But this is a subject for future speculation—a parenthesis growing out of another parenthesis; what I would urge especially here is a point which must be familiar with every person accustomed to eat good dinners—namely, the noble and friendly qualities that they elicit. How is it we cut such jokes over them? How is it we become so remarkably friendly? How is it that some of us, inspired by a good dinner, have sudden gusts of genius unknown in the quiet unfestive state? Some men make speeches; some shake their neighbour by the hand, and invite him or themselves to dine; some sing prodigiously; my friend, Saladin, for instance, goes home, he says, with the most beautiful harmonies ringing in his ears; and I, for my part, will take any given tune, and make variations upon it for any given period of hours, greatly, no doubt, to the delight of all hearers. These are only temporary inspirations given us by the jolly genius, but are they to be despised on that account? No. Good dinners have been the greatest vehicles of benevolence since man began to eat.

A taste for good living, then, is praiseworthy in moderation—like all the other qualities and endowments of man. If a man were to neglect his family or his business on account of his love for the fiddle or the fine arts, he would commit just the crime that the dinner-sensualist is guilty of; but to enjoy wisely is a maxim of which no man need be ashamed. But if you cannot eat a dinner of herbs as well as a stalled ox, then you are an unfortunate man; your love for good dinners has passed the wholesome boundary, and degenerated into gluttony.

Oh, shall I ever forget the sight of the only City dinner I ever attended in my life! at the hall of the Right Worshipful Company of Chimney-sweepers. It was in May, and a remarkably late pea-season. The hall was decorated with banners and escutcheons of deceased *chummies;* martial music resounded from the balconies as the Master of the Company and the great ones marched in. We sat down, grace was said, the tureen-covers removed, and instantly a silence in the hall—a breathless silence—and then a great gurgle!—grwlwlwlw it sounded like. The worshipful Company were sucking in the turtle! Then came the venison, and with it were two hundred quarts of peas, at five-and-twenty shillings a quart. Oh my heart sank within me as we devoured the green ones! as the old waddling, trembling, winking citizens held out their plates quivering with anxiety, and, said Mr. Jones, "A little bit of the f-f-fat, another spoonful of the p-p-pe-as"—and they swallowed them down, the prematurely born children of the spring: and there were thousands in London that day without bread.

This is growing serious, and is a long grace before whitebait, to be sure; but at a whitebait dinner, haven't you remarked that you take a number of dishes first? In the first place, water-souchy, soochy, or soojy—flounder-souchy is incomparably, exquisitely the best; perch is muddy, bony, and tough; compared to it slips are coarse; and salmon—perhaps salmon is next to the flounder. You hear many people exclaim against flounder-souchy. I dined with Jorrocks, Sangsue, the Professor, and one or two more, only the other day, and they all voted it tasteless. Tasteless!

It has an almost angelic delicacy of flavour. It is as fresh as the recollections of childhood. It wants a Correggio's pencil to describe it with sufficient tenderness.

"*If a flounder had two backs*," Saladin said at the "Star and Garter" the other day, "it would be divine!"

Foolish man, whither will your wild desires carry you? As he is, a flounder is a perfect being. And the best reply to those people who talk about its tastelessness is to say, "Yes," and draw over the tureen to yourself, and never leave it while a single slice of brown bread remains beside it, or a single silver-breasted fishlet floats in the yellow parsley-flavoured wave.

About eels, salmon, lobsters, either *au gratin* or in cutlets, and about the variety of sauces—Genevese sauce, Indian sauce (a strong but agreeable compound), etc.—I don't think it is necessary to speak. The slimy eel is found elsewhere than in the stream of Thames: I have tasted him charmingly matelotted with mushrooms and onions at the "Marronniers" at Passy. The lusty salmon flaps in other waters: by the fair tree-clad banks of Lismore, by the hospitable margin of Ballynahinch, by the beauteous shores of Wye, and on the sandy flats of Scheveningen, I have eaten and loved him. I do not generally eat him at Greenwich. Not that he is not good. But he is not good in such a place. It is like Mrs. Siddons dancing a hornpipe, or a chapter of Burke in a novel—the salmon is too *vast* for Greenwich.

I would say the same, and more, regarding turtle. It has no business in such a feast as that fresh and simple one provided at the "Trafalgar" or the "Old Ship." It is indecorous somehow to serve it in that company. A fine large lively turtle and a poor little whitebait by his side! Ah, it is wrong to place them by each other.

At last we come to the bait. The twelve dishes of preparatory fish are removed, the Indian sauced salmon has been attacked in spite of our prohibition, the stewed eels have been mauled, and the flounder soup-tureen is empty. All those receptacles of pleasure are removed—eyes turned eagerly to the door, and enter

Mr. Derbyshire (with a silver dish of whitebait).
John (brown bread and butter).

Samuel (lemons and cayenne).
Frederick (a dish of whitebait).
Gustavus (brown bread and butter).
Adolphus (whitebait).
A waiter with a napkin, which he flaps about the room in an easy *dégagé* manner.

"There's plenty more to follow, sir," says Mr. D., whisking off the cover. Frederick and Adolphus pass rapidly round with their dishes; John and Gustavus place their refreshments on the table; and Samuel obsequiously insinuates the condiments under his charge.

Ah! he must have had a fine mind who first invented brown bread and butter with whitebait! That man was a kind, modest, gentle benefactor to his kind. We don't recognize sufficiently the merits of those men who leave us such quiet benefactions. A statue ought to be put up to the philosopher who joined together this charming couple. Who was it? Perhaps it was done by the astronomer at Greenwich, who observed it when seeking for some other discovery. If it were the astronomer—why, the next time we go to Greenwich we will go into the Park, and ascend the hill, and pay our respects to the Observatory.

That, by the way, is another peculiarity about Greenwich. People leave town, and *say* they will walk in the Park before dinner. But we never do. We may suppose there is a park from seeing trees, but we have never entered it. We walk wistfully up and down on the terrace before the hospital, looking at the clock a great many times; at the brown old seamen basking in the sun; at the craft on the river; at the nursery-maids mayhap, and the gambols of the shrill-voiced Jacks-ashore on the beach. But the truth is, one's thinking of something else all the time. Of the bait! Remark how silent fellows are on steamboats going down to Greenwich. They won't acknowledge it, but they are thinking of what I tell you.

Well, when the whitebait does come, what is it after all? Come now. Tell us, my dear sir, your real sentiments about this fish—this little, little fish about which we all make such a noise! There it lies. Lemon it, pepper it; pop it into your mouth. And what then?—a crisp crunch, and it is gone.

Does it realize your expectations? Is it better than anything you ever tasted? Is it as good as raspberry open tarts used to be at school? Come, upon your honour and conscience now, is it better than a fresh dish of tittlebacks or gudgeons?

O fool, to pry with too curious eye into these secrets! O blunderer, to wish to dash down a fair image because it may be of plaster! O dull philosopher, not to know that pursuit is pleasure, and possession worthless without it! I, for my part, never will, as long as I live, put to myself that question about whitebait. Whitebait is a butterfly of the waters; and as the animal mentioned by Lord Byron invites the young pursuer near, and leads him through thy fields, Cashmere—as it carries him in his chase through a thousand agreeable paths scented with violets, sparkling with sunshine, with beauty to feast his eyes, and health in the air--let the right-thinking man be content with the pursuit, nor inquire too curiously about the object. How many hunters get the brush of the fox? and what, when gotten, is the worth of that tawny wisp of hair?

Whitebait, then, is only a little means for acquiring a great deal of pleasure. Somehow, it is always allied with sunshine; it is always accompanied by jolly friends and good-humour. You rush after that little fish, and leave the cares of London behind you—the row and struggle, the foggy darkness, the slippery pavement where every man jostles you, striding on his way preoccupied, with care written on his brow. Look out of the window: the sky is tinted with a thousand glorious hues—the ships pass silent over the blue glittering waters—there is no object within sight that is not calm, and happy, and beautiful. Yes! turn your head a little, and there lie the towers of London in the dim smoky sunset. There lie Care, Labour, To-morrow. Friends, let us have another glass of claret, and thank our luck that we have still to-day.

On thinking over the various whitebait dinners which have fallen to our lot in the last month, somehow you are sure to find the remembrance of them all pleasant. I have seen some wretches taking whitebait and *tea*, which has always inspired me with a sort of terror, and a yearning to go up to the miserable objects so employed, and say, "My good friend, here is a crown-piece. Have a bottle of iced punch, or a tankard of delicious cider-cup—but not tea, dear sir; no, no, not tea; you can get that at home—there's no exhilaration in congo. It was not made to be drunk on holidays. Those people are unworthy of the "Ship"—I don't wish to quarrel with the enjoyments of any man—but fellows who take tea and whitebait should not be allowed to damp the festive feelings of persons better engaged. They should be consigned to the smiling damsels whom one meets on the walk to Mr. Derbyshire's, who issue from dingy tenements no bigger than houses in a pantomime, and who, whatever may be the rank of the individual, persist in saying, "Tea, sir—I can accommodate your party—tea, sir,—srimps?"

About the frequenters of Greenwich and the various classes of ichthyophagi, many volumes may be written. All classes of English Christians, with the exception of her Majesty and Prince Albert (and the more is the pity that their exalted rank deprives them of an amusement so charming!), frequent the hospitable taverns, the most celebrated gormandizer and the very humble. There are the annual Ministerial Saturnalia, which, whenever I am called in by her Majesty, I shall have great pleasure in describing in these pages, and in which the lowest becomes the highest for the occasion, and Taper and Tadpole take just as high rank as Lord Eskdale or Lord Monmouth. There are the private banquets in which Lord Monmouth diverts himself with his friends from the little French—but this subject has been already touched upon at much length. There are the lawyers' dinners, when Sir Frederick or Sir William is advanced to the honour of the bench or the attorney-generalship, and where much legal pleasantry is elicited. The last time I dined at the "Ship," hearing a dreadful bacchanalian noise issuing from a private apartment, I was informed, "*It's the gentlemen of 'Punch,' sir.*" What would I not have given to be present at such an assembly of choice spirits. Even missionary societies and converters of the Quashimdoo Indians come hither for a little easy harmless pleasuring after their labours, and no doubt the whitebait slips down their reverend throats, and is relished by them as well as by the profane crowd.

Then in the coffee-room, let a man be by himself, and he is never lonely. Every table tells its little history. Yonder sit three City bucks, with all the elegant graces of the Custom-house and the Stock Exchange.

"That's a good glass of wine," says Wiggins.

"Ropy," says Figgins, "I'll put you in a pipe of that to stand you in three-and-twenty a dozen."

Once, in my presence, I heard a City "gent" speak so slightingly of a glass of very excellent brown sherry, that the landlord was moved almost to tears, and made a speech, of which the sorrow was only equalled by the indignation.

Sporting young fellows come down in great numbers, with cut-away coats and riding-whips, which must be very useful on the water. They discourse learnedly about Leander and Running Rein, and say, "I'll bet you three to two of that."

Likewise pink-faced lads from Oxford and Cambridge. Those from the former university wear lavender-coloured gloves, and drink much less wine than their jolly comrades from the banks of Cam. It would be a breach of confidence to report their conversation, but I lately heard some very interesting anecdotes about the Master of Trinity, and one Bumpkins, a gyp there.

Of course there are foreigners. I have remarked many "Mosaic Arabs," who dress and drink remarkably smartly; honest, pudding-faced Germans, who sit sentimentally over their punch; and chattering little Frenchmen with stays, and whiskers, and canes, and little lacquered boots. These worthies drink ale, for the most part, saying, "Je ne bois que l'ale moi," or "Que la bière est bonne en Angleterre." "Et que le vin est mauvais," shrieks out the pigmy addressed, and so they club their sixpence, and remain faithful to the malt-and-hoppish liquor. It may be remarked that ladies and Frenchmen are not favourites with inn-waiters, coach guards, cabmen, and such officials, doubtless for reason entirely mercenary.

I could continue for many more pages, but the evening grey is tingeing the river, the packet-boat bells are ringing, the sails of the ships look greyer and more ghostlike as they sweep silently by. It is time to be thinking of returning, and so let us call for the bill, and finish with a moral. My dear sir, it is this. The weather is beautiful; the whitebait singularly fine this season. You are sure to be happy if you go to Greenwich. Go then; and, above all, TAKE YOUR AMIABLE LADY WITH YOU.

Ah! if but ten readers will but follow this advice, Lancelot Wagstaff has not written in vain, and has made ten charming women happy!

(*Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*, July 1844.)

## A LEAF OUT OF A SKETCH-BOOK.

If you will take a leaf out of my sketch-book, you are welcome. It is only a scrap, but I have nothing better to give. When the fishing-boats come in at a watering-place, haven't you remarked that though these may be choking with great fish, you can only get a few herrings or a whiting or two? The big fish are all bespoken in London. As it is with fish, so it is with authors, let us hope. Some Mr. Charles, of Paternoster Row, some Mr. Grove, of Cornhill (or elsewhere), has agreed for your turbots and your salmon, your soles and your lobsters. Take one of my little fish—any leaf you like out of the little book,—a battered little book: through what a number of countries, to be sure, it has travelled in this pocket!

The sketches are but poor performances, say you. I don't say no; and value them no higher than you do, except as recollections of the past. The little scrawl helps to fetch back the scene which was present and alive once, and is gone away now, and dead. The past resurges out of its grave—comes up, a sad-eyed ghost sometimes, and gives a wan ghost-like look of recognition, ere it pops down under cover again. Here's the Thames, an old graveyard, an old church, and some old chestnuts standing behind it. Ah! it was a very cheery place, that old graveyard; but what a dismal, cut-throat, crack-windowed, disreputable residence was that "charming villa on the banks of the Thames," which led me on the day's excursion! Why, the "capacious stabling" was a ruinous wooden old barn; the garden was a mangy potato patch, overlooked by the territories of a neighbouring washerwoman. The housekeeper owned that the water was constantly in the cellars and ground-floor rooms in winter. Had I gone to live in that place, I should have perished like a flower in spring, or a young gazelle, let us say, with dark blue eye. I had spent a day, and hired a fly at ever so much charges, misled by an unveracious auctioneer, against whom I have no remedy for publishing that abominable work of fiction which led me to make a journey, lose a day, and waste a guinea.

What is the next picture in the little show-book? It is a scene at Calais. The sketch is entitled "The Little Merchant." He was a dear, pretty, little, rosy-cheeked merchant, four years old maybe. He had a little scarlet *képi;* a little military frock-coat; a little pair of military red trousers and boots, which did not near touch the ground from the chair on which he sat sentinel. He was a little crockery merchant, and the wares over which he was keeping guard, sitting surrounded by walls and piles of them as in a little castle, were——well, I never saw such a queer little crockery merchant.

Him and his little chair, boots, *képi*, crockery, you can see in the sketch; but I see, nay hear, a great deal more. At the end of the quiet little old, old street, which has retired out of the world's business as it were, being quite too aged, feeble, and musty to take any part in life, there is a great braying and bellowing of serpents and bassoons, a nasal chant of clerical voices, and a pattering of multitudinous feet. We run towards the market. It is a Church *fête* day. Banners painted and gilt with images of saints are flaming in the sun. Candles are held aloft, feebly twinkling in the noontide shine. A great procession of children with white veils, white shoes, white roses, passes, and the whole town is standing with its hat off to see the religious show. When I look at my little merchant, then, I not only see him, but that procession passing over the place; and as I see those people in their surplices, I can almost see Eustache de Saint Pierre and his comrades walking in their shirts to present themselves to Edward and Philippa of blessed memory. And they stand before the wrathful monarch, poor fellows, meekly shuddering in their chemises, with ropes round their necks; and good Philippa kneels before the Royal conqueror and says, "My King, my Edward, my *beau Sire!* Give these citizens their lives for our Lady's gramercy and the sake of thy Philippa!" And the Plantagenet growls, and scowls, and softens, and he lets those burgesses go. This novel and remarkable historical incident passes through my mind as I see the clergymen and clergyboys pass in their little short white surplices on a mid-August day. The balconies are full, the bells are all in a jangle, and the blue noonday sky quivers overhead.

I suppose other pen and pencil sketchers have the same feeling. The sketch brings back not only the scene, but the circumstances under which the scene was viewed. In taking up an old book, for instance, written in former days by your humble servant, he comes upon passages which are outwardly lively and facetious, but inspire their writer with the most dismal melancholy. I lose all cognizance of the text sometimes, which is hustled and elbowed out of sight by the crowd of thoughts which throng forward, and which were alive and active at the time that text was born. Ah, my good sir! a man's books mayn't be interesting (and I could mention other authors' works besides this one's which set me to sleep); but if you knew *all* a writer's thoughts, how interesting his book would be! Why, a grocer's daybook might be a wonderful history, if alongside of the entries of cheese, pickles, and figs, you could read the circumstances of the writer's life, and the griefs, hopes, joys, which caused the heart to beat, while the hand was writing and the ink flowing fresh. Ah, memory! ah, the past! ah, the sad, sad past! Look under this waistcoat, my dear Madam. There. Over the liver. Don't be frightened. You can't see it. But there, at this moment, I assure you, there is an enormous vulture gnawing, gnawing!

Turn over the page. You can't deny that this is a nice little sketch of a quaint old town, with city towers, and an embattled town gate, with a hundred peaked gables, and rickety balconies, and gardens sweeping down to the river wall, with its toppling ancient summer-houses under which the river rushes—the rushing river, the talking river, that murmurs all day and brawls all night over the stones. At early morning and evening under this terrace which you see in the sketch—it is the terrace of the Steinbock or Capricorn Hotel—the cows come; and there, under the walnut-trees before the tannery, is a fountain and pump where the maids come in the afternoon and for some hours make a clatter as noisy as the river. Mountains gird it around, clad in dark green firs, with purple shadows gushing over their sides, and glorious changes and gradations of sunrise and setting. A more picturesque, quaint, kind, quiet little town than this of Coire in the Grisons, I have seldom seen; or a more comfortable little inn than this of the Steinbock or Capricorn, on the terrace of which we are standing. But quick, let us turn the page. To look at it makes one horribly melancholy. As we are on the inn-terrace, one of our party lies ill in the hotel within. When will that doctor come? Can we trust to a Swiss doctor in a remote little town away at the confines of the railway world? He is a good, sensible, complacent doctor, *laus Deo!* the people of the hotel as kind, as attentive, as gentle, as eager to oblige. But oh, the gloom of those sunshiny days; the sickening languor and doubt which fill the heart as the hand is making yonder sketch, and I think of the invalid suffering within!

Quick, turn the page. And what is here? This picture, ladies and gentlemen, represents a steamer on the Alabama river, plying (or *which plied*) between Montgomery and Mobile. See, there is a black nurse, with a cotton handkerchief round her head, dandling and tossing a white baby. Look in at the open door of that cabin, or "state-room" as they call the crib yonder. A mother is leaning by a bedplace; and see, kicking up in the air, are a little pair of white fat legs, over which that happy young mother is bending in such happy tender contemplation. That gentleman with a forked beard and a slouched hat, whose legs are sprawling here and there, and who is stabbing his mouth and teeth with his penknife, is quite good-natured, though he looks so fierce. A little time ago, as I was reading in the cabin, having one book in my hand and another at my elbow, he affably took the book at my elbow, read in it a little, and put it down by my side again. He meant no harm. I say he is quite good-natured and kind. His manners are not those of Mayfair; but is not Alabama a river as well as Thames? I wish that other little gentleman were in the cabin who asked me to liquor twice or thrice in the course of the morning, but whose hospitality I declined, preferring not to be made merry by wine or strong waters before dinner. After dinner, in return for his hospitality, I asked *him* if he would drink? "No, sir, I have dined," he answered, with very great dignity, and a tone of reproof. Very good. Manners differ. I have not a word to say.

Well, my little Mentor is not in my sketch, but he is in my mind as I look at it; and this sketch, ladies and gentlemen, is especially interesting and valuable, because *the steamer blew up on the very next journey*—blew up, I give you my honour—burst her boilers close by my state room, so that I might, had I but waited for a week, have witnessed a celebrated institution of the country, and had the full benefit of the boiling.

I turn a page, and who are these little men who appear on it? JIM and SADY are two young friends of mine at Savannah in Georgia. I made Sady's acquaintance on a first visit to America—a pretty little brown boy with beautiful bright eyes—and it appears that I presented him with a quarter of a dollar, which princely gift he remembered years afterwards; for never were eyes more bright and kind than the little man's when he saw me, and I dined with his kind masters, on my second visit. Jim at my first visit had been a little toddling tadpole of a creature, but during the interval of the two journeys had developed into the full-blown beauty which you see. On the day after my arrival these young persons paid me a visit, and here is an accurate account of a conversation which took place between us, as taken down on the spot by the elder of the interlocutors.

Jim is five years old, Sady is seben; only Jim is a great deal fatter. Jim and Sady have had sausage and hominy for breakfast. One sausage, Jim's, was the biggest. Jim can sing, but declines on being pressed, and looks at Sady and grins. They both work in de garden. Jim has been licked by Master, but Sady never. These are their best clothes. They go to church in these clothes. Heard a fine sermon yesterday, but don't know what it was about. Never heard of England—never heard of America. Like orangees best.

Don't know any old woman who sells orangees. (*A pecuniary transaction takes place.*) Will give that quarter dollar to Pa. That was Pa who waited at dinner. Are hungry, but dinner not cooked yet. Jim all the while is revolving on his axis, and when begged to stand still turns round in a fitful manner.

*Exeunt Jim and Sady with a cake a-piece, which the housekeeper gives them. Jim tumbles downstairs.*

In his little red jacket, his little—his little?—his immense red trousers.

On my word, the fair proportions of Jim are not exaggerated—such a queer little laughing blackamoorkin I have never seen. Seen? I see him now, and Sady, and a half-dozen more of the good people, creeping on silent bare feet to the drawing-room door when the music begins, and listening with all their ears, with all their eyes. Good-night, kind, warm-hearted little Sady and Jim! May peace soon be within your doors, and plenty within your walls! I have had so much kindness there, that I grieve to think of friends in arms and brothers in anger.

(*The Victoria Regia*, edited by Adelaide A. Procter, 1861.)

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## THE DIGNITY OF LITERATURE.

*To the Editor of the "Morning Chronicle."*

Sir,—In a leading article of your journal of Thursday, the 3rd instant, you commented upon literary pensions and the status of literary men in this country, and illustrated your arguments by extracts from the story of "Pendennis," at present in course of publication. You have received my writings with so much kindness, that, if you have occasion to disapprove of them or the author, I can't question your right to blame me, or doubt for a moment the friendliness and honesty of my critic; and however I might dispute the justice of your verdict in my case, I had proposed to submit to it in silence, being indeed very quiet in my conscience with regard to the charge made against me.

But another newspaper of high character and repute takes occasion to question the principles advocated in your article of Thursday, arguing in favour of pensions for literary persons as you argued against them; and the only point upon which the *Examiner* and the *Chronicle* appear to agree unluckily regards myself, who am offered up to general reprehension in two leading articles by the two writers: by the latter for "fostering a baneful prejudice" against literary men; by the former for "stooping to flatter" this prejudice in the public mind, and "condescending to caricature (as is too often my habit) my literary fellow-labourers, in order to pay court to the non-literary class."

The charges of the *Examiner* against a man who has never, to his knowledge, been ashamed of his profession, or (except for its dullness) of any single line from his pen, grave as they are, are, I hope, not proven. "To stoop to flatter" any class is a novel accusation brought against my writings; and as for my scheme "to pay court to the non-literary class by disparaging my literary fellow-labourers," it is a design which would exhibit a degree not only of baseness but of folly upon my part of which, I trust, I am not capable. The editor of the *Examiner* may perhaps occasionally write, like other authors, in a hurry, and not be aware of the conclusions to which some of his sentences may lead. If I stoop to flatter anybody's prejudices for some interested motives of my own, I am no more nor less than a rogue and a cheat; which deductions from the *Examiner's* premises I will not stoop to contradict, because the premises themselves are simply absurd.

I deny that the considerable body of our countrymen described by the *Examiner* "as the non-literary class" has the least gratification in witnessing the degradation or disparagement of literary men. Why accuse "the non-literary class" of being so ungrateful? If the writings of an author give the reader pleasure or profit, surely the latter will have a favourable opinion of the person who benefits him. What intelligent man, of whatsoever political views, would not receive with respect and welcome that writer of the *Examiner* of whom your paper once said that "he made all England laugh and think"? Who would deny to that brilliant wit, that polished satirist, his just tribute of respect and admiration? Does any man who has written a book worth reading—any poet, historian, novelist, man of science—lose reputation by his character for genius or for learning? Does he not, on the contrary, get friends, sympathy, applause—money, perhaps?—all good and pleasant things in themselves, and not ungenerously awarded as they are honestly won. That generous faith in men of letters, that kindly regard in which the whole reading nation holds them, appear to me to be so clearly shown in our country every day, that to question them would be absurd, as, permit me to say for my part, it would be ungrateful. What is it that fills mechanics' institutes in the great provincial towns when literary men are invited to attend their festivals? Has not every literary man of mark his friends and his circle, his hundreds or his tens of thousands of readers? And has not every one had from these constant and affecting testimonials of the esteem in which they hold him? It is, of course, one writer's lot, from the nature of his subject or of his genius, to command the sympathies or awaken the curiosity of many more readers than shall choose to listen to another author; but surely all get their hearing. The literary profession is not held in disrepute; nobody wants to disparage it; no man loses his social rank, whatever it may be, by practising it. On the contrary, the pen gives a place in the world to men who had none before—a fair place, fairly achieved by their genius, as any other degree of eminence is by any other kind of merit. Literary men need not, as it seems to me, be in the least querulous about their position any more, or want the pity of anybody. The money-prizes which the chief among them get are not so high as those which fall to men of other callings—to bishops, or to judges, or to opera-singers and actors; nor have they received stars and garters as yet, or peerages and governorships of islands, such as fall to the lot of military officers. The rewards of the profession are not to be measured by the money standard; for one man may spend a life of learning and labour on a book which does not pay the printer's bill, and another gets a little fortune by a few light volumes. But putting the money out of the question, I believe that the social estimation of the man of letters is as good as it deserves to be, and as good as that of any other professional man.

With respect to the question in debate between you and the *Examiner*, as to the propriety of public rewards and honours to literary men, I don't see why men of letters should not cheerfully coincide with Mr. *Examiner*, in accepting all the honours, places, and prizes which they can get. The amount of such as will be awarded to them will not, we may be pretty sure, impoverish the country much; and if it is the custom of the state to reward by money, or titles of honour, or stars and garters of any sort, individuals who do the country service; and if individuals are gratified by having Sir, or my Lord, appended to their names, or stars and ribbons hooked on to their coats and waistcoats, as men most undoubtedly are, and as their wives, families, and relations are—there can be no reason why men of letters should not have the chance, as well as men of the robe or the sword, or why, if honour and money are good for one profession, they should not be good for another. No man in other callings thinks himself degraded by receiving a reward from his government; nor surely need the literary man be more squeamish about pensions, and ribbons, and titles than the ambassador, or general, or judge. Every European state but ours rewards its men of letters. The American government gives them their full share of its small patronage; and if Americans, why not Englishmen? If Pitt Crawley is disappointed at not getting a ribbon on retiring from his diplomatic post at Pumpernickel; if General O'Dowd is pleased to be called Sir Hector O'Dowd, K.C.B., and his wife at being denominated my Lady O'Dowd, are literary men to be the only persons exempt from vanity, and is it to be a sin in them to covet honour?

And now with regard to the charge against myself of fostering baneful prejudices against our calling—to which I no more plead guilty than I should think Fielding would have done, if he had been accused of a design to bring the church into contempt by describing Parson Trulliber—permit me to say, that before you deliver sentence it would be as well to have waited to hear the whole of the argument. Who knows what is coming in the future numbers of the work which has incurred your displeasure, and the *Examiner's*, and whether you, in accusing me of prejudice, and the *Examiner* (alas !) of swindling and flattering the public, have not been premature? Time and the hour may solve this mystery, for which the candid reader is referred to "our next."

That I have a prejudice against running into debt, and drunkenness, and disorderly life, and against quackery and falsehood in my profession, I own, and that I like to have a laugh at those pretenders in it who write confidential news about fashion and politics for provincial *gobemouches;* but I am not aware of feeling any malice in describing this weakness, or of doing anything wrong in exposing the former vices. Have they never existed amongst literary men? Have their talents never been urged as a plea for improvidence, and their very faults adduced as a consequence of their genius? The only moral that I, as a writer, wished to hint in the descriptions against which you protest was, that it was the duty of a literary man, as well as any other, to practise regularity and sobriety, to love his family, and to pay his tradesmen. Nor is the picture I have drawn "a caricature which I condescend to," any more than it is a wilful and insidious design on my part to flatter "the non-literary class." If it be a caricature, it is the result of a natural perversity of vision, not of an artful desire to mislead; but my attempt was to tell the truth, and I meant to tell it not unkindly. I have seen the bookseller whom Bludyer robbed of his books; I have carried money, and from a noble brother man-of-letters, to some one not unlike Shandon in prison, and have watched the beautiful devotion of his wife in that place. Why are these things not to be described, if they illustrate, as they appear to me to do, that strange and awful struggle of good and wrong which takes place in our hearts and in the world? It may be that I work out my moral ill, or it may possibly be that the critic of the *Examiner* fails in apprehension. My effort as an artist came perfectly within his province as a censor; but when *Mr. Examiner* says of a gentleman that he is "stooping to flatter the public prejudice," which public prejudice does not exist, I submit that he makes a charge which is as absurd as it is unjust, and am thankful that it repels itself.

And instead of accusing the public of persecuting and disparaging us as a class, it seems to me that men of letters had best silently assume that they are as good as any other gentlemen; nor raise piteous controversies upon a question which all people of sense must take as settled. If I sit at your table, I suppose that I am my neighbour's equal, and that he is mine. If I begin straightway with a protest of "Sir, I am a literary man, but I would have you to know that I am as good as you," which of us is it that questions the dignity of the literary profession—my neighbour who would like to eat his soup in quiet, or the man of letters who commences the argument? And I hope that a comic writer, because he describes one author as improvident, and another as a parasite, may not only be guiltless of a desire to vilify his profession, but may really have its honour at heart. If there are no spendthrifts or parasites among us, the satire becomes unjust; but if such exist, or have existed, they are as good subjects for comedy as men of other callings. I never heard that the Bar felt itself aggrieved because *Punch* chose to describe Mr. Dump's notorious state of insolvency; or that the picture of Stiggins, in "Pickwick," was intended as an insult to all Dissenters; or that all the attorneys in the empire were indignant at the famous history of the firm of "Quirk, Gammon, and Snap." Are we to be passed over because we are faultless, or because we cannot afford to be laughed at? And if every character in a story is to represent a class, not an individual—if every bad figure is to have its obliged contrast a good one, and a balance of vice and virtue is to be struck—novels, I think, would become impossible, as they would be intolerably stupid and unnatural; and there would be a lamentable end of writers and readers of such compositions.—Believe me, Sir, to be your very faithful servant, W. M. THACKERAY.

REFORM CLUB, *Jan.* 8.

(*Morning Chronicle*, January 12, 1850.)

## MR. THACKERAY IN THE UNITED STATES.

*To the Editor of "Fraser's Magazine."*

YOU may remember, my dear Sir, how I prognosticated a warm reception for your Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh in New York; how I advised that he should come by a Collins rather than a Cunard liner; how that he must land at New York rather than at Boston—or, at any rate, that he mustn't dare to begin lecturing at the latter city, and bring "cold joints" to the former one. In the last particular he has happily followed my suggestion, and has opened with a warm success in the chief city. The journals have been full of him. On the 19th of November, he commenced his lectures before the Mercantile Library Association (young ardent commercialists), in the spacious New York church belonging to the flock presided over by the Reverend Mr. Chapin; a strong row of ladies—the cream of the capital—and an "unusual number of the distinguished literary and professional celebrities." The critic of the *New York Tribune* is forward to commend his style of delivery as "that of a well-bred gentleman, reading with marked force and propriety to a large circle in the drawing-room." So far, excellent. This witness is a *gentleman* of the press, and is a credit to his order. But there are some others who have whetted the ordinary American appetite of inquisitiveness with astounding intelligence. Sydney Smith excused the national curiosity as not only venial, but laudable. In 1824, he wrote: "Where men live in woods and forests, as is the case, of course, in remote American settlements, it is the duty of every man to gratify the inhabitants by telling them his name, place, age, office, virtues, crimes, children, fortune, and remarks." It is not a matter of surprise, therefore, that this percontatorial foible has grown with the national growth.

You cannot help perceiving that the lion in America is public property and confiscate to the common weal. They trim the creature's nails, they cut the hair off his mane and tail (which is distributed or sold to his admirers), and they draw his teeth, which are frequently preserved with much the same care as you keep any memorable grinder whose presence has been agony and departure delight.

Bear-leading is not so much in vogue across the Atlantic as at your home in England, but the lion-leading is infinitely more in fashion.

Some learned man is appointed Androcles to the new arrival. One of the familiars of the press is dispatched to attend the latest attraction, and by this reflecting medium the lion is perpetually presented to the popular gaze. The guest's most secret self is exposed by his host. Every action —every word—every gesture is preserved and proclaimed —a sigh—a nod—a groan—a sneeze—a cough—or a wink is each written down by this recording minister, who blots out nothing. No *tabula rasa* with him. The portrait is limned with the fidelity of Parrhasius, and filled up with the minuteness of the Daguerre process itself. No bloodhound or Bow Street officer can be keener or more exact on the trail than this irresistible and unavoidable spy. 'Tis in Austria they calotype criminals: in the far West the public press prints the identity of each notorious visitor to its shores.

In turn, Mr. Dickens, Lord Carlisle, Jenny Lind, and now Mr. Thackeray, have been lionized in America.

> "They go to see, themselves a greater sight than all."

In providing for a gaping audience, narrators are disposed rather to go beyond reality. Your famous Oriental lecturer at the British and Foreign Institute had a wallet of personal experience, from which Lemuel Gulliver might have helped himself. With such hyperbole one or two of our "own correspondents" of American journals tell Mr. Thackeray more about his habits than he himself was cognizant of. Specially I have selected from the *Sachem* and *Broadway Delineator* (the latter-named newspaper has quite a fabulous circulation) a pleasant history of certain of the peculiarities of your great humorist at which I believe he himself must smile.

Mr. Thackeray's person, height, breadth, hair, complexion, voice, gesticulation, and manner are, with a fair enough accuracy, described.

Anon, these recorders, upon which we play, softly whisper:—

"One of his most singular habits is that of making rough sketches for caricatures on his finger-nails. The phosphoretic ink he originally used has destroyed the entire nails, so his fingers are now tipped with horn, on which he draws his portraits. The Duke of Marlboro' (under Queen Anne), General O'Gahagan (under Lord Lake), together with Ibrahim Pasha (at the Turkish Ambassador's), were thus taken. The celebrated engravings in the 'Paris Sketch Book,' 'Esmond,' etc., were made from these sketches. He has an insatiable passion for snuff, which he carries loose in his pockets. At a ball at the Duke of Northumberland's, he set a whole party sneezing, in a polka, in so convulsive a manner that they were obliged to break up in confusion. His pockets are all lined with tea-lead, after a fashion introduced by the late Lord Dartmouth.

"Mr. T. has a passion for daguerreotypes, of which he has a collection of many thousands. Most of these he took unobserved from the outer gallery of Saint Paul's. He generally carries his apparatus in one of Sangster's alpaca umbrellas, surmounted with a head of Doctor Syntax. (This umbrella, we believe, remained with the publishers of *Fraser's Magazine*, after the article on the London Exhibitions, in which it was alluded to.) He has been known to collar a beggar boy in the streets, drag him off to the nearest pastry-cook's, and exercise his photographic art without ceremony. In London he had a tame laughing-hyæna presented to him, on the breaking up of the Tower menagerie, which followed him like a dog, and was much attached to his master, though totally blind from confinement, deaf, and going on three legs and a wooden one. He was always surrounded by pets and domestic animals in his house; two owls live in the ivy-tod of the summer-house in the garden. His back sitting-room has an aviary. Monkeys, dogs, parrots, cats, and guinea-pigs swarm in the chambers. The correspondent of the *Buffalo Revolver*, who stayed three weeks with Mr. Thackeray during the Great Exhibition, gave us these particulars.

"His papers on the 'Greater Petty Chaps' or 'Garden Warbler (*Sylva hortensis*),' 'the Fauvette,' created an immense sensation when Madame Otto Goldschmidt was last in London. The study is at the end of the garden. The outside is richly covered with honeysuckle, jasmine, and Virginian creepers. Here Mr. T. sits in perfect solitude, 'chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy.' Being an early riser, he is generally to be found there in the morning, whence he can watch the birds. His daily costume is a hanging chlamys, or frock-coat, which he closely buttons, to avoid the incumbrance of a waistcoat. Hence the multiplicity of his coat-pockets, whose extreme utility to him during his lecture has been remarked elsewhere. He wears no braces, but his nether garments are sustained by a suspensory belt or bandage of hemp round his loins. Socks or stockings he despises as effeminate, and has been heard to sigh for the days of the *solea* or *σανδαλιον*. A hair-shirt close to the skin, as Dejanira's robe, with a changeable linen front of the finest texture—a mortification, or penance, according to his cynical contempt and yet respect for human vanity—is a part of his ordinary apparel.

A gibus hat and a pair of bluchers complete his attire. By a contrivance borrowed from the disguises of pantomimists, he undresses himself in the twinkling of a bedpost, and can slip into bed while an ordinary man is pulling off his coat. He is awaked from his sleep (lying always on his back in a sort of mesmeric trance) by a black servant (Joe's domestic in 'Vanity Fair'), who enters the bedroom at four o'clock precisely every morning, winter or summer, tears down the bed-clothes, and literally saturates his master with a can of cold water drawn from the nearest spring. As he has no whiskers, he never needs to shave; and he is used to clean his teeth with the feather end of the quill with which he writes in bed. (In this free and enlightened country he will find he need not waste his time in cleaning his teeth at all.) With all his excessive simplicity, he is as elaborate in the arrangement of his dress as Count d'Orsay or Mr. Brummel. His toilet occupies him after matin studies till midday. He then sits down to a substantial 'bever,' or luncheon of 'tea, coffee, bread, butter, salmon-shad, liver, black puddings, and sausages.' At the top of this he deposits two glasses of ratafia and three-fourths of a glass of rum-shrub. Immediately after the meal his horses are brought to the door; he starts at once in a mad gallop, or coolly commences a gentle amble, according to the character of the work, fast or slow, that he is engaged upon.

"He pays no visits, and, being a solitudinarian, frequents not even a single club in London. He dresses punctiliously for dinner every day. He is but a sorry eater, and avoids all vegetable diet, as he thinks it dims the animal spirits. Only when engaged on pathetic subjects does he make a hearty meal; for the body macerated by long fasting, he says, cannot unaided contribute the tears he would shed over what he writes. Wine he abhors as a true Mussulman. Mr. T.'s favourite drink is gin and toast and water, or cider and bitters, cream and cayenne.

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"In religion a Parsee (he was born in Calcutta), in morals a Stagyrite, in philosophy an Epicurean; though nothing in his conversation or manners would lead one to surmise that he belonged to either or any of these sects. In politics an unflinching Tory; fond of the Throne, admiring the Court, attached to the peerage, proud of the army and navy; a thick and thin upholder of Church and State, he is for tithes and taxes as in Pitt's time. He wears hair powdered to this day, from his entire reliance on the wisdom of his forefathers. Besides his novels, he is the author of the 'Vestiges of Creation,' the 'Errors of Numismatics,' 'Junius's Letters,' and 'Ivanhoe.' The sequel to this last he published three or four years ago. He wrote all Louis Napoleon's works, and Madame H.'s exquisite love letters; and whilst secretary to that prince in confinement at Ham, assisted him in his escape, by knocking down the sentry with a ruler with which he had been ruling accounts. Mr. T. is very fond of boxing, and used to have an occasional set-to with Ben Caunt, the Tipton Slasher, and young Sambo. He fences admirably, and ran the celebrated Bertrand through the lungs twice, at an *assaut d'armes* in Paris. He is an exquisite dancer; he founded Laurent's Casino (was a pupil of Old Grimaldi, surnamed *Iron Legs*), and played

Harlequin in 'Mother Goose' pantomime once, when Ella, the regular performer, was taken ill and unable to appear.

"He has no voice, ear, or fancy even, for music, and the only instruments he cares to listen to are the Jew's harp, the bagpipes, and the 'Indian drum.'

"He is disputatious and loquacious to a degree in company; and at a dinner at the Bishop of Oxford's, the discussion with Mr. Macaulay respecting the death of Mausolus, the husband of Zenobia, occupied the disputants for thirteen hours ere either rose to retire. Mr. Macaulay was found exhausted under the table. He has no acquaintance with modern languages, and his French, which he freely uses throughout his writings, is furnished by the Parisian governess in the Baron de B.'s establishment. In the classics he is superior to either Professor Sedgwick or Blackie (*vide* his 'Colloquies on Strabo,' and the 'Curtian Earthquake'). He was twice senior opt. at Magdalen College, and three times running carried off Barnes's prize for Greek Theses and Cantate," κ. τ. λ.

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Happily these delicate attentions have not ruffled Mr. Thackeray's good temper and genial appreciation of the high position occupied by literary men in the United States. Let me avow that this position not only reflects credit on the country which awards it, but helps to shed its lustre on the men of letters who become the guests of its hospitality. Mr. Thackeray's last lecture of the series, on the 7th ult., gracefully conceded this in the following tribute:—

"In England it was my custom, after the delivery of these lectures, to point such a moral as seemed to befit the country I lived in, and to protest against an outcry which some brother authors of mine most imprudently and unjustly raise, when they say that our profession is neglected and its professors held in light esteem. Speaking in this country, I would say that such a complaint could not only not be advanced, but could not be even understood here, where your men of letters take their manly share in public life—whence Everett goes as Minister to Washington, and Irving and Bancroft to represent the republic in the old country. And if to English authors the English public is, as I believe, kind and just in the main, can any of us say, will any who visit your country not proudly and gratefully own, with what a cordial and generous greeting you receive us? I look round on this great company. I think of my gallant young patrons of the Mercantile Library Association, as whose servant I appear before you, and of the kind hands stretched out to welcome me by men famous in letters, and honoured in our country as in their own, and I thank you and them for a most kindly greeting and a most generous hospitality. At home, and amongst his own people, it scarce becomes an English writer to speak of himself; his public estimation must depend upon his works; his private esteem on his character and his life. But here, among friends newly found, I ask leave to say that I am thankful; and I think with a grateful heart of those I leave behind me at home, who will be proud of the welcome you hold out to me, and will benefit, please God, when my days of work are over, by the kindness which you show to their father."

JOHN SMALL.

(*Fraser's Magazine*, January 1853.)

## GOETHE IN HIS OLD AGE.*

LONDON, *April* 28, 1855.

DEAR LEWES,—I wish I had more to tell you regarding Weimar and Goethe. Five-and-twenty years ago, at least a score of young English lads used to live at Weimar for study, or sport, or society—all of which were to be had in the friendly little Saxon capital. The Grand Duke and Duchess received us with the kindliest hospitality. The Court was splendid, but yet most pleasant and homely. We were invited in our turns to dinners, balls, and assemblies there. Such young men as had a right appeared in uniforms, diplomatic and military. Some, I remember, invented gorgeous clothing—the kind old Hof-Marschall of those days, Monsieur de Spiegel (who had two of the most lovely daughters eyes ever looked on), being in nowise difficult as to the admission of these young Englanders. Of the winter nights we used to charter sedan-chairs, in which we were carried through the snow to those pleasant Court entertainments. I for my part had the good luck to purchase Schiller's sword, which formed a part of my Court costume, and still hangs in my study, and puts me in mind of days of youth the most kindly and delightful.

We knew the whole society of the little city, and but that the young ladies, one and all, spoke admirable English, we surely might have learned the very best German. The society met constantly. The ladies of the Court had their evenings. The theatre was open twice or thrice in the week, where we assembled, a large family party. Goethe had retired from the direction, but the great traditions remained still. The theatre was admirably conducted; and besides the excellent Weimar company, famous actors and singers from various parts of Germany performed "Gastrolle"* through the winter. In that winter I remember we had Ludwig Devrient in Shylock, "Hamlet," Falstaff, and the "Robbers;" and the beautiful Schröder in "Fidelio."

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* This letter was written by Mr. Thackeray in answer to a request from G. H. Lewes for some account of his recollections of Goethe. It is printed in Lewes's "Life of Goethe," p. 560.

After three-and-twenty years' absence I passed a couple of summer days in the well-remembered place, and was fortunate enough to find some of the friends of my youth. Madame de Goethe was there, and received me and my daughters with the kindness of old days. We drank tea in the open air at the famous cottage in the Park,† which still belongs to the family, and has been so often inhabited by her illustrious father.

In 1831, though he had retired from the world, Goethe would nevertheless very kindly receive strangers. His daughter-in-law's tea-table was always spread for us. We passed hours after hours there, and night after night, with the pleasantest talk and music. We read over endless novels and poems in French, English, and German. My delight in those days was to make caricatures for children. I was touched to find that they were remembered, and some even kept until the present time; and very proud to be told, as a lad, that the great Goethe had looked at some of them.

He remained in his private apartments, where only a very few privileged persons were admitted; but he liked to know all that was happening, and interested himself about all strangers. Whenever a countenance struck his fancy, there was an artist settled in Weimar who made a portrait of it. Goethe had quite a gallery of heads, in black and white, taken by this painter. His house was all over pictures, drawings, casts, statues, and medals.

Of course I remember very well the perturbation of spirit with which, as a lad of nineteen, I received the long-expected intimation that the Herr Geheimrath would see me on such a morning. This notable audience took place in a little antechamber of his private apartments, covered all round with antique casts and bas-reliefs. He was habited in a long grey or drab redingote, with a white neckcloth and a red ribbon in his button-hole. He kept his hands behind his back, just as in Rauch's statuette. His complexion was very bright, clear, and rosy; his eyes extraordinarily dark,* piercing, and brilliant. I felt quite afraid before them, and recollect comparing them to the eyes of the hero of a certain romance called "Melmoth the Wanderer," which used to alarm us boys thirty years ago—eyes of an individual who had made a bargain with a Certain Person, and at an extreme old age retained these eyes in all their awful splendour. I fancy Goethe must have been still more handsome as an old man than even in the days of his youth. His voice was very rich and sweet. He asked me questions about myself, which I answered as best I could. I recollect I was at first astonished, and then somewhat relieved, when I found he spoke French with not a good accent.

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* What in England are called "starring engagements."

† The *Gartenhaus*.

*Vidi tantum.* I saw him but three times—once walking in the garden of his house in the *Frauenplan;* once going to step into his chariot on a sunshiny day, wearing a cap and a cloak with a red collar. He was caressing at the time a beautiful little golden-haired granddaughter, over whose sweet fair face the earth has long since closed too.

Any of us who had books or magazines from England sent them to him, and he examined them eagerly. *Fraser's Magazine* had lately come out, and I remember he was interested in those admirable outline portraits which appeared for awhile in its pages. But there was one, a very ghastly caricature of Mr. Rogers, which, as Madame de Goethe told me, he shut up and put away from him angrily. "They would make me look like that," he said; though in truth I can fancy nothing more serene, majestic, and *healthy*-looking than the grand old Goethe.

Though his sun was setting, the sky round about was calm and bright, and that little Weimar illumined by it. In every one of those kind salons the talk was still of Art and Letters. The theatre, though possessing no very extraordinary actors, was still conducted with a noble intelligence and order. The actors read books, and were men of letters and gentlemen, holding a not unkindly relationship with the *Adel.* At Court the conversation was exceedingly friendly, simple, and polished. The Grand Duchess (the present Grand Duchess Dowager), a lady of very remarkable endowments, would kindly borrow our books from us, lend us her own, and graciously talk to us young men about our literary tastes and pursuits. In the respect paid by this Court to the Patriarch of letters, there was something ennobling, I think, alike to the subject and sovereign. With a five-and-twenty years' experience since those happy days of which I write, and an acquaintance with an immense variety of human kind, I think I have never seen a society more simple, charitable, courteous, gentlemanlike than that of the dear little Saxon city where the good Schiller and the great Goethe lived and lie buried.

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* This must have been the effect of the position in which he sat with regard to the light. Goethe's eyes were dark brown, but not very dark.

Very sincerely yours,
W. M. THACKERAY.

## TIMBUCTOO.

*To the Editor of "The Snob."*

SIR,—Though your name be "Snob," I trust you will not refuse this tiny "Poem of a Gownsman," which was unluckily not finished on the day appointed for delivery of the several copies of verses on Timbuctoo. I thought, Sir, it would be a pity that such a poem should be lost to the world; and conceiving "The Snob" to be the most widely circulated periodical in Europe, I have taken the liberty of submitting it for insertion or approbation.

I am, Sir, yours, etc., etc., etc., T.

### TIMBUCTOO.*

The situation.
In Africa (a quarter of the world)
Men's skins are black, their hair is crisp and curled;

Lines 1 and 2. See Guthrie's Geography.

The site of Timbuctoo is doubtful. The Author has neatly expressed this in the Poem, at the same time giving us some slight hints relative to its situation.

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* This parody probably represents Mr. Thackeray's first appearance in print. In the year 1829, when only eighteen years of age, he was chiefly

And somewhere there, unknown to public view,
A mighty city lies, called Timbuctoo.
The natural history.
There stalks the tiger—there the lion roars
Who sometimes eats the luckless blackamoors;
All that he leaves of them the monster throws
To jackals, vultures, dogs, cats, kites, and crows.
His hunger thus the forest monarch gluts,
And then lies down 'neath trees called cocoa nuts.
The lion hunt.
Quick issue out, with musket, torch, and brand,
The sturdy blackamoors, a dusky band!
The beast is found—pop goes the musketoons—
The lion falls, covered with horrid wounds.
Their lives at home.
At home their lives in pleasure always flow;
But many have a different lot to know!
Abroad.
They're often caught, and sold as slaves, alas!
Reflections on the foregoing.
Thus men from highest joy to sorrow pass.
Yet though thy monarchs and thy nobles boil
Rack and molasses in Jamaica's isle!

Line 5. So Horace—"leonum arida nutrix."
Line 8. Thus Apollo ἑλώρια τεῦχε κύνεσσιν
Οἰωνοῖσί τε πᾶσι.

Lines 5–10. How skilfully introduced are the animal and vegetable productions of Africa! It is worthy to remark the various garments in which the Poet hath clothed the Lion. He is called 1st, the Lion; 2nd, the Monster (for he is very large); and 3rd, the Forest Monarch, which he undoubtedly is.

Lines 11–14. The Author confesses himself under peculiar obligations to Denham's and Clapperton's Travels, as they suggested to him the spirited description contained in these lines.

Lines 13. "Pop goes the musketoons." A learned friend suggested "Bang," as a stronger expression, but as African gunpowder is notoriously bad, the Author thought "Pop" the better word.

Lines 15–18. A concise but affecting description is here given of the domestic habits of the people; the infamous manner in which they are entrapped and sold as slaves is described; and the whole ends with an

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concerned in starting a short-lived Cambridge undergraduate magazine entitled *The Snob*. He is believed to have been responsible for a considerable proportion of the contents, which are not of any particular merit; but with the exception of this parody of a Cambridge Prize Poem (on the subject, as will be remembered, for which Tennyson gained the Chancellor's Medal), it is not possible to be certain which contributions were from his pen, though there are several epigrammatic verses and some letters full of misspelling and malapropisms from Dorothea Julia Ramsbottom which are almost unmistakably his.

Desolate Afric! thou art lovely yet!!
One heart yet beats which ne'er shall thee forget.
What though thy maidens are a blackish brown,
Does virtue dwell in whiter breasts alone?
Oh, no! oh, no! oh, no! oh, no! oh, no!
It shall not, must not, cannot, e'er be so.
The day shall come when Albion's self shall feel
Stern Afric's wrath, and writhe 'neath Afric's steel.
I see her tribes the hill of glory mount,
And sell their sugars on their own account;
While round her throne the prostrate nations come,
Sue for her rice, and barter for her rum.

appropriate moral sentiment. The Poem might here finish; but the spirit of the bard penetrates the veil of futurity, and from it cuts off a bright piece for the hitherto unfortunate Africans, as the following beautiful lines amply exemplify.

It may perhaps be remarked that the Author has here "changed his hand." He answers that it was his intention so to do. Before, it was his endeavour to be elegant and concise; it is now his wish to be enthusiastic and magnificent. He trusts the Reader will perceive the aptness with which he hath changed his style: when he narrated facts he was calm, when he enters on prophecy he is fervid.

The enthusiasm which he feels is beautifully expressed in lines 25, 26. He thinks he has very successfully imitated in the last six lines the best manner of Mr. Pope, and in lines 19–26 the pathetic elegance of the Author of Australasia and Athens.

The Author cannot conclude without declaring that his aim in writing this Poem will be fully accomplished, if he can infuse in the breasts of Englishmen a sense of the danger in which they lie. Yes—Africa! If he can awaken one particle of sympathy for thy sorrows, of love for thy land, of admiration for thy virtue, he shall sink into the grave with the proud consciousness that he has raised esteem where before there was contempt, and has kindled the flame of hope on the smouldering ashes of despair!

# *BALLADS.*

# BALLADS.

## THE CHRONICLE OF THE DRUM.

### PART I.

At Paris, hard by the Maine barriers,
Whoever will choose to repair,
Midst a dozen of wooden-legged warriors
May haply fall in with old Pierre.
On the sunshiny bench of a tavern
He sits, and he prates of old wars,
And moistens his pipe of tobacco
With a drink that is named after Mars.

The beer makes his tongue run the quicker,
And as long as his tap never fails,
Thus over his favourite liquor
Old Peter will tell his old tales.
Says he, "In my life's ninety summers
Strange changes and chances I've seen,—
So here's to all gentlemen drummers
That ever have thumped on a skin.

"Brought up in the art military,
For four generations we are;
My ancestors drummed for King Harry,
The Huguenot lad of Navarre.
And as each man in life has his station
According as fortune may fix,
While Condé was waving the bâton,
My grandsire was trolling the sticks.

"Ah! those were the days for commanders!
What glories my grandfather won,
Ere bigots, and lackeys, and panders
The fortunes of France had undone!
In Germany, Flanders, and Holland,—
What foeman resisted us then?
No; my grandsire was ever victorious,
My grandsire and Monsieur Turenne.

"He died! and our noble battalions
The jade fickle Fortune forsook;
And at Blenheim, in spite of our valiance,
The victory lay with Malbrook.
The news it was brought to King Louis;
Corbleu! how his Majesty swore
When he heard they had taken my grandsire,
And twelve thousand gentlemen more.

"At Namur, Ramillies, and Malplaquet
Were we posted, on plain or in trench:
Malbrook only need to attack it,
And away from him scampered we French.
Cheer up! 'tis no use to be glum, boys,—
'Tis written, since fighting begun,
That sometimes we fight and we conquer,
And sometimes we fight and we run.

"To fight and to run was our fate;
Our fortune and fame had departed.
And so perished Louis the Great—
Old, lonely, and half broken-hearted.
His coffin they pelted with mud,
His body they tried to lay hands on;
And so having buried King Louis,
They loyally served his great-grandson.

"God save the beloved King Louis!
(For so he was nicknamed by some,)
And now came my father to do his
King's orders and beat on the drum.

My grandsire was dead, but his bones
Must have shaken, I'm certain, for joy,
To hear daddy drumming the English
From the meadows of famed Fontenoy.

"So well did he drum in that battle
That the enemy showed us their backs;
Corbleu! it was pleasant to rattle
The sticks and to follow old Saxe!
We next had Soubise as a leader,
And as luck hath its changes and fits,
At Rossbach, in spite of dad's drumming,
'Tis said we were beaten by Fritz.

"And now daddy crossed the Atlantic,
To drum for Montcalm and his men;
Morbleu! but it makes a man frantic
To think we were beaten again!
My daddy he crossed the wide ocean,
My mother brought me on her neck,
And we came in the year fifty-seven
To guard the good town of Quebec.

"In the year fifty-nine came the Britons—
Full well I remember the day—
They knocked at our gates for admittance,
Their vessels were moored in our bay.
Says our general, 'Drive me yon red-coats
Away to the sea whence they come!'
So we marched against Wolfe and his bull-dogs,
We marched at the sound of the drum.

"I think I can see my poor mammy
With me in her hand as she waits,
And our regiment slowly retreating
Pours back through the citadel gates.
Dear mammy she looks in their faces,
And asks if her husband is come?—
He is lying all cold on the glacis,
And will never more beat on the drum.

"Come drink; 'tis no use to be glum, boys,
He died like a soldier in glory.
Here's a glass to the health of all drum-boys,
And now I'll commence my own story.
Once more did we cross the salt ocean—
We came in the year eighty-one;
And the wrongs of my father the drummer
Were avenged by the drummer his son.

"In Chesapeake Bay we were landed.
In vain strove the British to pass:
Rochambeau our armies commanded,
Our ships they were led by De Grasse.
Morbleu! how I rattled the drumsticks
The day we marched into Yorktown;
Ten thousand of beef-eating British
Their weapons we caused to lay down.

"Then homewards returning victorious,
In peace to our country we came,
And were thanked for our glorious actions
By Louis Sixteenth of the name.
What drummer on earth could be prouder
Than I, while I drummed at Versailles
To the lovely court ladies in powder,
And lappets, and long satin-tails?

"The Princes that day passed before us,
Our countrymen's glory and hope;
Monsieur, who was learnèd in Horace,
D'Artois, who could dance the tight-rope.
One night we kept guard for the Queen
At her Majesty's opera-box,
While the King, that majestical monarch,
Sat filing at home at his locks.

"Yes, I drummed for the fair Antoinette;
And so smiling she looked and so tender,
That our officers, privates, and drummers,
All vowed they would die to defend her.

But she cared not for us honest fellows,
  Who fought and who bled in her wars;
She sneered at our gallant Rochambeau,
  And turned Lafayette out of doors.

"Ventrebleu! then I swore a great oath,
  No more to such tyrants to kneel;
And so just to keep up my drumming,
  One day I drummed down the Bastille.
Ho, landlord! a stoup of fresh wine.
  Come, comrades, a bumper we'll try,
And drink to the year eighty-nine,
  And the glorious fourth of July!

"Then bravely our cannon it thundered
  As onwards our patriots bore;
Our enemies were but a hundred,
  And we twenty thousand or more.
They carried the news to King Louis;
  He heard it as calm as you please,
And, like a majestical monarch,
  Kept filing his locks and his keys.

"We showed our republican courage,
  We stormed and we broke the great gate in,
And we murdered the insolent governor
  For daring to keep us a-waiting.
Lambesc and his squadrons stood by;
  They never stirred finger or thumb.
The saucy aristocrats trembled
  As they heard the republican drum.

"Hurrah! what a storm was a-brewing:
  The day of our vengeance was come!
Through scenes of what carnage and ruin
  Did I beat on the patriot drum!
Let's drink to the famed tenth of August:
  At midnight I beat the tattoo,
And woke up the Pikemen of Paris
  To follow the bold Barbaroux.

"With pikes, and with shouts, and with torches
Marched onwards our dusty battalions,
And we girt the tall castle of Louis,
A million of tatterdemalions!
We stormed the fair gardens where towered
The walls of his heritage splendid.
Ah, shame on him, craven and coward,
That had not the heart to defend it!

"With the crown of his sires on his head,
His nobles and knights by his side,
At the foot of his ancestors' palace
'Twere easy, methinks, to have died.
But no; when we burst through his barriers,
Mid heaps of the dying and dead,
In vain through the chambers we sought him—
He had turned like a craven and fled.

* * * *

"You all know the Place de la Concorde?
'Tis hard by the Tuileries wall.
Mid terraces, fountains, and statues,
There rises an obelisk tall—
There rises an obelisk tall,
All garnished and gilded the base is:
'Tis surely the gayest of all
Our beautiful city's gay places.

"Around it are gardens and flowers,
And the Cities of France on their thrones,
Each crowned with his circlet of flowers
Sits watching this biggest of stones!
I love to go sit in the sun there,
The flowers and fountains to see,
And to think of the deeds that were done there
In the glorious year ninety-three.

"'Twas here stood the Altar of Freedom;
And though neither marble nor gilding
Was used in those days to adorn
Our simple republican building,

Corbleu! but the MERE GUILLOTINE
  Cared little for splendour or show,
So you gave her an axe and a beam,
  And a plank and a basket or so.

"Awful, and proud, and erect,
  Here sat our republican goddess.
Each morning her table we decked
  With dainty aristocrats' bodies.
The people each day flocked around
  As she sat at her meat and her wine:
'Twas always the use of our nation
  To witness the sovereign dine.

"Young virgins with fair golden tresses,
  Old silver-haired prelates and priests,
Dukes, marquises, barons, princesses,
  Were splendidly served at her feasts.
Ventrebleu! but we pampered our ogress
  With the best that our nation could bring,
And dainty she grew in her progress,
  And called for the head of a King!

"She called for the blood of our King;
  And straight from his prison we drew him,
And to her with shouting we led him,
  And took him, and bound him, and slew him.
'The monarchs of Europe against me
  Have plotted a godless alliance:
I'll fling them the head of King Louis,'
  She said, 'as my gage of defiance.'

"I see him as now, for a moment,
  Away from his gaolers he broke,
And stood at the foot of the scaffold,
  And lingered, and fain would have spoke.
'Ho, drummer! quick! silence yon Capet,'
  Says Santerre, 'with a beat of your drum.'
Lustily then did I tap it,
  And the son of Saint Louis was dumb."

## PART II.

"THE glorious days of September
Saw many aristocrats fall;
'Twas then that our pikes drunk the blood
In the beautiful breast of Lamballe.
Pardi, 'twas a beautiful lady!
I seldom have looked on her like;
And I drummed for a gallant procession,
That marched with her head on a pike.

"'Let's show the pale head to the Queen,'
We said; 'she'll remember it well.'
She looked from the bars of her prison,
And shrieked as she saw it, and fell.
We set up a shout at her screaming,
We laughed at the fright she had shown
At the sight of the head of her minion;
How she'd tremble to part with her own.

"We had taken the head of King Capet,
We called for the blood of his wife;
Undaunted she came to the scaffold,
And bared her fair neck to the knife.
As she felt the foul fingers that touched her,
She shrunk, but she deigned not to speak;
She looked with a royal disdain,
And died with a blush on her cheek!

"'Twas thus that our country was saved;
So told us the safety committee!
But psha! I've the heart of a soldier,
All gentleness, mercy, and pity.
I loathed to assist at such deeds,
And my drum beat its loudest of tunes
As we offered to justice offended
The blood of the bloody tribunes.

"Away with such foul recollections!
No more of the axe and the block;

I saw the last fight of the Sections,
  As they fell 'neath our guns at Saint Rock.
Young BONAPARTE led us that day;
  When he sought the Italian frontier,
I followed my gallant young captain,
  I followed him many a long year.

"We came to an army in rags;
  Our general was but a boy
When we first saw the Austrian flags
  Flaunt proud in the fields of Savoy.
In the glorious year ninety-six,
  We marched to the banks of the Po;
I carried my drum and my sticks,
  And we laid the proud Austrian low.

"In triumph we entered Milan,
  We seized on the Mantuan keys;
The troops of the Emperor ran,
  And the Pope he fell down on his knees."—
Pierre's comrades here called a fresh bottle,
  And clubbing together their wealth,
They drank to the Army of Italy,
  And General Bonaparte's health.

The drummer now bared his old breast.
  And showed us a plenty of scars—
Rude presents that Fortune had made him,
  In fifty victorious wars.
"This came when I followed bold Kleber—
  'Twas shot by a Mameluke gun;
And this from an Austrian sabre,
  When the field of Marengo was won.

"My forehead has many deep furrows,
  But this is the deepest of all—
A Brunswicker made it at Jena,
  Beside the fair river of Saal.
This cross, 'twas the Emperor gave it
  (God bless him!) it covers a blow;

I had it at Austerlitz fight,
  As I beat on my drum in the snow.

"'Twas thus that we conquered and fought :—
  But wherefore continue the story?
There's never a baby in France
  But has heard of our chief and our glory—
But has heard of our chief and our fame,
  His sorrows and triumphs can tell,
How bravely Napoleon conquered,
  How bravely and sadly he fell.

"It makes my old heart to beat higher,
  To think of the deeds that I saw;
I followed bold Ney through the fire,
  And charged at the side of Murat."
And so did old Peter continue
  His story of twenty brave years;
His audience followed with comments—
  Rude comments of curses and tears.

He told how the Prussians in vain
  Had died in defence of their land;
His audience laughed at the story,
  And vowed that their captain was grand!
He had fought the red English, he said,
  In many a battle of Spain;
They cursed the red English, and prayed
  To meet them and fight them again.

He told them how Russia was lost,
  Had winter not driven them back;
And his company cursed the quick frost,
  And doubly they cursed the Cossack.
He told how the stranger arrived;
  They wept at the tale of disgrace,
And they longed but for one battle more,
  The stain of their shame to efface!

"Our country their hordes overrun,
  We fled to the fields of Champagne,

And fought them, though twenty to one,
And beat them again and again!
Our warrior was conquered at last;
They bade him his crown to resign:
To fate and his country he yielded
The rights of himself and his line.

"He came, and among us he stood.
Around him we pressed in a throng;
We could not regard him for weeping,
Who had led us and loved us so long.
'I have led you for twenty long years,'
Napoleon said, ere he went;
'Wherever was honour I found you,
And with you, my sons, am content.

"'Though Europe against me was armed,
Your chiefs and my people are true;
I still might have struggled with fortune,
And baffled all Europe with you.
But France would have suffered the while,
'Tis best that I suffer alone;
I go to my place of exile,
To write of the deeds we have done.

"'Be true to the king that they give you.
We may not embrace ere we part;
But, General, reach me your hand,
And press me, I pray, to your heart.'
He called for our battle standard;
One kiss to the eagle he gave.
'Dear eagle!' he said, 'may this kiss
Long sound in the hearts of the brave!'

"'Twas thus that Napoleon left us;
Our people were weeping and mute,
As he passed through the lines of his guard,
And our drums beat the notes of salute.

* * *

"I looked when the drumming was o'er,
I looked, but our hero was gone.
We were destined to see him once more,
When we fought on the Mount of St. John.
The Emperor rode through our files;
'Twas June, and a fair Sunday morn;
The lines of our warriors for miles
Stretched wide through the Waterloo corn.

"In thousands we stood on the plain;
The red-coats were crowning the height:
'Go scatter yon English,' he said;
'We'll sup, lads, at Brussels to-night.'
We answered his voice with a shout;
Our eagles were bright in the sun;
Our drums and our cannon spoke out,
And the thundering battle begun.

"One charge to another succeeds,
Like waves that a hurricane bears;
All day do our galloping steeds
Dash fierce on the enemy's squares.
At noon we began the fell onset—
We charged up the Englishman's hill;
And madly we charged it at sunset—
His banners were floating there still.

"—Go to! I will tell you no more;
You know how the battle was lost.
Ho! fetch me a beaker of wine,
And, comrades, I'll give you a toast.
I'll give you a curse on all traitors
Who plotted our Emperor's ruin;
And a curse on those red-coated English,
Whose bayonets helped our undoing.

"A curse on those British assassins,
Who ordered the slaughter of Ney;
A curse on Sir Hudson, who tortured
The life of our hero away.

A curse on all Russians—I hate them!—
 On all Prussian and Austrian fry;
And oh! but I pray we may meet them,
 And fight them again, ere I die."

'Twas thus old Peter did conclude
 His chronicle with curses fit.
He spoke the tale in accents rude;
 In ruder verse I copied it.

Perhaps the tale a moral bears
 (All tales in time to this must come)—
The story of two hundred years
 Writ on the parchment of a drum.

What Peter told with drum and stick,
 Is endless theme for poet's pen—
Is found in endless quartos thick,
 Enormous books by learned men.

And ever since historian writ,
 And ever since a bard could sing,
Doth each exalt with all his wit
 The noble art of murdering.

We love to read the glorious page,
 How bold Achilles killed his foe;
And Turnus, felled by Trojans' rage.
 Went howling to the shades below;

How Godfrey led his red-cross knights;
 How mad Orlando slashed and slew:
There's not a single bard that writes
 But doth the glorious theme renew.

And while, in fashion picturesque,
 The poet rhymes of blood and blows,
The grave historian at his desk
 Describes the same in classic prose.

Go read the works of Reverend Cox:
  You'll duly see recorded there
The history of the self-same knocks
  Here roughly sung by Drummer Pierre.

Of battles fierce and warriors big,
  He writes in phrases dull and slow,
And waves his cauliflower wig,
  And shouts, "Saint George for Marlborow!"

Take Doctor Southey from the shelf,
  An LL.D.—a peaceful man:
Good Lord, how doth he plume himself
  Because we beat the Corsican!

From first to last his page is filled
  With stirring tales how blows were struck.
He shows how we the Frenchmen killed,
  And praises God for our good luck.

Some hints, 'tis true, of politics
  The doctors give, and statesman's art:
Pierre only bangs his drum and sticks,
  And understands the bloody part.

He cares not what the cause may be,
  He is not nice for wrong and right;
But show him where's the enemy,
  He only asks to drum and fight.

They bid him fight—perhaps he wins;
  And when he tells the story o'er,
The honest savage brags and grins,
  And only longs to fight once more.

But luck may change, and valour fail,
  Our drummer, Peter, meet reverse,
And with a moral points his tale—
  The end of all such tales—a curse.

Last year, my love, it was my hap
Behind a grenadier to be;
And, but he wore a hairy cap,
No taller man, methinks, than me.

Prince Albert and the Queen, God wot
(Be blessings on the glorious pair!),
Before us passed—I saw them not,
I only saw a cap of hair.

Your orthodox historian puts
In foremost rank the soldier thus—
The red-coat bully in his boots,
That hides the march of men from us.

He puts him there in foremost rank:
You wonder at his cap of hair;
You hear his sabre's cursèd clank,
His spurs are jingling everywhere.

Go to! I hate him and his trade.
Who bade us so to cringe and bend,
And all God's peaceful people made
To such as him subservient?

Tell me what find we to admire
In epaulets and scarlet coats—
In men, because they load and fire,
And know the art of cutting throats?

* * * * *

Ah, gentle, tender lady mine!
The winter wind blows cold and shrill,
Come, fill me one more glass of wine,
And give the silly fools their will.

And what care we for war and wrack,
How kings and heroes rise and fall;
Look yonder,[*] in his coffin black,
There lies the greatest of them all!

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[*] This ballad was written at Paris at the time of the Second Funeral of Napoleon.

To pluck him down, and keep him up,
  Died many million human souls;
'Tis twelve o'clock, and time to sup,
  Bid Mary heap the fire with coals.

He captured many thousand guns;
  He wrote "The Great" before his name;
And dying, only left his sons
  The recollection of his shame.

Though more than half the world was his.
  He died without a rood his own,
And borrowed from his enemies
  Six feet of ground to lie upon.

He fought a thousand glorious wars,
  And more than half the world was his;
And somewhere now, in yonder stars,
  Can tell, mayhap, what greatness is.

1841.

## ABD-EL-KADER AT TOULON.

### OR, THE CAGED HAWK.

No more, thou lithe and long-winged hawk, of desert-life for thee;
No more across the sultry sands shalt thou go swooping free:
Blunt idle talons, idle beak, with spurning of thy chain,
Shatter against thy cage the wing thou ne'er mayst spread again.

Long, sitting by their watch-fires, shall the Kabyles tell the tale
Of thy dash from Ben Halifa on the fat Metidja vale;
How thou sweptst the desert over, bearing down the wild El Riff,
From eastern Beni Salah to western Ouad Shelif;

How thy white burnous went streaming, like the storm-rack o'er the sea,
When thou rodest in the vanward of the Moorish chivalry:

How thy razzia was a whirlwind, thy onset a simoom,
How thy sword-sweep was the lightning, dealing death from
out the gloom!

Nor less quick to slay in battle than in peace to spare and
save,
Of brave men wisest counsellor, of wise counsellors most
brave;
How the eye that flashed destruction could beam gentleness
and love,
How lion in thee mated lamb, how eagle mated dove!

Availèd not or steel or shot 'gainst that charmed life secure,
Till cunning France, in last resource, tossed up the golden
lure;
And the carrion buzzards round him stooped, faithless, to the
cast,
And the wild hawk of the desert is caught and caged at last.

Weep, maidens of Zerifah, above the laden loom!
Scar, chieftains of Al Elmah, your cheeks in grief and gloom!
Sons of the Beni Snazam, throw down the useless lance,
And stoop your necks and bare your backs to yoke and
scourge of France!

'Twas not in fight they bore him down; he never cried *amàn;*
He never sank his sword before the PRINCE OF FRANGHISTAN;
But with traitors all around him, his star upon the wane,
He heard the voice of ALLAH, and he would not strive in vain.

They gave him what he asked them; from king to king he
spake,
As one that plighted word and seal not knoweth how to
break:
"Let me pass from out my deserts, be't mine own choice
where to go,
I brook no fettered life to live, a captive and a show."

And they promised, and he trusted them, and proud and
calm he came,
Upon his black mare riding, girt with his sword of fame.

Good steed, good sword, he rendered both unto the Frankish throng;
He knew them false and fickle—but a Prince's word is strong.

How have they kept their promise? Turned they the vessel's prow
Unto Acre, Alexandria, as they have sworn e'en now?
Not so: from Oran northwards the white sails gleam and glance,
And the wild hawk of the desert is borne away to France!

Where Toulon's white-walled lazaret looks southward o'er the wave,
Sits he that trusted in the word a son of LOUIS gave.
O noble faith of noble heart! And was the warning vain,
The text writ by the BOURBON in the blurred black book of Spain?

They have need of thee to gaze on, they have need of thee to grace
The triumph of the Prince, to gild the pinchbeck of their race.
Words are but wind, conditions must be construed by GUIZOT:
Dash out thy heart, thou desert hawk, ere thou art made a show!

## THE KING OF BRENTFORD'S TESTAMENT

THE noble King of Brentford
Was old and very sick:
He summoned his physicians
To wait upon him quick;
They stepped into their coaches
And brought their best physick.

They crammed their gracious master
With potion and with pill;
They drenched him and they bled him:
They could not cure his ill.

"Go fetch," says he, "my lawyer,
I'd better make my will."

The monarch's royal mandate
The lawyer did obey;
The thought of six-and-eightpence
Did make his heart full gay.
"What is't," says he, "your Majesty
Would wish of me to-day?"

"The doctors have belaboured me
With potion and with pill;
My hours of life are counted,
O man of tape and quill!
Sit down and mend a pen or two,
I want to make my will.

"O'er all the land of Brentford
I'm lord, and eke of Kew;
I've three-per-cents. and five-per-cents.;
My debts are but a few:
And to inherit after me
I have but children two.

"Prince Thomas is my eldest son,
A sober prince is he,
And from the day we breeched him
Till now he's twenty-three,
He never caused disquiet
To his poor Mamma or me.

"At school they never flogged him;
At college, though not fast,
Yet his little-go and great-go
He creditably passed,
And made his year's allowance
For eighteen months to last.

"He never owed a shilling;
Went never drunk to bed;

He has not two ideas
Within his honest head—
In all respects he differs
From my second son, Prince Ned.

"When Tom has half his income
Laid by at the year's end,
Poor Ned has ne'er a stiver
That rightly he may spend,
But sponges on a tradesman,
Or borrows from a friend.

"While Tom his legal studies
Most soberly pursues,
Poor Ned must pass his mornings
A-dawdling with the Muse;
While Tom frequents his banker,
Young Ned frequents the Jews.

"Ned drives about in buggies,
Tom sometimes takes a 'bus;—
Ah, cruel fate, why made you
My children differ thus?
Why make of Tom a *dullard*,
And Ned a *genius?*"

"You'll cut him with a shilling?"
Exclaimed the man of writs.
"I'll leave my wealth," said Brentford,
"Sir Lawyer, as befits;
And portion both their fortunes
Unto their several wits."

"Your Grace knows best," the lawyer said;
"On your commands I wait."
"Be silent, Sir," says Brentford,
"A plague upon your prate!
Come take your pen and paper,
And write as I dictate."

The will as Brentford spoke it
Was writ and signed and closed.
He bade the lawyer leave him,
And turned him round and dozed;
And next week in the churchyard
The good old King reposed.

Tom, dressed in crape and hatband,
Of mourners was the chief;
In bitter self-upbraidings
Poor Edward showed his grief;
Tom hid his fat white countenance
In his pocket-handkerchief.

Ned's eyes were full of weeping,
He faltered in his walk;
Tom never shed a tear,
But onwards he did stalk,
As pompous, black, and solemn
As any catafalque.

And when the bones of Brentford—
That gentle king and just—
With bell and book and candle
Were duly laid in dust,
"Now, gentlemen," says Thomas,
"Let business be discussed.

"When late our sire beloved
Was taken deadly ill,
Sir Lawyer, you attended him
(I mean to tax your bill);
And as you signed and wrote it,
I prithee read the will."

The lawyer wiped his spectacles,
And drew the parchment out;
And all the Brentford family
Sat eager round about:
Poor Ned was somewhat anxious,
But Tom had ne'er a doubt.

"My son, as I make ready
To seek my last long home,
Some cares I had for Neddy,
But none for thee, my Tom:
Sobriety and order
You ne'er departed from.

"Ned hath a brilliant genius,
And thou a plodding brain;
On thee I think with pleasure,
On him with doubt and pain."
("You see, good Ned," says Thomas,
"What he thought about us twain.")

"Though small was your allowance,
You saved a little store;
And those who save a little
Shall get a plenty more."
As the lawyer read this compliment,
Tom's eyes were running o'er.

"The tortoise and the hare, Tom,
Set out, at each his pace;
The hare it was the fleeter—
The tortoise won the race:
And since the world's beginning
This ever was the case.

"Ned's genius, blithe and singing,
Steps gaily o'er the ground;
As steadily you trudge it,
He clears it with a bound;
But dullness has stout legs, Tom,
And wind that's wondrous sound.

"O'er fruits and flowers alike, Tom,
You pass with plodding feet;
You heed not one nor t'other,
But onwards go your beat,
While genius stops to loiter
With all that he may meet.

"And ever as he wanders,
Will have a pretext fine
For sleeping in the morning,
Or loitering to dine,
Or dozing in the shade,
Or basking in the shine.

"Your little steady eyes, Tom,
Though not so bright as those
That restless round about him
His flashing genius throws,
Are excellently suited
To look before your nose.

"Thank Heaven, then, for the blinkers
It placed before your eyes;
The stupidest are weakest,
The witty are not wise;
Oh, bless your good stupidity,
It is your dearest prize!

"And though my lands are wide,
And plenty is my gold,
Still better gifts from Nature,
My Thomas, do you hold—
A brain that's thick and heavy,
A heart that's dull and cold:

"Too dull to feel depression,
Too hard to heed distress,
Too cold to yield to passion
Or silly tenderness.
March on—your road is open
To wealth, Tom, and success.

"Ned sinneth in extravagance,
And you in greedy lust."
("I' faith," says Ned, "our father
Is less polite than just.")
"In you, son Tom, I've confidence,
But Ned I cannot trust.

"Wherefore my lease and copyholds,
My lands and tenements,
My parks, my farms, and orchards,
My houses and my rents,
My Dutch stock and my Spanish stock,
My five and three per cents.,

"I leave to you, my Thomas"—
("What! all?" poor Edward said.
"Well, well, I should have spent them,
And Tom's a prudent head")—
"I leave to you, my Thomas—
To you IN TRUST for Ned."

The wrath and consternation
What poet e'er could trace
That at this fatal passage
Came o'er Prince Tom his face—
The wonder of the company,
And honest Ned's amaze!

"'Tis surely some mistake,"
Good-naturedly cries Ned;
The lawyer answered gravely,
"'Tis even as I said;
'Twas thus his gracious Majesty
Ordained on his death-bed.

"See, here the will is witnessed,
And here's his autograph."
"In truth, our father's writing,"
Says Edward, with a laugh;
"But thou shalt not be loser, Tom,
We'll share it half and half."

"Alas! my kind young gentleman,
This sharing cannot be;
'Tis written in the testament
That Brentford spoke to me,
'I do forbid Prince Ned to give
Prince Tom a halfpenny.

"'He hath a store of money,
But ne'er was known to lend it;
He never helped his brother;
The poor he ne'er befriended:
He hath no need of property
Who knows not how to spend it.

"'Poor Edward knows but how to spend,
And thrifty Tom to hoard;
Let Thomas be the steward then,
And Edward be the lord.
And as the honest labourer
Is worthy his reward,

"'I pray Prince Ned, my second son,
And my successor dear,
To pay to his intendant
Five hundred pounds a year;
And to think of his old father,
And live and make good cheer.'"

Such was old Brentford's honest testament.
He did devise his moneys for the best,
And lies in Brentford church in peaceful rest.
Prince Edward lived, and money made and spent;
But his good sire was wrong, it is confessed,
To say his son, young Thomas, never lent.
He did. Young Thomas lent at interest,
And nobly took his twenty-five per cent.

Long time the famous reign of Ned endured
O'er Chiswick, Fulham, Brentford, Putney, Kew,
But of extravagance he ne'er was cured.
And when both died, as mortal men will do,
'Twas commonly reported that the steward
Was very much the richer of the two.

## THE WHITE SQUALL.

On deck, beneath the awning,
I dozing lay and yawning;
It was the grey of dawning,
  Ere yet the sun arose;
And above the funnel's roaring,
And the fitful wind's deploring,
I heard the cabin snoring
  With universal nose.
I could hear the passengers snorting—
I envied their disporting—
Vainly I was courting
  The pleasure of a doze!

So I lay, and wondered why light
Came not, and watched the twilight,
And the glimmer of the skylight,
  That shot across the deck;
And the binnacle pale and steady,
And the dull glimpse of the dead-eye,
And the sparks in fiery eddy
  That whirled from the chimney neck.
In our jovial floating prison
There was sleep from fore to mizzen,
And never a star had risen
  The hazy sky to speck.

Strange company we harboured.
We'd a hundred Jews to larboard,
Unwashed, uncombed, unbarbered—
  Jews black, and brown, and grey.
With terror it would seize ye,
And make your souls uneasy,
To see those Rabbis greasy,
  Who did nought but scratch and pray:
Their dirty children puking—
Their dirty saucepans cooking—
Their dirty fingers hooking
  Their swarming fleas away.

To starboard Turks and Greeks were—
Whiskered and brown their cheeks were—
Enormous wide their breeks were,
  Their pipes did puff away;
Each on his mat allotted
In silence smoked and squatted,
Whilst round their children trotted
  In pretty, pleasant play.
He can't but smile who traces
The smiles on those brown faces,
And the pretty, prattling graces
  Of those small heathens gay.

And so the hours kept tolling,
And through the ocean rolling
Went the brave *Iberia* bowling
  Before the break of day——

When a SQUALL, upon a sudden,
Came o'er the waters scudding;
And the clouds began to gather,
And the sea was lashed to lather,
And the lowering thunder grumbled,
And the lightning jumped and tumbled,
And the ship, and all the ocean,
Woke up in wild commotion.
Then the wind set up a howling,
And the poodle dog a yowling,
And the cocks began a crowing,
And the old cow raised a lowing
As she heard the tempest blowing,
And fowls and geese did cackle,
And the cordage and the tackle
Began to shriek and crackle;
And the spray dashed o'er the funnels,
And down the deck in runnels;
And the rushing water soaks all,
From the seamen in the fo'ksal
To the stokers whose black faces
Peer out of their bed-places;

And the captain he was bawling,
And the sailors pulling, hauling,
And the quarter-deck tarpauling
Was shivered in the squalling;
And the passengers awaken,
Most pitifully shaken;
And the steward jumps up, and hastens
For the necessary basins.

Then the Greeks they groaned and quivered,
And they knelt, and moaned, and shivered,
As the plunging waters met them,
And splashed and overset them;
And they call in their emergence
Upon countless saints and virgins;
And their marrowbones are bended,
And they think the world is ended.

And the Turkish women for'ard
Were frightened and behorror'd;
And shrieking and bewildering,
The mothers clutched their children;
The men sung, "Allah! Illah!
Mashallah Bismillah!"
As the warring waters doused them
And splashed them and soused them,
And they called upon the Prophet,
And thought but little of it.

Then all the fleas in Jewry
Jumped up and bit like fury;
And the progeny of Jacob
Did on the main-deck wake up
(I wot those greasy Rabbins
Would never pay for cabins);
And each man moaned and jabbered in
His filthy Jewish gaberdine,
In woe and lamentation,
And howling consternation.

And the splashing water drenches
Their dirty brats and wenches;
And they crawl from bales and benches
In a hundred thousand stenches.

This was the White Squall famous,
Which latterly o'ercame us,
And which all will well remember
On the 28th September;
When a Prussian captain of Lancers
(Those tight-laced, whiskered prancers)
Came on the deck astonished,
By that wild squall admonished,
And wondering cried, "Potztausend,
Wie ist der Stürm jetzt brausend?"
And looked at Captain Lewis,
Who calmly stood and blew his
Cigar in all the bustle,
And scorned the tempest's tussle,
And oft we've thought thereafter
How he beat the storm to laughter:
For well he knew his vessel
With that vain wind could wrestle;
And when a wreck we thought her,
And doomed ourselves to slaughter,
How gaily he fought her,
And through the hubbub brought her,
And as the tempest caught her,
Cried, "GEORGE! SOME BRANDY-AND-WATER!"

And when, its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And as the sunrise splendid
  Came blushing o'er the sea;
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling, and making
  A prayer at home for me.

1844.

## PEG OF LIMAVADDY.

Riding from Coleraine
  (Famed for lovely Kitty),
Came a Cockney bound
  Unto Derry city;
Weary was his soul,
  Shivering and sad, he
Bumped along the road
  Leads to Limavaddy.

Mountains stretched around,
  Gloomy was their tinting,
And the horse's hoofs
  Made a dismal clinting;
Wind upon the heath
  Howling was and piping,
On the heath and bog
  Black with many a snipe in.
Mid the bogs of black,
  Silver pools were flashing,
Crows upon their sides
  Picking were and splashing.
Cockney on the car
  Closer folds his plaidy,
Grumbling at the road
  Leads to Limavaddy.

Through the crashing woods
  Autumn brawled and blustered,
Tossing round about
  Leaves the hue of mustard;
Yonder lay Lough Foyle,
  Which a storm was whipping,
Covering with mist
  Lake, and shores, and shipping.
Up and down the hill
  (Nothing could be bolder),
Horse went with a raw
  Bleeding on his shoulder.

"Where are horses changed?"
  Said I to the laddy
Driving on the box:
  "Sir, at Limavaddy."

Limavaddy inn's
  But a humble bait-house,
Where you may procure
  Whisky and potatoes;
Landlord at the door
  Gives a smiling welcome,
To the shivering wights
  Who to his hotel come.
Landlady within
  Sits and knits a stocking,
With a wary foot
  Baby's cradle rocking.
To the chimney nook
  Having found admittance,
There I watch a pup
  Playing with two kittens
(Playing round the fire,
  Which of blazing turf is,
Roaring to the pot
  Which bubbles with the murphies);
And the cradled babe
  Fond the mother nursed it,
Singing it a song
  As she twists the worsted!

Up and down the stair
  Two more young ones patter
(Twins were never seen
  Dirtier nor fatter).
Both have mottled legs,
  Both have snubby noses,
Both have—— Here the host
  Kindly interposes:
"Sure you must be froze
  With the sleet and hail, sir

So will you have some punch,
Or will you have some ale, sir?"

Presently a maid
Enters with the liquor
(Half a pint of ale
Frothing in a beaker).
Gads! I didn't know
What my beating heart meant:
Hebe's self I thought
Entered the apartment.
As she came she smiled,
And the smile bewitching,
On my word and honour,
Lighted all the kitchen!

With a curtsy neat
Greeting the new comer,
Lovely, smiling Peg
Offers me the rummer;
But my trembling hand
Up the beaker tilted,
And the glass of ale
Every drop I spilt it—
Spilt it every drop
(Dames, who read my volumes,
Pardon such a word)
On my what-d'ye-call-'ems!

Witnessing the sight
Of that dire disaster,
Out began to laugh
Missis, maid, and master;
Such a merry peal
Specially Miss Peg's was
(As the glass of ale
Trickling down my legs was),
That the joyful sound
Of that mingling laughter
Echoed in my ears
Many a long day after.

Such a silver peal!
  In the meadows listening,
You who've heard the bells
  Ringing to a christening;
You who ever heard
  Caradori pretty,
Smiling like an angel,
  Singing "Giovinetti;"
Fancy Peggy's laugh,
  Sweet, and clear, and cheerful,
At my pantaloons
  With half a pint of beer full!

When the laugh was done,
  Peg, the pretty hussy,
Moved about the room
  Wonderfully busy;
Now she looks to see
  If the kettle keep hot;
Now she rubs the spoons,
  Now she cleans the teapot;
Now she sets the cup
  Trimly and secure;
Now she scours a pot,
  And so it was I drew her.

Thus it was I drew her
  Scouring of a kettle,
(Faith! her blushing cheeks
  Reddened on the metal!)
Ah! but 'tis in vain
  That I try to sketch it;
The pot perhaps is like,
  But Peggy's face is wretched.
No! the best of lead
  And of indian-rubber
Never could depict
  That sweet kettle-scrubber!

See her as she moves,
  Scarce the ground she touches,

Airy as a fay,
  Graceful as a duchess;
Bare her rounded arm,
  Bare her little leg is—
Vestris never showed
  Ankles like to Peggy's.
Braided is her hair;
  Soft her look and modest;
Slim her little waist,
  Comfortably bodiced.

This I do declare,
  Happy is the laddy
Who the heart can share
  Of Peg of Limavaddy.
Married if she were,
  Blest would be the daddy
Of the children fair
  Of Peg of Limavaddy.
Beauty is not rare
  In the land of Paddy—
Fair beyond compare
  Is Peg of Limavaddy.

Citizen or Squire,
  Tory, Whig, or Radi-
cal would all desire
  Peg of Limavaddy.
Had I Homer's fire,
  Or that of Serjeant Taddy,
Meetly I'd admire
  Peg of Limavaddy.
And till I expire,
  Or till I grow mad, I
Will sing unto my lyre
  Peg of Limavaddy!

## MAY-DAY ODE.

But yesterday a naked sod
  The dandies sneered from Rotten Row,
  And cantered o'er it to and fro:
        And see 'tis done!
As though 'twere by a wizard's rod,
  A blazing arch of lucid glass
  Leaps like a fountain from the grass
        To meet the sun!

A quiet green but few days since,
  With cattle browsing in the shade:
  And here are lines of bright arcade
        In order raised!
A palace as for fairy Prince,
  A rare pavilion, such as man
  Saw never since mankind began,
        And built and glazed!

A peaceful place it was but now:
  And lo! within its shining streets
  A multitude of nations meets;
        A countless throng
I see beneath the crystal bow,
  And Gaul and German, Russ and Turk,
  Each with his native handiwork
        And busy tongue.

I felt a thrill of love and awe
  To mark the different garb of each,
  The changing tongue, the various speech
        Together blent:
A thrill, methinks, like his who saw
  "All people dwelling upon earth
  Praising our God with solemn mirth
        And one consent."

High Sovereign, in your Royal state,
Captains, and chiefs, and councillors,
Before the lofty palace doors
Are open set,—
Hush! ere you pass the shining gate;
Hush! ere the heaving curtain draws,
And let the Royal pageant pause
A moment yet.

People and prince a silence keep!
Bow coronet and kingly crown,
Helmet and plume, bow lowly down,
The while the priest,
Before the splendid portal step,
(While still the wondrous banquet stays,)
From Heaven supreme a blessing prays
Upon the feast.

Then onwards let the triumph march;
Then let the loud artillery roll,
And trumpets ring, and joy-bells toll,
And pass the gate.
Pass underneath the shining arch,
'Neath which the leafy elms are green;
Ascend unto your throne, O Queen!
And take your state.

Behold her in her Royal place!
A gentle lady; and the hand
That sways the sceptre of this land,
How frail and weak!
Soft is the voice, and fair the face:
She breathes amen to prayer and hymn;
No wonder that her eyes are dim,
And pale her cheek.

This moment round her empire's shores
The winds of Austral winter sweep,
And thousands lie in midnight sleep
At rest to-day.

Oh ! awful is that crown of yours,
Queen of innumerable realms
Sitting beneath the budding elms
Of English May !

A wondrous sceptre 'tis to bear :
Strange mystery of God which set
Upon her brow yon coronet—
The foremost crown
Of all the world, on one so fair !
That chose her to it from her birth,
And bade the sons of all the earth
To her bow down.

The representatives of man
Here from the far Antipodes,
And from the subject Indian seas,
In Congress meet ;
From Afric and from Hindustan,
From Western continent and isle,
The envoys of her empire pile
Gifts at her feet ;

Our brethren cross the Atlantic tides,
Loading the gallant decks which once
Roared a defiance to our guns,
With peaceful store ;
Symbol of peace, their vessel rides ! *
O'er English waves float Star and Stripe,
And firm their friendly anchors gripe
The father shore !

From Rhine and Danube, Rhone and Seine,
As rivers from their sources gush,
The swelling floods of nations rush,
And seaward pour :
From coast to coast in friendly chain,
With countless ships we bridge the straits,
And angry ocean separates
Europe no more.

* The U.S. frigate *St. Lawrence*.

From Mississippi and from Nile—
  From Baltic, Ganges, Bosphorus,
  In England's ark assembled thus
          Are friend and guest.
Look down the mighty sunlit aisle,
  And see the sumptuous banquet set,
  The brotherhood of nations met
          Around the feast!

Along the dazzling colonnade,
  Far as the straining eye can gaze,
  Gleam cross and fountain, bell and vase,
          In vistas bright;
And statues fair of nymph and maid,
  And steeds and pards and Amazons,
  Writhing and grappling in the bronze,
          In endless fight,

To deck the glorious roof and dome,
  To make the Queen a canopy,
  The peaceful hosts of industry
          Their standards bear:
Yon are the works of Brahmin loom;
  On such a web of Persian thread
  The desert Arab bows his head
          And cries his prayer.

Look yonder where the engines toil:
  These England's arms of conquest are,
  The trophies of her bloodless war:
          Brave weapons these.
Victorious over wave and soil,
  With these she sails, she weaves, she tills,
  Pierces the everlasting hills
          And spans the seas.

The engine roars upon its race,
  The shuttle whirrs along the woof,
  The people hum from floor to roof,
          With Babel tongue.

The fountain in the basin plays,
The chanting organ echoes clear,
An awful chorus 'tis to hear,
A wondrous song!

Swell, organ, swell your trumpet blast,
March, Queen and Royal pageant, march
By splendid aisle and springing arch
Of this fair Hall:
And see! above the fabric vast,
God's boundless Heaven is bending blue,
God's peaceful sunlight's beaming through,
And shines o'er all.

*May* 1851.

## THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE.

A STREET there is in Paris famous,
For which no rhyme our language yields,
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is—
The New Street of the Little Fields.
And here's an inn, not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable case;
The which in youth I oft attended,
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—
A sort of soup or broth, or brew,
Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo;
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffron,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace:
All these you eat at TERRÉ's tavern,
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed a rich and savoury stew 'tis;
And true philosophers, methinks,
Who love all sorts of natural beauties,
Should love good victuals and good drinks

And Cordelier or Benedictine
  Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,
Nor find a fast-day too afflicting,
  Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is?—
  Yes, here the lamp is, as before;
The smiling red-cheeked écaillère is
  Still opening oysters at the door.
Is TERRÉ still alive and able?
  I recollect his droll grimace:
He'd come and smile before your table,
  And hope you liked your Bouillabaisse.

We enter—nothing's changed or older.
  "How's Monsieur TERRÉ, waiter, pray?"
The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulder—
  "Monsieur is dead this many a day."
"It is the lot of saint and sinner;
  So honest TERRÉ's run his race."
"What will Monsieur require for dinner?"
  "Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?"

"Oh, oui, Monsieur," 's the waiter's answer:
  "Quel vin Monsieur desire-t-il?"
"Tell me a good one."—"That I can, Sir:
  The Chambertin with yellow seal."
"So TERRÉ's gone," I say, and sink in
  My old accustomed corner-place;
"He's done with feasting and with drinking,
  With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse."

My old accustomed corner here is,
  The table still is in the nook;
Ah! vanished many a busy year is
  This well-known chair since last I took.
When first I saw ye, *cari luoghi*,
  I'd scarce a beard upon my face,
And now a grizzled, grim old fogy,
  I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty
  Of early days here met to dine?
Come, waiter! quick, a flagon crusty—
  I'll pledge them in the good old wine.
The kind old voices and old faces
  My memory can quick retrace;
Around the board they take their places,
  And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There's JACK has made a wondrous marriage;
  There's laughing TOM is laughing yet;
There's brave AUGUSTUS drives his carriage;
  There's poor old FRED in the *Gazette*;
On JAMES's head the grass is growing:
  Good Lord! the world has wagged apace
Since here we set the Claret flowing,
  And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
  I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
  In this same place, but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
  A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me—
  There's no one now to share my cup.

* * * * *

I drink it as the Fates ordain it.
  Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes—
Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
  In memory of dear old times.
Welcome the wine whate'er the seal is;
  And sit you down and say your grace
With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.—
  Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse!

## THE MAHOGANY TREE.

Christmas is here:
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we:
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany Tree.

Once on the boughs
Birds of rare plume
Sang, in its bloom;
Night-birds are we:
Here we carouse,
Singing like them,
Perched round the stem
Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit;
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.
Life is but short—
When we are gone,
Let them sing on,
Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew,
Happy as this;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate:

Let the dog wait;
Happy we'll be!
Drink, every one;
Pile up the coals,
Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree!

Drain we the cup.—
Friend, art afraid?
Spirits are laid
In the Red Sea.
Mantle it up;
Empty it yet;
Let us forget,
Round the old tree!

Sorrows, begone!
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills,
Bid we to flee.
Come with the dawn,
Blue-devil sprite,
Leave us to-night,
Round the old tree.

## THE YANKEE VOLUNTEERS.

"A surgeon of the United States army says that, on inquiring of the captain of his company, he found that *nine-tenths* of the men had enlisted on account of some female difficulty."—*Morning Paper.*

YE Yankee volunteers!
It makes my bosom bleed
When I your story read,
    Though oft 'tis told one.
So—in both hemispheres
The women are untrue,
And cruel in the New,
    As in the Old one!

What! in this company
Of sixty sons of Mars,
Who march 'neath Stripes and Stars,
With fife and horn,
Nine-tenths of all we see
Along the warlike line
Had but one cause to join
This Hope Forlorn?

Deserters from the realm
Where tyrant Venus reigns,
You slipped her wicked chains,
Fled and outran her.
And now, with sword and helm,
Together banded are
Beneath the Stripe and Star-
Embroidered banner!

And is it so with all
The warriors ranged in line,
With lace bedizened fine
And swords gold-hilted—
Yon lusty corporal,
Yon colour-man who gripes
The flag of Star and Stripes—
Has each been jilted?

Come, each man of this line,
The privates strong and tall,
"The pioneers and all,"
The fifer nimble—
Lieutenant and Ensign,
Captain with epaulets,
And Blacky there, who beats
The clanging cymbal—

O cymbal-beating black,
Tell us, as thou canst feel,
Was it some Lucy Neal
Who caused thy ruin?

O nimble fifing Jack,
And drummer making din
So deftly on the skin,
Why thy rat-tattooing—

Confess, ye volunteers,
Lieutenant and Ensign,
And Captain of the line,
As bold as Roman—
Confess, ye grenadiers,
However strong and tall,
The Conqueror of you all
Is Woman, Woman!

No corselet is so proof,
But through it from her bow
The shafts that she can throw
Will pierce and rankle.
No champion e'er so tough,
But 's in the struggle thrown,
And tripped and trodden down
By her slim ankle.

Thus always it was ruled:
And when a woman smiled,
The strong man was a child,
The sage a noodle.
Alcides was befooled,
And silly Samson shorn,
Long, long ere you were born,
Poor Yankee Doodle!

## THE PEN AND THE ALBUM.

"I AM Miss Catherine's book," the Album speaks.
"I've lain among your tomes these many weeks;
I'm tired of their old coats and yellow cheeks.

"Quick, Pen! and write a line with a good grace:
Come! draw me off a funny little face;
And, prithee, send me back to Chesham Place."

PEN.

"I am my master's faithful old Gold Pen.
I've served him three long years, and drawn since then
Thousands of funny women and droll men.

"O Album! could I tell you all his ways
And thoughts, since I am his, these thousand days,
Lord, how your pretty pages I'd amaze!"

ALBUM.

"His ways? his thoughts? Just whisper me a few;
Tell me a curious anecdote or two,
And write 'em quickly off, good Mordan, do!"

PEN.

"Since he my faithful service did engage
To follow him through his queer pilgrimage,
I've drawn and written many a line and page.

"Caricatures I scribbled have, and rhymes,
And dinner-cards, and picture pantomimes,
And merry little children's books at times.

"I've writ the foolish fancy of his brain;
The aimless jest that, striking, hath caused pain;
The idle word that he'd wish back again.

* * * * *

"I've helped him to pen many a line for bread;
To joke, with sorrow aching in his head;
And make your laughter when his own heart bled.

"I've spoke with men of all degree and sort—
Peers of the land, and ladies of the Court;
Oh, but I've chronicled a deal of sport!

"Feasts that were ate a thousand days ago,
Biddings to wine that long hath ceased to flow,
Gay meetings with good fellows long laid low;

"Summons to bridal, banquet, burial, ball,
Tradesman's polite reminders of his small
Account due Christmas last—I've answered all.

"Poor Diddler's tenth petition for a half-
Guinea; Miss Bunyan's for an autograph:
So I refuse, accept, lament, or laugh,

"Condole, congratulate, invite, praise, scoff,
Day after day still dipping in my trough,
And scribbling pages after pages off.

"Day after day the labour's to be done,
And sure as comes the postman and the sun,
The indefatigable ink must run.

* * * * *

"Go back, my pretty little gilded tome,
To a fair mistress and a pleasant home,
Where soft hearts greet us whensoe'er we come!

"Dear, friendly eyes, with constant kindness lit,
However rude my verse, or poor my wit,
Or sad or gay my mood, you welcome it.

"Kind lady! till my last of lines is penned,
My master's love, grief, laughter, at an end,
Whene'er I write your name, may I write friend!

"Not all are so that were so in past years;
Voices, familiar once, no more he hears;
Names, often writ, are blotted out in tears.

"So be it:—joys will end and tears will dry.
Album! my master bids me wish good-bye,
He'll send you to your mistress presently.

"And thus with thankful heart he closes you;
Blessing the happy hour when a friend he knew
So gentle, and so generous, and so true.

"Nor pass the words as idle phrases by;
Stranger! I never writ a flattery,
Nor signed the page that registered a lie."

## SORROWS OF WERTHER.

Werther had a love for Charlotte
  Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
  She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
  And a moral man was Werther,
And, for all the wealth of Indies,
  Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
  And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
  And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
  Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
  Went on cutting bread and butter.

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## MRS. KATHERINE'S LANTERN.

### WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

"Coming from a gloomy court,
Place of Israelite resort,
This old lamp I've brought with me.
Madam, on its panes you'll see
The initials K. and E."

"An old lantern brought to me?
Ugly, dingy, battered, black!"
(Here a lady I suppose
Turning up a pretty nose)—
"Pray, sir, take the old thing back;
I've no taste for bricabrac."

"Please to mark the letters twain"—
(I'm supposed to speak again)—
"Graven on the lantern pane.
Can you tell me who was she,
Mistress of the flowery wreath,
And the anagram beneath—
The mysterious K. E.?

"Full a hundred years are gone
Since the little beacon shone
From a Venice balcony
There, on summer nights, it hung,
And her lovers came and sung
To their beautiful K. E.

"Hush! in the canal below
Don't you hear the plash of oars
Underneath the lantern's glow?
And a thrilling voice begins
To the sound of mandolins—
Begins singing of amore
And delire and dolore.
O the ravishing tenore!

"Lady, do you know the tune?
Ah, we all of us have hummed it!
I've an old guitar has thrummed it
Under many a changing moon.
Shall I try it? *Do* RE MI * * *
What is this? *Ma foi*, the fact is,
That my hand is out of practice,
And my poor old fiddle cracked is,
And a man—I let the truth out—
Who's had almost every tooth out,
Cannot sing as once he sung,
When he was young as you are young—
When he was young and lutes were strung,
And love-lamps in the casement hung."

## THE ROSE UPON MY BALCONY.

The rose upon my balcony, the morning air perfuming,
Was leafless all the winter time, and pining for the spring.
You ask me why her breath is sweet, and why her cheek is blooming?
It is because the sun is out and birds begin to sing.

The nightingale, whose melody is through the greenwood ringing,
Was silent when the boughs were bare and winds were blowing keen.
And if, Mamma, you ask of me the reason of his singing,
It is because the sun is out and all the leaves are green.

Thus each performs his part, Mamma—the birds have found their voices,
The blowing rose a flush, Mamma, her bonny cheek to dye;
And there's sunshine in my heart, Mamma, which wakens and rejoices,
And so I sing and blush, Mamma, and that's the reason why.

## LUCY'S BIRTHDAY.

Seventeen rosebuds in a ring,
Thick with sister flowers beset,
In a fragrant coronet,
Lucy's servants this day bring.
Be it the birthday wreath she wears
Fresh and fair, and symbolling
The young number of her years,
The sweet blushes of her spring.

Types of youth and love and hope,
Friendly hearts your mistress greet,
Be you ever fair and sweet,
And grow lovelier as you ope!

Gentle nursling, fenced about
With fond care, and guarded so,
Scarce you've heard of storms without,
Frosts that bite, or winds that blow!

Kindly has your life begun;
And we pray that heaven may send
To our floweret a warm sun,
A calm summer, a sweet end.
And where'er shall be her home,
May she decorate the place;
Still expanding into bloom,
And developing in grace.

## THE CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR.

In tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure;
But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure;
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks
With worthless old knickknacks and silly old books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,
Cracked bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends.

Old armour, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all cracked),
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-backed;
A twopenny treasury, wondrous to see;—
What matter? 'tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire;
And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp;
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp;
A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn—
'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long through the hours, and the night, and the chimes,
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old times;
As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakie
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,
There's one that I love and I cherish the best:
For the finest of couches that's padded with hair
I never would change thee, my cane-bottomed chair.

'Tis a bandy-legged, high-shouldered, worm-eaten seat,
With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet;
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,
I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottomed chair.

If chairs have but feeling, in holding such charms,
A thrill must have passed through your withered old arms!
I looked, and I longed, and I wished in despair—
I wished myself turned to a cane-bottomed chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place,
She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face!
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,
And she sat there, and bloomed in my cane-bottomed chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince;
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet I declare,
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottomed chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company's gone.
In the silence of night as I sit here alone—
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

She comes from the past and revisits my room;
She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom,
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair.

## PISCATOR AND PISCATRIX.

### LINES WRITTEN TO AN ALBUM PRINT.

As on this pictured page I look,
This pretty tale of line and hook,
As though it were a novel-book,
    Amuses and engages.
I know them both, the boy and girl:
She is the daughter of the Earl;
The lad (that has his hair in curl)
    My lord the County's page is.

A pleasant place for such a pair!
The fields lie basking in the glare;
No breath of wind the heavy air
    Of lazy summer quickens.
Hard by you see the castle tall;
The village nestles round the wall,
As round about the hen its small
    Young progeny of chickens.

It is too hot to pace the keep;
To climb the turret is too steep;
My lord the Earl is dozing deep,
    His noonday dinner over;
The postern-warder is asleep
(Perhaps they've bribed him not to peep):
And so from out the gate they creep,
    And cross the fields of clover.

Their lines into the brook they launch,
He lays his cloak upon a branch,
To guarantee his Lady Blanche
    's delicate complexion:

He takes his rapier from his haunch,
That beardless, doughty champion staunch;
He'd drill it through the rival's paunch,
That questioned his affection!

O heedless pair of sportsmen slack!
You never mark, though trout or jack,
Or little foolish stickleback,
Your baited snares may capture.
What care has *she* for line and hook?
She turns her back upon the brook,
Upon her lover's eyes to look
In sentimental rapture.

O loving pair! as thus I gaze
Upon the girl who smiles always,
The little hand that ever plays
Upon the lover's shoulder;
In looking at your pretty shapes,
A sort of envious wish escapes
(Such as the Fox had for the Grapes)
The Poet your beholder.

To be brave, handsome, twenty-two,
With nothing else on earth to do
But all day long to bill and coo—
It were a pleasant calling.
And had I such a partner sweet,
A tender heart for mine to beat,
A gentle hand my clasp to meet,
I'd let the world flow at my feet,
And never heed its brawling.

## RONSARD TO HIS MISTRESS.

"Quand vous serez bien vieille, le soir à la chandelle
Assise auprès du feu devisant et filant,
Direz, chantant mes vers en vous esmerveillant,
Ronsard m'a célébré du temps que j'étois belle."

Some winter night, shut snugly in
Beside the fagot in the hall,
I think I see you sit and spin,
Surrounded by your maidens all.
Old tales are told, old songs are sung,
Old days come back to memory;
You say, "When I was fair and young,
A poet sang of me!"

There's not a maiden in your hall,
Though tired and sleepy ever so,
But wakes, as you my name recall,
And longs the history to know.
And as the piteous tale is said,
Of lady cold and lover true,
Each, musing, carries it to bed,
And sighs and envies you!

"Our lady's old and feeble now,"
They'll say; "she once was fresh and fair,
And yet she spurned her lover's vow,
And heartless left him to despair:
The lover lies in silent earth,
No kindly mate the lady cheers;
She sits beside a lonely hearth,
With threescore and ten years!"

Ah! dreary thoughts and dreams are those,
But wherefore yield me to despair,
While yet the poet's bosom glows,
While yet the dame is peerless fair!
Sweet lady mine! while yet 'tis time
Requite my passion and my truth,
And gather in their blushing prime
The roses of your youth!

## AT THE CHURCH GATE.

Although I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
    Ofttimes I hover!
And near the sacred gate
With longing eyes I wait,
    Expectant of her.

The Minster bell tolls out
Above the city's rout,
    And noise and humming:
They've hushed the Minster bell;
The organ 'gins to swell—
    She's coming, she's coming!

My lady comes at last,
Timid, and stepping fast,
    And hastening hither,
With modest eyes downcast:
She comes—she's here—she's past—
    May heaven go with her!

Kneel, undisturbed, fair Saint!
Pour out your praise or plaint
    Meekly and duly;
I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer
    With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
    Lingering a minute,
Like outcast spirits who wait
And see through heaven's gate
    Angels within it.

## THE AGE OF WISDOM.

Ho, pretty page, with the dimpled chin,
  That never has known the barber's shear,
All your wish is woman to win,
This is the way that boys begin,—
  Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,
  Billing and cooing is all your cheer;
Sighing and singing of midnight strains,
Under Bonnybell's window panes,—
  Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,
  Grizzling hair the brain doth clear—
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass,
  Once you have come to Forty Year.

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,
  All good fellows whose beards are grey,
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow and wearisome ere
  Ever a month was passed away?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
  The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper, and we not list,
Or look away, and never be missed,
  Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Gillian's dead, God rest her bier,
  How I loved her twenty years syne!
Marian's married, but I sit here
Alone and merry at Forty Year,
  Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

## A DOE IN THE CITY.

LITTLE KITTY LORIMER,
Fair, and young, and witty,
What has brought your ladyship
Rambling to the City?

All the Stags in Capel Court
Saw her lightly trip it;
All the lads of Stock Exchange
Twigged her muff and tippet.

With a sweet perplexity,
And a mystery pretty,
Threading through Threadneedle Street,
Trots the little KITTY.

What was my astonishment—
What was my compunction,
When she reached the Offices
Of the Didland Junction!

Up the Didland stairs she went,
To the Didland door, Sir;
Porters lost in wonderment,
Let her pass before, Sir.

"Madam," says the old chief Clerk,
"Sure we can't admit ye."
"Where's the Didland Junction deed?"
Dauntlessly says KITTY.

"If you doubt my honesty,
Look at my receipt, Sir."
Up then jumps the old chief Clerk,
Smiling as he meets her.

KITTY at the table sits
(Whither the old Clerk leads her),
"*I deliver this*," she says,
"*As my act and deed, Sir.*"

When I heard these funny words
  Come from lips so pretty,
This, I thought, should surely be
  Subject for a ditty.

What! are ladies stagging it?
  Sure, the more's the pity;
But I've lost my heart to her,
  Naughty little KITTY.

## THE LAST OF MAY.

(IN REPLY TO AN INVITATION DATED ON THE 1ST.)

BY fate's benevolent award,
  Should I survive the day,
I'll drink a bumper with my lord
  Upon the last of May.

That I may reach that happy time
  The kindly gods, I pray,
For are not ducks and peas in prime
  Upon the last of May?

At thirty boards, 'twixt now and then,
  My knife and fork shall play;
But better wine and better men
  I shall not meet in May.

And though, good friend, with whom I dine,
  Your honest head is grey,
And, like this grizzled head of mine,
  Has seen its last of May;

Yet, with a heart that's ever kind,
  A gentle spirit gay,
You've spring perennial in your mind,
  And round you make a May!

## SONG OF THE VIOLET.

A HUMBLE flower long time I pined
  Upon the solitary plain,
And trembled at the angry wind,
  And shrunk before the bitter rain.
And oh! 'twas in a blessed hour
  A passing wanderer chanced to see,
And, pitying the lonely flower,
  To stoop and gather me.

I fear no more the tempest rude,
  On dreary heath no more I pine,
But left my cheerless solitude,
  To deck the breast of Caroline.
Alas! our days are brief at best,
  Nor long, I fear, will mine endure,
Though sheltered here upon a breast
  So gentle and so pure.

It draws the fragrance from my leaves,
  It robs me of my sweetest breath;
And every time it falls and heaves,
  It warns me of my coming death.
But one I know would glad forego
  All joys of life to be as I—
An hour to rest on that sweet breast,
  And then, contented, die.

## FAIRY DAYS.

BESIDE the old hall-fire,—upon my nurse's knee,
Of happy fairy days—what tales were told to me!
I thought the world was once—all peopled with princesses,
And my heart would beat to hear—their loves and their distresses;
And many a quiet night,—in slumber sweet and deep,
The pretty fairy people—would visit me in sleep.

I saw them in my dreams—come flying east and west,
With wondrous fairy gifts—the new-born babe they blest;
One has brought a jewel,—and one a crown of gold,
And one has brought a curse,—but she is wrinkled and old.
The gentle queen turns pale—to hear those words of sin;
But the king he only laughs,—and bids the dance begin.

The babe has grown to be—the fairest of the land,
And rides the forest green,—a hawk upon her hand,
An ambling palfrey white,—a golden robe and crown:
I've seen her in my dreams—riding up and down;
And heard the ogre laugh—as she fell into his snare,
At the little tender creature—who wept and tore her hair!

But ever when it seemed—her need was at the sorest,
A prince in shining mail—comes prancing through the forest,
A waving ostrich-plume,—a buckler burnished bright:
I've seen him in my dreams—good sooth! a gallant knight.
His lips are coral red—beneath a dark moustache;
See how he waves his hand—and how his blue eyes flash!

"Come forth, thou Paynim knight!"—he shouts in accents clear.
The giant and the maid—both tremble his voice to hear.
Saint Mary guard him well!—he draws his falchion keen,
The giant and the knight—are fighting on the green.
I see them in my dreams,—his blade gives stroke on stroke,
The giant pants and reels,—and tumbles like an oak!

With what a blushing grace—he falls upon his knee
And takes the lady's hand—and whispers, "You are free!"
Ah! happy childish tales—of knight and faërie!
I waken from my dreams,—but there's ne'er a knight for me;
I waken from my dreams,—and wish that I could be
A child by the old hall-fire,—upon my nurse's knee!

## "AH, BLEAK AND BARREN WAS THE MOOR."

Ah! bleak and barren was the moor,
Ah! loud and piercing was the storm;
The cottage roof was sheltered sure,
The cottage hearth was bright and warm—
An orphan-boy the lattice passed,
And, as he marked its cheerful glow,
Felt doubly keen the midnight blast,
And doubly cold the fallen snow.

They marked him as he onward pressed,
With fainting heart and weary limb;
Kind voices bade him turn and rest,
And gentle faces welcomed him.
The dawn is up—the guest is gone,
The cottage hearth is blazing still:
Heaven pity all poor wanderers lone!
Hark to the wind upon the hill!

## POCAHONTAS.

Wearied arm and broken sword
Wage in vain the desperate fight;
Round him press a countless horde,
He is but a single knight.
Hark! a cry of triumph shrill
Through the wilderness resounds,
As, with twenty bleeding wounds,
Sinks the warrior, fighting still.

Now they heap the fatal pyre,
And the torch of death they light:
Ah! 'tis hard to die of fire!
Who will shield the captive knight?
Round the stake with fiendish cry
Wheel and dance the savage crowd,
Cold the victim's mien, and proud,
And his breast is bared to die.

Who will shield the fearless heart?
  Who avert the murderous blade?
From the throng, with sudden start,
  See there springs an Indian maid.
Quick she stands before the knight,
"Loose the chain, unbind the ring,
  I am daughter of the king,
And I claim the Indian right!"

Dauntlessly aside she flings
  Lifted axe and thirsty knife;
Fondly to his heart she clings,
  And her bosom guards his life!
In the woods of Powhattan,
  Still 'tis told by Indian fires,
  How a daughter of their sires
Saved the captive Englishman.

## FROM POCAHONTAS.

Returning from the cruel fight
How pale and faint appears my knight!
He sees me anxious at his side;
"Why seek, my love, your wounds to hide?
Or deem your English girl afraid
To emulate the Indian maid?"

Be mine my husband's grief to cheer,
In peril to be ever near;
Whate'er of ill or woe betide,
To bear it clinging at his side;
The poisoned stroke of fate to ward,
His bosom with my own to guard.
Ah! could it spare a pang to his,
It could not know a purer bliss!
'Twould gladden as it felt the smart,
And thank the hand that flung the dart!

# LOVE-SONGS MADE EASY.

## WHAT MAKES MY HEART TO THRILL AND GLOW?

### THE MAYFAIR LOVE-SONG.

WINTER and summer, night and morn,
  I languish at this table dark;
My office window has a corn-
  er looks into St. James's Park;
I hear the Foot Guards' bugle-horn,
  Their tramp upon parade I mark;
I am a gentleman forlorn,
  I am a Foreign-Office Clerk.

My toils, my pleasures, every one,
  I find are stale, and dull, and slow;
And yesterday, when work was done,
  I felt myself so sad and low
I could have seized a sentry's gun
  My wearied brains out out to blow.
What is it makes my blood to run?
  What makes my heart to beat and glow?

My notes of hand are burnt, perhaps?
  Some one has paid my tailor's bill?
No: every morn the tailor raps;
  My I. O. U.'s are extant still.
I still am prey of debt and dun;
  My elder brother's stout and well.
What is it makes my blood to run?
  What makes my heart to glow and swell?

I know my chief's distrust and hate;
  He says I'm lazy, and I shirk.
Ah! had I genius like the late
  Right Honourable Edmund Burke!
My chance of all promotion's gone,
  I know it is—he hates me so.
What is it makes my blood to run,
  And all my heart to swell and glow?

Why, why is all so bright and gay?
  There is no change, there is no cause;
My office-time I found to-day
  Disgusting as it ever was.
At three I went and tried the Clubs,
  And yawned and sauntered to and fro;
And now my heart jumps up and throbs,
  And all my soul is in a glow.

At half-past four I had the cab;
  I drove as hard as I could go.
The London sky was dirty drab,
  And dirty brown the London snow.
And as I rattled in a cant-
  er down by dear old Bolton Row,
A something made my heart to pant,
  And caused my cheek to flush and glow.

What could it be that made me find
  Old Jawkins pleasant at the Club?
Why was it that I laughed and grinned
  At whist, although I lost the rub?
What was it made me drink like mad
  Thirteen small glasses of curaço?
That made my inmost heart so glad,
  And every fibre thrill and glow?

She's home again! she's home, she's home!
  Away all cares and griefs and pain;
I knew she would—she's back from Rome;
  She's home again! she's home again!

"The family's gone abroad," they said,
September last—they told me so;
Since then my lonely heart is dead,
My blood I think's forgot to flow.

She's home again! away all care!
O fairest form the world can show?
O beaming eyes! O golden hair!
O tender voice, that breathes so low!
O gentlest, softest, purest heart!
O joy, O hope!—"My tiger, ho!"
Fitz-Clarence said; we saw him start—
He galloped down to Bolton Row!

## THE CAÏQUE.

Yonder to the kiosk, beside the creek,
Paddle the swift caïque.
Thou brawny oarsman with the sun-burnt cheek,
Quick! for it soothes my heart to hear the Bulbul speak.

Ferry me quickly to the Asian shores,
Swift bending to your oars.
Beneath the melancholy sycamores,
Hark! what a ravishing note the love-lorn Bulbul pours.

Behold, the boughs seem quivering with delight,
The stars themselves more bright,
As mid the waving branches out of sight
The Lover of the Rose sits singing through the night.

Under the boughs I sat and listened still,
I could not have my fill.
"How comes," I said, "such music to his bill?
Tell me for whom he sings so beautiful a trill."

"Once I was dumb," then did the Bird disclose,
"But looked upon the Rose;
And in the garden where the loved one grows,
I straightway did begin sweet music to compose."

"O bird of song, there's one in this caïque
The Rose would also seek,
So he might learn like you to love and speak."
Then answered me the bird of dusky beak,
"The Rose, the Rose of Love blushes on Leilah's cheek."

## THE GHAZUL, OR ORIENTAL LOVE-SONG.

### THE ROCKS.

I was a timid little antelope;
My home was in the rocks, the lonely rocks.

I saw the hunters scouring on the plain;
I lived among the rocks, the lonely rocks.

I was a-thirsty in the summer heat;
I ventured to the tents beneath the rocks.

Zuleikah brought me water from the well;
Since then I have been faithless to the rocks.

I saw her face reflected in the well;
Her camels since have marched into the rocks.

I look to see her image in the well;
I only see my eyes, my own sad eyes.
My mother is alone among the rocks.

### THE MERRY BARD.

Zuleikah! The young Agas in the bazaar are slim-waisted and wear yellow slippers. I am old and hideous. One of my eyes is out, and the hairs of my beard are mostly grey. Praise be to Allah! I am a merry bard.

There is a bird upon the terrace of the Emir's chief wife. Praise be to Allah! He has emeralds on his neck, and a ruby tail. I am a merry bard. He deafens me with his diabolical screaming.

There is a little brown bird in the basket-maker's cage. Praise be to Allah! He ravishes my soul in the moonlight. I am a merry bard.

The peacock is an Aga, but the little bird is a Bulbul.

I am a little brown Bulbul. Come and listen in the moonlight. Praise be to Allah! I am a merry bard.

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## MY NORA.

Beneath the gold acacia buds
My gentle Nora sits and broods,
Far, far away in Boston woods,
My gentle Nora!

I see the tear-drop in her e'e,
Her bosom's heaving tenderly;
I know—I know she thinks of me,
My darling Nora!

And where am I? My love, whilst thou
Sitt'st sad beneath the acacia bough,
Where pearl's on neck, and wreath on brow,
I stand, my Nora!

Mid carcanet and coronet,
Where joy-lamps shine and flowers are set—
Where England's chivalry are met,
Behold me, Nora!

In this strange scene of revelry,
Amidst this gorgeous chivalry,
A form I saw was like to thee,
My love—my Nora!

She paused amidst her converse glad;
The lady saw that I was sad,
She pitied the poor lonely lad,—
Dost love her, Nora?

In sooth, she is a lovely dame,
A lip of red, and eye of flame,
And clustering golden locks, the same
As thine, dear Nora!

Her glance is softer than the dawn's,
Her foot is lighter than the fawn's,
Her breast is whiter than the swan's,
Or thine, my Nora!

Oh, gentle breast to pity me!
Oh, lovely Ladye Emily!
Till death—till death I'll think of thee—
Of thee and Nora!

## TO MARY.

I seem, in the midst of the crowd,
The lightest of all;
My laughter rings cheery and loud,
In banquet and ball.
My lip hath its smiles and its sneers,
For all men to see;
But my soul, and my truth, and my tears,
Are for thee, are for thee!

Around me they flatter and fawn—
The young and the old;
The fairest are ready to pawn
Their hearts for my gold.
They sue me—I laugh as I spurn
The slaves at my knee;
But in faith and in fondness I turn
Unto thee, unto thee!

## SERENADE.

Now the toils of day are over,
And the sun hath sunk to rest,
Seeking, like a fiery lover,
The bosom of the blushing west—

The faithful night keeps watch and ward,
Raising the moon her silver shield,
And summoning the stars to guard
The slumbers of my fair Mathilde!

The faithful night! Now all things lie
Hid by her mantle dark and dim,
In pious hope I hither hie,
And humbly chant mine ev'ning hymn.

Thou art my prayer, my saint, my shrine!
(For never holy pilgrim kneeled,
Or wept at feet more pure than thine),
My virgin love, my sweet Mathilde!

---

## THE MINARET BELLS.

Tink-a-tink, tink-a-tink,
By the light of the star,
On the blue river's brink,
I heard a guitar.

I heard a guitar
On the blue waters clear,
And knew by its music
That Selim was near!

Tink-a-tink, tink-a-tink,
How the soft music swells,
And I hear the soft clink
Of the minaret bells!

## COME TO THE GREENWOOD TREE.

Come to the greenwood tree,
Come where the dark woods be,
Dearest, O come with me!
Let us rove, O my love—O my love!

Come, 'tis the moonlight hour;
Dew is on leaf and flower:
Come to the linden bower,—
Let us rove, O my love—O my love!

Dark is the wood, and wide;
Dangers, they say, betide;
But, at my Albert's side,
Nought I fear, O my love—O my love!

Welcome the greenwood tree,
Welcome the forest free,
Dearest, with thee, with thee,
Nought I fear, O my love—O my love!

# FIVE GERMAN DITTIES.

## A TRAGIC STORY.

### BY ADELBERT VON CHAMISSO.

"——'s war Einer, dem's zu Herzen gieng."

THERE lived a sage in days of yore,
And he a handsome pigtail wore;
But wondered much and sorrowed more
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case,
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,
And have it hanging at his face,
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, "The mystery I've found;
I'll turn me round,"—he turned him round;
But still it hung behind him.

Then round and round, and out and in,
All day the puzzled sage did spin;
In vain—it mattered not a pin—
The pigtail hung behind him.

And right and left, and round about,
And up and down, and in and out,
He turned; but still the pigtail stout
Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,
And though he twist, and twirl, and tack,
Alas! still faithful to his back
The pigtail hangs behind him.

## THE CHAPLET.

### FROM UHLAND.

"Es pflückte Blümlein mannigfalt."

A LITTLE girl through field and wood
  Went plucking flow'rets here and there,
When suddenly beside her stood
  A lady wondrous fair!

The lovely lady smiled, and laid
  A wreath upon the maiden's brow;
"Wear it, 'twill blossom soon," she said,
  "Although 'tis leafless now."

The little maiden older grew
  And wandered forth of moonlight eves,
And sighed and loved as maids will do;
  When, lo! her wreath bore leaves.

Then was our maid a wife, and hung
  Upon a joyful bridegroom's bosom;
When from the garland's leaves there sprung
  Fair store of blossom.

And presently a baby fair
  Upon her gentle breast she reared;
When midst the wreath that bound her hair
  Rich golden fruit appeared.

But when her love lay cold in death,
  Sunk in the black and silent tomb,
All sere and withered was the wreath
  That wont so bright to bloom.

Yet still the withered wreath she wore;
  She wore it at her dying hour;
When, lo! the wondrous garland bore
  Both leaf, and fruit, and flower!

## THE KING ON THE TOWER.

### FROM UHLAND.

"Da liegen sie alle, die grauen Höhen."

The cold, grey hills they bind me around,
  The darksome valleys lie sleeping below;
But the winds as they pass o'er all this ground,
  Bring me never a sound of woe!

Oh! for all I have suffered and striven,
  Care has embittered my cup and my feast;
But here is the night and the dark blue heaven,
  And my soul shall be at rest.

O golden legends writ in the skies!
  I turn towards you with longing soul,
And list to the awful harmonies
  Of the Spheres as on they roll.

My hair is grey and my sight nigh gone;
  My sword it rusteth upon the wall;
Right have I spoken, and right have I done:
  When shall I rest me once for all?

O blessèd rest! O royal night!
  Wherefore seemeth the time so long
Till I see yon stars in their fullest light,
  And list to their loudest song?

---

## A CREDO.

### I.

For the sole edification
Of this decent congregation,
Goodly people, by your grant
I will sing a holy chant—
    I will sing a holy chant.

If the ditty sound but oddly,
'Twas a father, wise and godly,
Sang it so long ago—
Then sing as Martin Luther sang,
As Doctor Martin Luther sang:
"Who loves not wine, woman, and song,
He is a fool his whole life long!"

II.

He, by custom patriarchal,
Loved to see the beaker sparkle;
And he thought the wine improved,
Tasted by the lips he loved—
By the kindly lips he loved.
Friends, I wish this custom pious
Duly were observed by us,
To combine love, song, wine,
And sing as Martin Luther sang,
As Doctor Martin Luther sang:
"Who loves not wine, woman, and song,
He is a fool his whole life long!"

III.

Who refuses this our Credo,
And who will not sing as we do,
Were he holy as John Knox,
I'd pronounce him heterodox!
I'd pronounce him heterodox,
And from out this congregation,
With a solemn commination,
Banish quick the heretic,
Who will not sing as Luther sang,
As Doctor Martin Luther sang,
"Who loves not wine, woman, and song,
He is a fool his whole life long!"

## ON A VERY OLD WOMAN.

### LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

"Und Du gingst einst, die Myrt' im Haare."

And thou wert once a maiden fair,
A blushing virgin warm and young,
With myrtles wreathed in golden hair,
And glossy brow that knew no care—
Upon a bridegroom's arm you hung.

The golden locks are silvered now,
The blushing cheek is pale and wan:
The spring may bloom, the autumn glow,
All's one—in chimney corner thou
Sitt'st shivering on.

A moment—and thou sink'st to rest!
To wake perhaps an angel blest,
In the bright presence of thy Lord.
Oh, weary is life's path to all!
Hard is the strife, and light the fall,
But wondrous the reward!

# FOUR IMITATIONS OF BÉRANGER.

## LE ROI D'YVETOT.

Il était un roi d'Yvetot,
  Peu connu dans l'histoire ;
Se levant tard, se couchant tôt,
  Dormant fort bien sans gloire,
Et couronné par Jeanneton
D'un simple bonnet de coton,
    Dit-on.
   Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! ah ! ah ! ah ! ah !
   Quel bon petit roi c'était là !
     La, la.

Il fesait ses quatre repas
  Dans son palais de chaume,
Et sur un âne, pas à pas,
  Parcourait son royaume.
Joyeux, simple, et croyant le bien,
Pour toute garde il n'avait rien
    Qu'un chien.
   Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! ah ! ah ! ah ! ah ! etc.

Il n'avait de goût onéreux
  Qu'une soif un peu vive ;
Mais, en rendant son peuple heureux,
  Il faut bien qu'un roi vive.
Lui-même à table, et sans suppôt,
Sur chaque muid levait un pot
    D'impôt.
   Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! ah ! ah ! ah ! ah ! etc.

Aux filles de bonnes maisons
  Comme il avait su plaire,
Ses sujets avaient cent raisons
  De le nommer leur père :
D'ailleurs il ne levait de ban
Que pour tirer quatre fois l'an
    Au blanc.
  Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! ah ! ah ! ah ! ah ! etc.

Il n'agrandit point ses états,
  Fut un voisin commode,
Et, modèle des potentats,
  Prit le plaisir pour code.
Ce n'est que lorsqu'il expira,
Que le peuple qui l'enterra
    Pleura.
  Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! ah ! ah ! ah ! ah ! etc.

On conserve encor le portrait
  De ce digne et bon prince ;
C'est l'enseigne d'un cabaret
  Fameux dans la province.
Les jours de fête, bien souvent,
La foule s'écrie en buvant
    Devant :
  Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! ah ! ah ! ah ! ah ! etc.

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## THE KING OF YVETOT.

There was a king of Yvetot,
  Of whom renown hath little said,
Who let all thoughts of glory go,
  And dawdled half his days a-bed ;
And every night, as night came round,
By Jenny, with a nightcap crowned,
    Slept very sound.
  Sing ho, ho, ho ! and he, he, he !
  That's the kind of king for me.

And every day it came to pass
  That four lusty meals made he;
And step by step, upon an ass,
  Rode abroad, his realms to see;
And wherever he did stir,
What think you was his escort, sir?
          Why, an old cur.
    Sing ho, ho, ho! etc.

If e'er he went into excess,
  'Twas from a somewhat lively thirst;
But he who would his subjects bless,
  Odd's fish! must wet his whistle first:
And so from every cask they got,
Our king did to himself allot
          At least a pot,
    Sing ho, ho, etc.

To all the ladies of the land,
  A courteous king, and kind, was he;
The reason why you'll understand,
  They named him Peter Patriæ.
Each year he called his fighting men,
And marched a league from home, and then
          Marched back again.
    Sing ho, ho, etc.

Neither by force nor false pretence
  He sought to make his kingdom great,
And made (O princes, learn from hence)—
  "Live and let live," his rule of state.
'Twas only when he came to die,
That his people, who stood by,
          Were known to cry.
    Sing ho, ho, etc.

The portrait of this best of kings
  Is extant still, upon a sign
That on a village tavern swings,
  Famed in the country for good wine.

The people in their Sunday trim,
Filling their glasses to the brim,
Look up to him,
Singing ha, ha, ha! and he, he, he!
That's the sort of king for me.

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## THE KING OF BRENTFORD.

### ANOTHER VERSION.

There was a king in Brentford,—of whom no legends tell,
But who, without his glory,—could eat and sleep right well.
His Polly's cotton nightcap,—it was his crown of state,
He slept of evenings early,—and rose of mornings late.

All in a fine mud palace,—each day he took four meals,
And for a guard of honour,—a dog ran at his heels;
Sometimes, to view his kingdoms,—rode forth this monarch good,
And then a prancing jackass—he royally bestrode.

There were no costly habits—with which this king was curst,
Except (and where's the harm on't?)—a somewhat lively thirst;
But people must pay taxes,—and kings must have their sport,
So out of every gallon—his Grace he took a quart.

He pleased the ladies round him,—with manners soft and bland;
With reason good, they named him—the father of his land.
Each year his mighty armies—marched forth in gallant show;
Their enemies were targets,—their bullets they were tow.

He vexed no quiet neighbour,—no useless conquest made,
But by the laws of pleasure,—his peaceful realm he swayed.
And in the years he reigned,—through all this country wide,
There was no cause for weeping,—save when the good man died.

The faithful men of Brentford—do still their king deplore,
His portrait yet is swinging—beside an alehouse door.
And topers, tender-hearted,—regard his honest phiz,
And envy times departed,—that knew a reign like his.

## LE GRENIER.

Je viens revoir l'asile où ma jeunesse
De la misère a subi les leçons.
J'avais vingt ans, une folle maîtresse,
De francs amis et l'amour des chansons.
Bravant le monde et les sots et les sages,
Sans avenir, riche de mon printemps,
Leste et joyeux je montais six étages,
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans !

C'est un grenier, point ne veux qu'on l'ignore.
Là fut mon lit, bien chétif et bien dur ;
Là fut ma table ; et je retrouve encore
Trois pieds d'un vers charbonnés sur le mur.
Apparaissez, plaisirs de mon bel âge,
Que d'un coup d'aile a fustigés le temps,
Vingt fois pour vous j'ai mis ma montre en gage,
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans !

Lisette ici doit surtout apparaître,
Vive, jolie, avec un frais chapeau ;
Déjà sa main à l'étroit fenêtre
Suspend son schal, en guise de rideau.
Sa robe aussi va parer ma couchette !
Respecte, Amour, ses plis longs et flottans.
J'ai su depuis qui payait sa toilette,
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans !

A table un jour, jour de grande richesse,
De mes amis les voix brillaient en chœur,
Quand jusqu'ici monte un cri d'allégresse :
A Marengo Bonaparte est vainqueur !

Le canon gronde ; un autre chant commence ;
Nous célébrons tant de faits éclatans.
Les rois jamais n'envahiront la France,
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans !

Quittons ce toit où ma raison s'enivre.
Oh ! qu'ils sont loin ces jours si regrettés !
J'échangerais ce qu'il me reste à vivre
Contre un des mois qu'ici Dieu m'a comptés.
Pour rêver gloire, amour, plaisir, folie,
Pour dépenser sa vie en peu d'instans,
D'un long espoir pour la voir embellie,
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans !

## THE GARRET.

With pensive eyes the little room I view,
  Where, in my youth, I weathered it so long ;
With a wild mistress, a staunch friend or two,
  And a light heart still breaking into song :
Making a mock of life, and all its cares,
  Rich in the glory of my rising sun,
Lightly I vaulted up four pair of stairs,
  In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Yes, 'tis a garret—let him know't who will—
  There was my bed—full hard it was and small ;
My table there—and I decipher still
  Half a lame couplet charcoaled on the wall.
Ye joys, that time hath swept with him away,
  Come to mine eyes, ye dreams of love and fun ;
For you I pawned my watch how many a day,
  In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

And see my little Jessy, first of all ;
  She comes with pouting lips and sparkling eyes :
Behold, how roguishly she pins her shawl
  Across the narrow casement, curtain-wise ;

Now by the bed her petticoat glides down—
And when did woman look the worse in none?
I have heard since who paid for many a gown,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

One jolly evening, when my friends and I
Made happy music with our songs and cheers,
A shout of triumph mounted up thus high,
And distant cannon opened on our ears:
We rise—we join in the triumphant strain—
Napoleon conquers—Austerlitz is won—
Tyrants shall never tread us down again,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Let us begone—the place is sad and strange—
How far, far off, these happy times appear;
All that I have to live I'd gladly change
For one such month as I have wasted here—
To draw long dreams of beauty, love, and power,
From founts of hope that never will outrun,
And drink all life's quintessence in an hour,
Give me the days when I was twenty-one!

## ROGER-BONTEMPS.

Aux gens atrabilaires
Pour exemple donné,
En un temps de misères
Roger-Bontemps est né.
Vivre obscur à sa guise,
Narguer les mécontens;
Eh gai! c'est la devise
Du gros Roger-Bontemps.

Du chapeau de son père
Coîffé dans les grands jours,
De roses ou de lierre
Le rajeunir toujours;

Mettre un manteau de bure,
Vieil ami de vingt ans;
Eh gai! c'est la parure
Du gros Roger-Bontemps.

Posséder dans sa hutte
Une table, une vieux lit,
Des cartes, une flûte,
Un broc que Dieu remplit;
Un portrait de maîtresse,
Un coffre et rien dedans;
Eh gai! c'est la richesse
Du gros Roger-Bontemps.

Aux enfans de la ville
Montrer de petits jeux;
Etre fesseur habile
De contes graveleux;
Ne parler que de danse
Et d'almanachs chantans:
Eh gai! c'est la science
Du gros Roger-Bontemps.

Faute de vins d'élite,
Sabler ceux du canton:
Préférer Marguerite
Aux dames du grand ton:
De joie et de tendresse
Remplir tous ses instans:
Eh gai! c'est la sagesse
Du gros Roger-Bontemps.

Dire au ciel: je me fie,
Mon père, à ta bonté;
De ma philosophie
Pardonne le gaîté:
Que ma saison dernière
Soit encore un printemps;
Eh gai! c'est la prière
Du gros Roger-Bontemps.

Vous pauvres pleins d'envie,
Vous riches désireux,
Vous, dont le char dévie
Après un cours heureux;
Vous, qui perdrez peut-être
Des titres éclatans,
Eh gai! prenez pour maître
Le gros Roger-Bontemps.

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## JOLLY JACK.

When fierce political debate
Throughout the isle was storming,
And Rads attacked the throne and state,
And Tories the reforming,
To calm the furious rage of each,
And right the land demented,
Heaven sent us Jolly Jack to teach
The way to be contented.

Jack's bed was straw, 'twas warm and soft;
His chair, a three-legged stool;
His broken jug was emptied oft,
Yet, somehow, always full.
His mistress' portrait decked the wall;
His mirror had a crack:
Yet, gay and glad, though this was all
His wealth, lived Jolly Jack.

To give advice to avarice,
Teach pride its mean condition,
And preach good sense to dull pretence,
Was honest Jack's high mission.
Our simple statesman found his rule
Of moral in the flagon,
And held his philosophic school
Beneath the "George and Dragon."

When village Solons cursed the Lords,
And called the malt-tax sinful,

Jack heeded not their angry words,
  But smiled, and drank his skinful.
And when men wasted health and life,
  In search of rank and riches,
Jack marked aloof the paltry strife,
  And wore his threadbare breeches.

"I enter not the church," he said,
  "But I'll not seek to rob it;"
So worthy Jack Joe Miller read,
  While others studied Cobbett.
His talk it was of feast and fun;
  His guide the Almanack;
From youth to age thus gaily run
  The life of Jolly Jack.

And when Jack prayed, as oft he would,
  He humbly thanked his Maker.
"I am," said he, "O Father good!
  Nor Catholic nor Quaker:
Give each his creed, let each proclaim
  His catalogue of curses;
I trust in Thee, and not in them,
  In Thee, and in Thy mercies!

"Forgive me if, midst all Thy works,
  No hint I see of damning;
And think there's faith among the Turks,
  And hope for e'en the Brahmin.
Harmless my mind is, and my mirth,
  And kindly is my laughter;
I cannot see the smiling earth,
  And think there's hell hereafter."

Jack died; he left no legacy,
  Save that his story teaches—
Content to peevish poverty;
  Humility to riches.
Ye scornful great, ye envious small,
  Come follow in his track;
We all were happier, if we all,
  Would copy JOLLY JACK.

# IMITATION OF HORACE.

## TO HIS SERVING BOY.

Persicos odi,
Puer, apparatus;
Displicent nexæ
Philyrâ coronæ:
Mitte sectari,
Rosa quo locorum
Sera moretur.

Simplici myrto
Nihil allabores
Sedulus, curo:
Neque te ministrum
Dedecet myrtus,
Neque me sub arctâ
Vite bibentem.

## AD MINISTRAM.

Dear Lucy, you know what my wish is,—
I hate all your Frenchified fuss;
Your silly entrées and made dishes
Were never intended for us.
No footman in lace and in ruffles
Need dangle behind my armchair;
And never mind seeking for truffles,
Although they be ever so rare.

But a plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,
I prithee get ready at three;
Have it smoking, and tender and juicy,
And what better meat can there be?
And when it has feasted the master,
'Twill amply suffice for the maid.
Meanwhile I will smoke my canaster,
And tipple my ale in the shade.

# OLD FRIENDS WITH NEW FACES.

## THE KNIGHTLY GUERDON.*

UNTRUE to my Ulric I never could be,
I vow by the saints and the blessed Marie,
Since the desolate hour when we stood by the shore,
And your dark galley waited to carry you o'er:
My faith then I plighted, my love I confessed,
As I gave you the BATTLE-AXE marked with your crest!

When the bold barons met in my father's old hall,
Was not Edith the flower of the banquet and ball?
In the festival hour, on the lips of your bride,
Was there ever a smile save with THEE at my side?
Alone in my turret I loved to sit best,
To blazon your BANNER and broïder your crest.

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* WAPPING OLD STAIRS.

"Your Molly has never been false, she declares,
Since the last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs;
When I said that I would continue the same,
And gave you the 'bacco-box marked with my name.
When I passed a whole fortnight between decks with you,
Did I e'er give a kiss, Tom, to one of your crew?
To be useful and kind to my Thomas I stayed,
For his trousers I washed, and his grog too I made.

"Though you promised last Sunday to walk in the Mall
With Susan from Deptford, and likewise with Sall,
In silence I stood your unkindness to hear,
And only upbraided my Tom with a tear.
Why should Sall, or should Susan, than me be more prized?
For the heart that is true, Tom, should ne'er be despised;
Then be constant and kind, nor your Molly forsake,
Still your trousers I'll wash and your grog too I'll make."

The knights were assembled, the tourney was gay!
Sir Ulric rode first in the warrior-mêlée.
In the dire battle-hour, when the tourney was done,
And you gave to another the wreath you had won,
Though I never reproached thee, cold, cold was my breast,
As I thought of that BATTLE-AXE, ah! and that crest!

But away with remembrance; no more will I pine
That others usurped for a time what was mine!
There's a FESTIVAL HOUR for my Ulric and me:
Once more, as of old, shall he bend at my knee;
Once more by the side of the knight I love best
Shall I blazon his BANNER and broider his crest.

## COMMANDERS OF THE FAITHFUL.

THE Pope he is a happy man.
His Palace is the Vatican,
And there he sits and drains his can—
The Pope he is a happy man.
I often say when I'm at home,
I'd like to be the Pope of Rome.

And then there's Sultan Saladin,
That Turkish Soldan full of sin;
He has a hundred wives at least,
By which his pleasure is increased.
I've often wished, I hope no sin,
That I were Sultan Saladin.

But no, the Pope no wife may choose,
And so I would not wear his shoes;
No wine may drink the proud Paynim,
And so I'd rather not be him:
My wife, my wine, I love, I hope,
And would be neither Turk nor Pope.

## THE ALMACK'S ADIEU.

Your Fanny was never false-hearted,
And this she protests and she vows,
From the *triste moment* when we parted
On the staircase of Devonshire House!
I blushed when you asked me to marry;
I vowed I would never forget;
And at parting I gave my dear Harry
A beautiful vinegarette!

We spent *en province* all December;
And I ne'er condescended to look
At Sir Charles, or the rich county member,
Or even at that darling old Duke.
You were busy with dogs and with horses;
Alone in my chamber I sat,
And made you the nicest of purses,
And the smartest black satin cravat!

At night with that vile Lady Frances
(*Je faisois moi tapisserie*)
You danced every one of the dances,
And never once thought of poor me!
*Mon pauvre petit cœur!* what a shiver
I felt as she danced the last set,
And you gave, O mon Dieu! to revive her
My beautiful *vinegarette!*

Return, love! away with coquetting:
This flirting disgraces a man;
And ah! all the while you're forgetting
The heart of your poor little Fan!
*Reviens!* break away from those Circes;
*Reviens*, for a nice little chat;
And I've made you the sweetest of purses,
And a lovely black satin cravat!

## WHEN THE GLOOM IS ON THE GLEN.

When the moonlight's on the mountain
  And the gloom is on the glen,
At the cross beside the fountain
  There is one will meet thee then—
At the cross beside the fountain;
  Yes, the cross beside the fountain,
There is one will meet thee then!

I have braved, since first we met, love,
  Many a danger in my course;
But I never can forget, love,
  That dear fountain, that old cross,
Where, her mantle shrouded o'er her—
  For the winds were chilly then—
First I met my Leonora,
  When the gloom was on the glen.

Many a clime I've ranged since then, love,
  Many a land I've wandered o'er;
But a valley like that glen, love,
  Half so dear I never sor!
Ne'er saw maiden fairer, coyer,
  Than wert thou, my true love, when
In the gloaming first I saw yer,
  In the gloaming of the glen!

## THE RED FLAG.

Where the quivering lightning flings
  His arrows from out the clouds,
And the howling tempest sings
  And whistles among the shrouds,
'Tis pleasant, 'tis pleasant to ride
  Along the foaming brine—
Wilt be the Rover's bride?
  Wilt follow him, lady mine?
                Hurrah!
  For the bonny, bonny brine.

Amidst the storm and rack,
  You shall see our galley pass,
As a serpent lithe and black
  Glides through the waving grass.
As the vulture swift and dark
  Down on the ring-dove flies,
You shall see the Rover's bark
  Swoop down upon his prize.
          Hurrah!
  For the bonny, bonny prize!

Over her sides we dash,
  We gallop across her deck—
Ha! there's a ghastly gash
  On the merchant-captain's neck—
Well shot, well shot, old Ned!
  Well struck, well struck, black James!
Our arms are red, and our foes are dead,
  And we leave a ship in flames!
          Hurrah!
  For the bonny, bonny flames!

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## DEAR JACK.

Dear Jack, this white mug that with Guinness I fill,
And drink to the health of sweet Nan of the Hill,
Was once Tommy Tosspot's, as jovial a sot
As e'er drew a spigot, or drained a full pot;
In drinking all round 'twas his joy to surpass,
And with all merry tipplers he swigged off his glass.

One morning in summer, while seated so snug,
In the porch of his garden, discussing his jug,
Stern Death, on a sudden, to Tom did appear,
And said, "Honest Thomas, come take your last bier."
We kneaded his clay in the shape of this can,
From which let us drink to the health of my Nan.

## WHEN MOONLIKE ORE THE HAZURE SEAS.

WHEN moonlike ore the hazure seas
  In soft effulgence swells,
When silver jews and balmy breaze
  Bend down the Lily's bells;
When calm and deap, the rosy sleap
  Has lapt your soal in dreems,
R Hangeline! R lady mine?
  Dost thou remember Jeames?

I mark thee in the Marble 'All,
  Where England's loveliest shine—
I say the fairest of them hall
  Is Lady Hangeline.
My soul, in desolate eclipse,
  With recollection teems;
And then I hask, with weeping lips,
  Dost thou remember Jeames?

Away! I may not tell thee hall
  This soughring heart endures—
There is a lonely sperrit-call
  That Sorrow never cures;
There is a little, little Star,
  That still above me beams;
It is the Star of Hope—but ar!
  Dost thou remember Jeames?

## THE LEGEND OF ST. SOPHIA OF KIOFF.

### AN EPIC POEM, IN TWENTY BOOKS.

### I.

A THOUSAND years ago, or more,
  A city filled with burghers stout,
  And girt with ramparts round about,
Stood on the rocky Dnieper shore.

The Poet describes the city and spelling of Kiow, Kioff, or Kiova.

In armour bright, by day and night,
The sentries they paced to and fro.
Well guarded and walled was this town, and called
By different names, I'd have you to know;
For if you looks in the g'ography books,
In those dictionaries the name it varies,
And they write it off Kieff or Kioff,
Kiova or Kiow.

II.

Its buildings, public works, and ordinances religious and civil.

Thus guarded without by wall and redoubt,
Kiova within was a place of renown,
With more advantages than in those dark ages
Were commonly known to belong to a town.
There were places and squares, and each year four fairs,
And regular aldermen and regular lord mayors;
And streets and alleys, and a bishop's palace;
And a church with clocks for the orthodox—
With clocks and with spires, as religion desires;
And beadles to whip the bad little boys
Over their poor little corduroys,
In service-time, when they *didn't* make a noise;

And a chapter and dean, and a cathedral-green
With ancient trees, underneath whose shades
Wandered nice young nursery-maids.
Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-ding-a-ring-ding,
The bells they made a merry merry ring,
From the tall tall steeple; and all the people
(Except the Jews) came and filled the pews—
Poles, Russians, and Germans,
To hear the sermons
Which Hyacinth preached to those Germans and Poles
For the safety of their souls.

The Poet shows how a certain priest dwelt at Kioff, a godly clergyman, and one that preached rare good sermons.

III.

How this priest was short and fat of body;

A worthy priest he was and a stout—
You've seldom looked on such a one;

For, though he fasted thrice in a week,
Yet nevertheless his skin was sleek;
His waist it spanned two yards about
And he weighed a score of stone.

IV.

And like unto the author of "Plymley's Letters."

A worthy priest for fasting and prayer
And mortification most deserving;
And as for preaching beyond compare,
He'd exert his powers for three or four hours,
With greater pith than Sydney Smith
Or the Reverend Edward Irving.

V.

Of what convent he was prior, and when the convent was built.

He was the prior of Saint Sophia
(A Cockney rhyme, but no better I know)—
Of Saint Sophia, that church in Kiow,
Built by missionaries I can't tell when;
Who by their discussions converted the Russians,
And made them Christian men.

VI.

Of Saint Sophia of Kioff; and how her statue miraculously travelled thither.

Sainted Sophia (so the legend vows)
With special favour did regard this house;
And to uphold her converts' new devotion
Her statue (needing but her legs for *her* ship)
Walks of itself across the German Ocean;
And of a sudden perches
In this the best of churches,
Whither all Kiovites come and pay it grateful worship.

VII.

And how Kioff should have been a happy city; but that

Thus with her patron saints and pious preachers
Recorded here in catalogue precise,
A goodly city, worthy magistrates,
You would have thought in all the Russian states
The citizens the happiest of all creatures,—
The town itself a perfect Paradise.

VIII.

Certain wicked Cossacks did besiege it,

No, alas! this well-built city
Was in a perpetual fidget;
For the Tartars, without pity,
Did remorselessly besiege it.

Tartars fierce, with sword and sabres,
Huns and Turks, and such as these,
Envied much their peaceful neighbours
By the blue Borysthenes.

Murdering the citizens,

Down they came, these ruthless Russians,
From their steppes, and woods, and fens,
For to levy contributions
On the peaceful citizens.

Winter, Summer, Spring, and Autumn,
Down they came to peaceful Kioff,
Killed the burghers when they caught 'em,
If their lives they would not buy off.

Until they agreed to pay a tribute yearly.

Till the city, quite confounded
By the ravages they made,
Humbly with their chief compounded,
And a yearly tribute paid,

How they paid the tribute, and then suddenly refused it,

Which (because their courage lax was)
They discharged while they were able.
Tolerated thus the tax was,
Till it grew intolerable,

To the wonder of the Cossack envoy.

And the Calmuc envoy sent,
As before to take their dues all,
Got, to his astonishment,
A unanimous refusal!

Of a mighty gallant speech

"Men of Kioff!" thus courageous
Did the stout lord mayor harangue them,
"Wherefore pay these sneaking wages
To the hectoring Russians? hang them!

That the lord mayor made,

"Hark! I hear the awful cry of
Our forefathers in their graves,
'Fight, ye citizens of Kioff!
Kioff was not made for slaves.'

Exhorting the burghers to pay no longer.

"All too long have ye betrayed her;
Rouse, ye men and aldermen,
Send the insolent invader—
Send him starving back again."

IX.

Of their thanks and heroic resolves.

He spoke, and he sat down; the people of the town,
Who were fired with a brave emulation,
Now rose with one accord, and voted thanks unto the lord
Mayor for his oration.

They dismiss the envoy, and set about drilling.

The envoy they dismissed, never placing in his fist
So much as a single shilling;
And all with courage fired, as his lordship he desired,
At once set about their drilling.

Of the city guard—namely, militia, dragoons, and bombardiers, and their commanders.

Then every city ward established a guard,
Diurnal and nocturnal:
Militia volunteers, light dragoons, and bombardiers,
With an alderman for colonel.

There was muster and roll-calls, and repairing city walls,
And filling up of fosses;
And the captains and the majors, so gallant and courageous,
A-riding about on their hosses.

Of the majors and captains,

The fortifications and artillery.

To be guarded at all hours they built themselves watch-towers,
With every tower a man on;

And surely and secure, each from out his embrasure
Looked down the iron cannon!

A battle-song was writ for the theatre, where it
Was sung with vast enérgy
Of the conduct of the actors and the clergy;
And rapturous applause; and besides, the public cause
Was supported by the clergy.

The pretty ladies'-maids were pinning of cockades,
And tying on of sashes;
And dropping gentle tears, while their lovers blustered fierce,
About gun-shot and gashes;

Of the ladies;
The ladies took the hint, and all day were scraping lint,
As became their softer genders;
And got bandages and beds for the limbs and for the heads
Of the city's brave defenders.

The men, both young and old, felt resolute and bold,
And panted hot for glory;
And, finally, of the taylors.
Even the tailors 'gan to brag, and embroidered on their flag,
"AUT WINCERE AUT MORI."

X.

Of the Cossack chief—his stratagem;
Seeing the city's resolute condition,
The Cossack chief, too cunning to despise it
Said to himself, "Not having ammunition
Wherewith to batter the place in proper form,
Some of these nights I'll carry it by storm,
And sudden escalade it or surprise it.

And the burghers' sillie victorie.
"Let's see, however, if the cits stand firmish."
He rode up to the city gates: for answers,

Out rushed an eager troop of the town *élite*,
And straightway did begin a gallant skirmish.
The Cossack hereupon did sound retreat,
Leaving the victory with the city lancers.

What prisoners they took;

They took two prisoners and as many horses;
And the whole town grew quickly so elate
With this small victory of their virgin forces,
That they did deem their privates and commanders
So many Cæsars, Pompeys, Alexanders,
Napoleons, or Fredericks the Great.

And how conceited they were.

And puffing with inordinate conceit
They utterly despised these Cossack thieves;
And thought the ruffians easier to beat
Than porters carpets think, or ushers boys.
Meanwhile, a sly spectator of their joys,
The Cossack captain giggled in his sleeves.

Of the Cossack chief—his orders;

"Whene'er you meet yon stupid city hogs"
(He bade his troops precise this order keep),
"Don't stand a moment—run away, you dogs!"
'Twas done; and when they met the town battalions,
The Cossacks, as if frightened at their valiance,
Turned tail, and bolted like so many sheep—

And how he feigned a retreat.

They fled, obedient to their captain's order.
And now this bloodless siege a month had lasted,
When, viewing the country round, the city warder
(Who, like a faithful weathercock, did perch
Upon the steeple of Saint Sophy's church),
Sudden his trumpet took, and a mighty blast he blasted.

The warder proclayms the Cossacks' retreat, and the citie greatly rejoyces.

His voice it might be heard through all the streets
(He was a warder wondrous strong in lung),
"Victory, victory! the foe retreats!"

"The foe retreats!" each cries to each he meets;
"The foe retreats!" each in his turn repeats.
Gods! how the guns did roar, and how the joy-bells rung!

Arming in haste his gallant city lancers,
The mayor, to learn if true the news might be,
A league or two out issued with his prancers.
The Cossacks (something had given their courage a damper)
Hastened their flight, and 'gan like mad to scamper:
Blessed be all the saints, Kiova town was free!

XI.

Now, puffed with pride, the mayor grew vain,
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
'Tis true he might amuse himself thus,
And not be very murderous;
For as of those who to death were done
The number was exactly *none*,
His lordship, in his soul's elation,
Did take a bloodless recreation—
Going home again, he did ordain
A very splendid cold collation
For the magistrates and the corporation;
Likewise a grand illumination,
For the amusement of the nation.
That night the theatres were free,
The conduits they ran Malvoisie;
Each house that night did beam with light
And sound with mirth and jollity.
But shame, O shame! not a soul in the town,
Now the city was safe and the Cossacks flown,
Ever thought of the bountiful saint by whose care
The town had been rid of these terrible Turks—

The manner of the citie's rejoycings,

And its impiety.

Said even a prayer to that patroness fair,
For these her wondrous works!
Lord Hyacinth waited, the meekest of priors—
He waited at church with the rest of his friars;
He went there at noon, and he waited till ten,
Expecting in vain the lord mayor and his men.
He waited and waited from mid-day to dark;
But in vain—you might search through the whole of the church,
Not a layman, alas! to the city's disgrace,
From mid-day to dark showed his nose in the place.
The pew-woman, organist, beadle, and clerk
Kept away from their work, and were dancing like mad
Away in the streets with the other mad people,
Not thinking to pray, but to guzzle and tipple
Wherever the drink might be had.

How the priest Hyacinth waited at church, and nobody came thither.

XII.

Amidst this din and revelry throughout the city roaring,
The silver moon rose silently, and high in heaven soaring;
Prior Hyacinth was fervently upon his knees adoring:
"Towards my precious patroness this conduct sure unfair is;
I cannot think, I must confess, what keeps the dignitaries
And our good mayor away, unless some business them contraries."

How he went forth to bid them to prayer.

He puts his long white mantle on, and forth the prior sallies—
(His pious thoughts were bent upon good deeds and not on malice).
Heavens! how the banquet lights they shone about the mayor's palace!

How the grooms and lackeys jeered him.

About the hall the scullions ran with meats both fresh and potted;
The pages came with cup and can, all for the guests allotted;
Ah, how they jeered that good fat man as up the stairs he trotted!

He entered in the anterooms where sat the mayor's court in;
He found a pack of drunken grooms a-dicing and a-sporting;
The horrid wine and 'bacco fumes they set the prior a-snorting!
The prior thought he'd speak about their sins before he went hence,
And lustily began to shout of sin and of repentance:
The rogues they kicked the prior out before he'd done a sentence!

And having got no portion small of buffeting and tussling,
At last he reached the banquet-hall, where sat the mayor a-guzzling,
And by his side his lady tall dressed out in white sprig muslin.

And the mayor, mayoress, and aldermen, being tipsie, refused to go to church.

Around the table in a ring the guests were drinking heavy;
They'd drunk the church, and drunk the king, and the army and the navy;
In fact they'd toasted everything. The prior said, "God save ye!"

The mayor cried, "Bring a silver cup—there's one upon the beaufét;
And, Prior, have the venison up—it's capital *rechauffé*.
And so, Sir Priest, you've come to sup? And pray you, how's Saint Sophy?"
The prior's face quite red was grown with horror and with anger;

He flung the proffered goblet down—it made a hideous clangour—
And 'gan a-preaching with a frown—he was a fierce haranguer.

He tried the mayor and aldermen—they all set up a-jeering;
He tried the common-councilmen—they too began a-sneering.
He turned towards the may'ress then, and hoped to get a hearing;
He knelt and seized her dinner-dress, made of the muslin snowy,
"To church, to church, my sweet mistress!" he cried; "the way I'll show ye."
Alas, the lady mayoress fell back as drunk as Chloe!

### XIII.

How the prior went back alone.

Out from this dissolute and drunken court
Went the good prior, his eyes with weeping dim:
He tried the people of a meaner sort—
They too, alas, were bent upon their sport,
And not a single soul would follow him!
But all were swigging schnapps and guzzling beer.

He found the cits, their daughters, sons, and spouses,
Spending the livelong night in fierce carouses:
Alas, unthinking of the danger near!
One or two sentinels the ramparts guarded,
The rest were sharing in the general feast:
"God wot, our tipsy town is poorly warded;
Sweet Saint Sophia help us!" cried the priest.

Alone he entered the cathedral gate,
Careful he locked the mighty oaken door;
Within his company of monks did wait,
A dozen poor old pious men—no more.

Oh, but it grieved the gentle prior sore,
To think of those lost souls, given up to drink and fate!

And shut himself into Saint Sophia's chapel with his brethren.

The mighty outer gate well barred and fast,
The poor old friars stirred their poor old bones,
And pattering swiftly on the damp cold stones,
They through the solitary chancel passed.
The chancel walls looked black and dim and vast,
And rendered ghost-like, melancholy tones.

Onward the fathers sped, till coming nigh a
Small iron gate, the which they entered quick at,
They locked and double-locked the inner wicket
And stood within the chapel of Sophia.
Vain were it to describe this sainted place,
Vain to describe that celebrated trophy,
The venerable statue of Saint Sophy,
Which formed its chiefest ornament and grace.

Here the good prior, his personal griefs and sorrows
In his extreme devotion quickly merging,
At once began to pray with voice sonorous;
The other friars joined in pious chorus,
And passed the night in singing, praying, scourging,
In honour of Sophia, that sweet virgin.

### XIV.

The episode of Sneezoff and Katinka.

Leaving thus the pious priest in
Humble penitence and prayer,
And the greedy cits a-feasting,
Let us to the walls repair.

Walking by the sentry-boxes,
Underneath the silver moon,
Lo! the sentry boldly cocks his—
Boldly cocks his musketoon.

Sneezoff was his designation,
Fair-haired boy, for ever pitied;
For to take his cruel station,
He but now Katinka quitted.

Poor in purse were both, but rich in
Tender love's delicious plenties;
She a damsel of the kitchen,
He a haberdasher's 'prentice.

'Tinka, maiden tender-hearted,
Was dissolved in tearful fits,
On that fatal night she parted
From her darling, fair-haired Fritz.

Warm her soldier lad she wrapt in
Comforter and muffetee;
Called him "general" and "captain,"
Though a simple private he.

"On your bosom wear this plaster,
'Twill defend you from the cold;
In your pipe smoke this canaster,
Smuggled 'tis, my love, and old.

"All the night, my love, I'll miss you."
Thus she spoke; and from the door
Fair-haired Sneezoff made his issue,
To return, alas, no more.

He it is who calmly walks his
Walk beneath the silver moon;
He it is who boldly cocks his
Detonating musketoon.

He the bland canaster puffing,
As upon his round he paces,
Sudden sees a ragamuffin
Clambering swiftly up the glacis.

"Who goes there?" exclaims the sentry;
"When the sun has once gone down
No one ever makes an entry
Into this here fortified town!"

How the sentrie Sneezoff was surprised and slayn.

Shouted thus the watchful Sneezoff;
But, ere any one replied,
Wretched youth! he fired his piece off,
Started, staggered, groaned, and died!

### XV.

How the Cossacks rushed in suddenly and took the citie.

Ah, full well might the sentinel cry, "Who goes there?"
But echo was frightened too much to declare.
Who goes there? who goes there? Can any one swear
To the number of sands *sur les bords de la mer*,
Or the whiskers of D'Orsay Count down to a hair?
As well might you tell of the sands the amount,
Or number each hair in each curl of the Count,
As ever proclaim the number and name
Of the hundreds and thousands that up the wall came!
Down, down the knaves poured with fire and with sword:

Of the Cossack troops.

There were thieves from the Danube and rogues from the Don;
There were Turks and Wallacks, and shouting Cossacks;
Of all nations and regions, and tongues and religions—
Jew, Christian, Idolater, Frank, Mussulman:
Ah, a horrible sight was Kioff that night!

The gates were all taken—no chance e'en of flight;
And with torch and with axe the bloody Cossacks
Went hither and thither a-hunting in packs.
They slashed and they slew both Christian and Jew—
Women and children they slaughtered them too.
Some, saving their throats, plunged into the moats,
Or the river—but oh, they had burned all the boats!

And of their manner of burning, murdering, and ravishing.

* * * *

But here let us pause, for I can't pursue further
This scene of rack, ravishment, ruin, and murther.
Too well did the cunning old Cossack succeed!
His plan of attack was successful indeed!
The night was his own—the town it was gone;
'Twas a heap still a-burning of timber and stone.
One building alone had escaped from the fires—
Saint Sophy's fair church with its steeples and spires.
Calm, stately, and white,
It stood in the light;
And as if 'twould defy all the conqueror's power,
As if nought had occurred,
Might clearly be heard
The chimes ringing soberly every half-hour!

How they burned the whole citie down, save the church,

Whereof the bells began to ring.

XVI.

The city was defunct—silence succeeded
Unto its last fierce agonizing yells;
And then it was the conqueror first heeded
The sound of those calm bells.
Furious towards his aides-de-camp he turns,
And (speaking as if Byron's works he knew),
"Villains!" he fiercely cries, "the city burns,
Why not the temple too?
Burn me yon church, and murder all within!"
The Cossacks thundered at the outer door;

How the Cossack chief bade them burn the church too.

How they stormed it;

and of Hyacinth his anger thereat.

And Father Hyacinth, who heard the din
(And thought himself and brethren in distress,
Deserted by their lady patroness),
Did to her statue turn, and thus his woes outpour :—

XVII.

His prayer to the Saint Sophia.

"And is it thus, O falsest of the saints,
Thou hearest our complaints?
Tell me, did ever my attachment falter
To serve thy altar?
Was not thy name, ere ever I did sleep,
The last upon my lip?
Was not thy name the very first that broke
From me when I awoke?
Have I not tried, with fasting, flogging, penance,
And mortified countenance,
For to find favour, Sophy, in thy sight?
And lo! this night,
Forgetful of my prayers and thine own promise,
Thou turnest from us;
Lettest the heathen enter in our city,
And without pity
Murder our burghers, seize upon their spouses,
Burn down their houses!
Is such a breach of faith to be endured?
See what a lurid
Light from the insolent invaders' torches
Shines on your porches!
E'en now, with thundering battering-ram and hammer
And hideous clamour;
With axemen, swordsmen, pikemen, billmen, bowmen,
The conquering foemen,
O Sophy! beat your gate about your ears.
Alas! and here's
A humble company of pious men,
Like muttons in a pen,
Whose souls shall quickly from their bodies be thrusted,
Because in you they trusted.

Do you not know the Calmuc chief's desires—
KILL ALL THE FRIARS!
And you of all the saints most false and fickle,
Leave us in this abominable pickle."

The statue suddenlie speaks;

"RASH HYACINTHUS!"
(Here to the astonishment of all her backers,
Saint Sophy, opening wide her wooden jaws,
Like to a pair of German walnut-crackers,
Began), "I did not think you had been thus—
O monk of little faith! Is it because
A rascal scum of filthy Cossack heathen
Besiege our town, that you distrust in *me*, then?
Think'st thou that I, who in a former day
Did walk across the Sea of Marmora
(Not mentioning, for shortness, other seas)—
That I, who skimmed the broad Borysthenes,
Without so much as wetting of my toes,
Am frightened at a set of men like *those?*
I have a mind to leave you to your fate;
Such cowardice as this my scorn inspires."

But is interrupted by the breaking in of the Cossacks.

Saint Sophy was here
Cut short in her words;
For at this very moment in tumbled the gate,
And with a wild cheer,
And a clashing of swords,
Swift through the church porches,
With a waving of torches,
And a shriek and a yell
Like the devils of hell,
With pike and with axe
In rushed the Cossacks—
In rushed the Cossacks, crying, "MURDER THE FRIARS!"

Of Hyacinth his outrageous address;

Ah! what a thrill felt Hyacinth,
When he heard that villanous shout Calmuc!
Now, thought he, my trial beginneth;
Saints, O give me courage and pluck!

"Courage, boys, 'tis useless to funk!"
Thus unto the friars he began;
"Never let it be said that a monk
Is not likewise a gentleman.
Though the patron saint of the church,
Spite of all that we've done and we've prayed,
Leaves us wickedly here in the lurch,
Hang it, gentlemen, who's afraid?"

And preparation for dying.

As thus the gallant Hyacinthus spoke,
He, with an air as easy and as free as
If the quick-coming murder were a joke,
Folded his robes around his sides, and took
Place under sainted Sophy's legs of oak,
Like Cæsar at the statue of Pompeius.
The monks no leisure had about to look
(Each being absorbed in his particular case),
Else had they seen with what celestial grace
A wooden smile stole o'er the saint's mahogany face.

Saint Sophia her speech.

"Well done, well done, Hyacinthus, my son!"
Thus spoke the sainted statue.
"Though you doubted me in the hour of need,
And spoke of me very rude indeed,
You deserve good luck for showing such pluck,
And I won't be angry at you."

She gets on the prior's shoulder straddleback,

The monks by-standing, one and all
Of this wondrous scene beholders,
To this kind promise listened content,
And couldn't contain their astonishment,
When Saint Sophia moved and went
Down from her wooden pedestal,
And twisted her legs, sure as eggs is eggs,
Round Hyacinthus's shoulders!

And bids him run.

"Ho! forwards," cries Sophy, "there's no time for waiting,
The Cossacks are breaking the very last gate in;

See the glare of their torches shines red through the grating!
We've still the back door, and two minutes or more;—
Now, boys, now or never, we must make for the river,
For we only are safe on the opposite shore.
Run swiftly to-day, lads, if ever you ran—
Put out your best leg, Hyacinthus, my man;
And I'll lay five to two that you carry us through,
Only scamper as fast as you can."

XVIII.

**He runneth;**

Away went the priest through the little back door,
And light on his shoulders the image he bore;
The honest old priest was not punished the least,
Though the image was eight feet and he measured four.
Away went the prior, and the monks at his tail
Went snorting, and puffing, and panting full sail;
And just as the last at the back door had passed,
In furious hunt behold at the front
The Tartars so fierce, with their terrible cheers,
With axes, and halberts, and muskets, and spears,
With torches a-flaming, the chapel now came in.
They tore up the mass-book, they stamped on the psalter,
They pulled the gold crucifix down from the altar;
The vestments they burned with their blasphemous fires,
And many cried, "Curse on them! where are the friars?"
When loaded with plunder, yet seeking for more,
One chanced to fling open the little back door,

Spied out the friars' white robes and long shadows
In the moon, scampering over the meadows,
And stopped the Cossacks in the midst of their arsons,
And the Tartars after him.
By crying out lustily, "THERE GO THE PARSONS!"
With a whoop and a yell, and a scream and a shout,
At once the whole murderous body turned out;
And swift as the hawk pounces down on the pigeon,
Pursued the poor short-winded men of religion.

How the friars sweated.
When the sound of that cheering came to the monks' hearing,
O heaven! how the poor fellows panted and blew!
At fighting not cunning, unaccustomed to running,
When the Tartars came up, what the deuce should they do?
"They'll make us all martyrs, those bloodthirsty Tartars!"
Quoth fat Father Peter to fat Father Hugh.
The shouts they came clearer, the foe they drew nearer;
Oh, how the bolts whistled, and how the lights shone!
"I cannot get further, this running is murther;
Come carry me, some one!" cried big Father John.
And even the statue grew frightened, "Od rat you!"
It cried, "Mr. Prior, I wish you'd get on!"
On tugged the good friar; but nigher and nigher
Appeared the fierce Russians, with sword and with fire.
On tugged the good prior at Saint Sophy's desire,—

A scramble through bramble, through mud, and
through mire,
The swift arrows' whizziness causing a dizziness,
Nigh done his business, fit to expire.
Father Hyacinth tugged, and the monks they
tugged after:
The foemen pursued with horrible laughter,
And hurled their long spears round the poor
brethren's ears,
So true, that next day in the coats of each
priest,
Though never a wound was given, there were
found
A dozen arrows at least.

And the pursuers fixed arrows into their tayls.

Now the chase seemed at its worst,
Prior and monks were fit to burst;
Scarce you knew the which was first,
Or pursuers or pursued;
When the statue, by heaven's grace,
Suddenly did change the face
Of this interesting race,
As a saint, sure, only could.

How at the last gasp,

For as the jockey who at Epsom rides,
When that his steed is spent and punished sore,
Diggeth his heels into the courser's sides,
And thereby makes him run one or two furlongs more;
Even thus, betwixt the eighth rib and the
ninth,
The saint rebuked the prior, that weary creeper;
Fresh strength into his limbs her kicks imparted,
One bound he made, as gay as when he
started.
Yes, with his brethren clinging at his cloak,
The statue on his shoulders—fit to choke—
One most tremendous bound made Hyacinth,
And soused friars, statue, and all, slapdash into
the Dnieper!

The friars won, and jumped into Borysthenes fluvius.

XIX.

And how the Russians saw

And when the Russians, in a fiery rank,
Panting and fierce, drew up along the shore
(For here the vain pursuing they forbore,
Nor cared they to surpass the river's bank),
Then, looking from the rocks and rushes dank,
A sight they witnessed never seen before,
And which, with its accompaniments glorious,
Is writ i' the golden book, or *liber aureus*.

The statue get off Hyacinth his back, and sit down with the friars on Hyacinth his cloak.

Plump in the Dnieper flounced the friar and friends,
They dangling round his neck, he fit to choke,
When suddenly his most miraculous cloak
Over the billowy waves itself extends.
Down from his shoulders quietly descends
The venerable Sophy's statue of oak;
Which, sitting down upon the cloak so ample,
Bids all the brethren follow its example!

How in this manner of boat they sayled away.

Each at her bidding sat, and sat at ease;
The statue 'gan a gracious conversation,
And (waving to the foe a salutation)
Sailed with her wondering happy protégés
Gaily adown the wide Borysthenes,
Until they came unto some friendly nation.
And when the heathen had at length grown shy of
Their conquest, she one day came back again to Kioff.

XX.

Finis, or the end.

Think not, O Reader, that we're laughing at you;
You may go to Kioff now, and see the statue!

## KING CANUTE.

KING CANUTE was weary-hearted; he had reigned for years a score,
Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much and robbing more;
And he thought upon his actions, walking by the wild sea-shore.

'Twixt the Chancellor and Bishop walked the King with steps sedate,
Chamberlains and grooms came after, silversticks and goldsticks great,
Chaplains, aides-de-camp, and pages—all the officers of state.

Sliding after like his shadow, pausing when he chose to pause,
If a frown his face contracted, straight the courtiers dropped their jaws;
If to laugh the King was minded, out they burst in loud hee-haws.

But that day a something vexed him, that was clear to old and young:
Thrice his Grace had yawned at table, when his favourite gleemen sung;
Once the Queen would have consoled him, but he bade her hold her tongue.

"Something ails my gracious master," cried the Keeper of the Seal.
"Sure, my lord, it is the lampreys served to dinner, or the veal?"
"Psha!" exclaimed the angry monarch. "Keeper, 'tis not that I feel.

"'Tis the *heart*, and not the dinner, fool, that doth my rest impair:
Can a king be great as I am, prithee, and yet know no care?
Oh, I'm sick, and tired, and weary."—Some one cried, "The King's armchair!"

Then towards the lackeys turning, quick my Lord the Keeper nodded,
Straight the King's great chair was brought him, by two footmen able-bodied.
Languidly he sank into it—it was comfortably wadded.

"Leading on my fierce companions," cried he, "over storm and brine,
I have fought and I have conquered! Where was glory like to mine?"
Loudly all the courtiers echoed, "Where is glory like to thine?"

"What avail me all my kingdoms? Weary am I now and old;
Those fair sons I have begotten, long to see me dead and cold:
Would I were, and quiet buried, underneath the silent mould!

"Oh, remorse, the writhing serpent! at my bosom tears and bites;
Horrid, horrid things I look on, though I put out all the lights;
Ghosts of ghastly recollections troop about my bed at nights.

"Cities burning, convents blazing, red with sacrilegious fires;
Mothers weeping, virgins screaming vainly for their slaughtered sires."—
"Such a tender conscience," cries the Bishop, "every one admires!

"But for such unpleasant bygones, cease, my gracious lord, to search,
They're forgotten and forgiven by our Holy Mother Church;
Never, never does she leave her benefactors in the lurch.

"Look! the land is crowned with minsters, which your Grace's bounty raised;
Abbeys filled with holy men, where you and Heaven are daily praised.
*You*, my lord, to think of dying? on my conscience I'm amazed!"

"Nay, I feel," replied King Canute, "that my end is drawing near."
"Don't say so," exclaimed the courtiers (striving each to squeeze a tear).
"Sure your Grace is strong and lusty, and may live this fifty year."

"Live these fifty years!" the Bishop roared, with actions made to suit.
"Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, thus to speak of King Canute!
Men have lived a thousand years, and sure his Majesty will do't.

"Adam, Enoch, Lamech, Cainan, Mahaleel, Methuselah,
Lived nine hundred years apiece, and mayn't the King as well as they?"
"Fervently," exclaimed the Keeper, "fervently I trust he may."

"*He* to die?" resumed the Bishop. "He a mortal like to *us?*
Death was not for him intended, though *communis omnibus:*
Keeper, you are irreligious, for to talk and cavil thus.

"With his wondrous skill in healing ne'er a doctor can compete,
Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, start up clean upon their feet;
Surely he could raise the dead up, did his Highness think it meet.

"Did not once the Jewish captain stay the sun upon the hill,
And, the while he slew the foemen, bid the silver moon stand still?
So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his sacred will."

"Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir Bishop?" Canute cried;
"Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her heavenly ride?
If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command the tide.

"Will the advancing waves obey me, Bishop, if I make the sign?"
Said the Bishop, bowing lowly, "Land and sea, my lord, are thine."
Canute turned towards the ocean—"Back!" he said, "thou foaming brine.

"From the sacred shore I stand on, I command thee to retreat;
Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy master's seat:
Ocean, be thou still! I bid thee come not nearer to my feet!"

But the sullen ocean answered with a louder, deeper roar,
And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling sounding on the shore;
Back the Keeper and the Bishop, back the King and courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them never more to kneel to human clay,
But alone to praise and worship That which earth and seas obey;
And his golden crown of empire never wore he from that day.
King Canute is dead and gone: Parasites exist alway.

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## FRIAR'S SONG.

Some love the matin-chimes, which tell
The hour of prayer to sinner;
But better far's the mid-day bell,
Which speaks the hour of dinner;
For when I see a smoking fish,
Or capon drowned in gravy,
Or noble haunch on silver dish,
Full glad I sing my ave.

My pulpit is an alehouse bench,
  Whereon I sit so jolly;
A smiling rosy country wench
  My saint and patron holy.
I kiss her cheek so red and sleek,
  I press her ringlets wavy,
And in her willing ear I speak
  A most religious ave.

And if I'm blind, yet heaven is kind,
  And holy saints forgiving;
For sure he leads a right good life
  Who thus admires good living.
Above, they say, our flesh is air,
  Our blood celestial ichor:
Oh, grant! 'mid all the changes there,
  They may not change our liquor!

---

## ATRA CURA.

Before I lost my five poor wits,
I mind me of a Romish clerk,
Who sang how Care, the phantom dark,
Beside the belted horseman sits.
Methought I saw the grisly sprite
Jump up but now behind my Knight.

And though he gallop as he may,
I mark that cursèd monster black
Still sits behind his honour's back,
Tight squeezing of his heart alway.
Like two black Templars sit they there,
Beside one crupper, Knight and Care.

No knight am I with pennoned spear,
To prance upon a bold destrere;
I will not have black Care prevail
Upon my long-eared charger's tail:
For lo, I am a witless fool,
And laugh at Grief and ride a mule!

## REQUIESCAT.

Under the stone you behold,
Buried, and coffined, and cold,
Lieth Sir Wilfrid the Bold.

Always he marched in advance,
Warring in Flanders and France,
Doughty with sword and with lance.

Famous in Saracen fight,
Rode in his youth the good knight,
Scattering Paynims in flight.

Brian the Templar untrue,
Fairly in tourney he slew;
Saw Hierusalem too.

Now he is buried and gone,
Lying beneath the grey stone:
Where shall you find such a one?

Long time his widow deplored,
Weeping the fate of her lord,
Sadly cut off by the sword.

When she was eased of her pain,
Came the good Lord Athelstane,
When her ladyship married again.

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## LINES UPON MY SISTER'S PORTRAIT.

### BY THE LORD SOUTHDOWN.

The castle towers of Bareacres are fair upon the lea,
Where the cliffs of bonny Diddlesex rise up from out the sea
I stood upon the donjon keep and viewed the country o'er;
I saw the lands of Bareacres for fifty miles or more.

I stood upon the donjon keep—it is a sacred place,
Where floated for eight hundred years the banner of my race:
Argent, a dexter sinople, and gules an azure field;
There ne'er was nobler cognizance on knightly warrior's
shield.

The first time England saw the shield 'twas round a Norman
neck,
On board a ship from Valery, King William was on deck.
A Norman lance the colours wore, in Hastings' fatal fray—
St. Willibald for Bareacres! 'twas double gules that day!
O Heaven and sweet St. Willibald! in many a battle since
A loyal-hearted Bareacres has ridden by his Prince!
At Acre with Plantagenet, with Edward at Poictiers,
The pennon of the Bareacres was foremost on the spears!

'Twas pleasant in the battle-shock to hear our war-cry
ringing:
Oh grant me, sweet St. Willibald, to listen to such singing!
Three hundred steel-clad gentlemen, we drove the foe before
us,
And thirty score of British bows kept twanging to the chorus!
O knights, my noble ancestors! and shall I never hear
St. Willibald for Bareacres through battle ringing clear?
I'd cut me off this strong right hand a single hour to ride,
And strike a blow for Bareacres, my fathers, at your side!

Dash down, dash down, yon mandolin, beloved sister mine!
Those blushing lips may never sing the glories of our line;
Our ancient castles echo to the clumsy feet of churls,
The spinning-jenny houses in the mansion of our Earls.
Sing not, sing not, my Angeline! in days so base and vile,
'Twere sinful to be happy, 'twere sacrilege to smile.
I'll hie me to my lonely hall, and by its cheerless hob
I'll muse on other days, and wish—and wish I were—A
Snob.

## TITMARSH'S CARMEN LILLIENSE.

Lille, *Sept.* 2, 1843.

*My heart is weary, my peace is gone,*
*How shall I e'er my woes reveal?*
*I have no money, I lie in pawn,*
*A stranger in the town of Lille.*

I.

With twenty pounds but three weeks since,
From Paris forth did Titmarsh wheel;
I thought myself as rich a prince
As beggar poor I'm now at Lille.

Confiding in my ample means —
In troth, I was a happy chiel!
I passed the gates of Valenciennes,
I never thought to come by Lille.

I never thought my twenty pounds
Some rascal knave would dare to steal;
I gaily passed the Belgic bounds
At Quiévrain, twenty miles from Lille.

To Antwerp town I hastened post,
And as I took my evening meal
I felt my pouch—my purse was lost;
O Heaven! why came I not by Lille?

I straightway called for ink and pen,
To grandmamma I made appeal;
Meanwhile a loan of guineas ten
I borrowed from a friend so leal.

I got the cash from grandmamma
(Her gentle heart my woes could feel),
But where I went, and what I saw,
What matters? Here I am at Lille.

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,
How shall I e'er my woes reveal?
I have no cash, I lie in pawn,
A stranger in the town of Lille.

II.

To stealing I can never come;
To pawn my watch I'm too genteel;
Besides, I left my watch at home—
How could I pawn it then at Lille?

"*La note*," at times the guests will say.
I turn as white as cold boiled veal;
I turn and look another way,
*I* dare not ask the bill at Lille.

I dare not to the landlord say,
"Good sir, I cannot pay your bill;"
He thinks I am a Lord Anglais,
And is quite proud I stay at Lille.

He thinks I am a Lord Anglais,
Like Rothschild or Sir Robert Peel,
And so he serves me every day
The best of meat and drink in Lille.

Yet when he looks me in the face
I blush as red as cochineal,
And think did he but know my case,
How changed he'd be, my host of Lille.

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,
How shall I e'er my woes reveal?
I have no money, I lie in pawn,
A stranger in the town of Lille.

III.

The sun bursts out in furious blaze,
I perspirate from head to heel;
I'd like to hire a one-horse chaise—
How can I, without cash at Lille?

I pass in sunshine burning hot
  By cafés where in beer they deal;
I think how pleasant were a pot,
  A frothing pot of beer of Lille!

What is yon house with walls so thick,
  All girt around with guard and grille?
O gracious gods! it makes me sick,
  It is the *prison house* of Lille!

O cursed prison, strong and barred,
  It does my very blood congeal!
I tremble as I pass the guard,
  And quit that ugly part of Lille.

The church-door beggar whines and prays,
  I turn away at his appeal:
Ah, church-door beggar! go thy ways!
  You're not the poorest man in Lille.

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,
  How shall I e'er my woes reveal?
I have no money, I lie in pawn,
  A stranger in the town of Lille.

IV.

Say, shall I to yon Flemish church,
  And at a Popish altar kneel?
Oh, do not leave me in the lurch,—
  I'll cry, ye patron saints of Lille!

Ye virgins dressed in satin hoops,
  Ye martyrs slain for mortal weal,
Look kindly down! before you stoops
  The miserablest man in Lille.

And lo! as I beheld with awe
  A pictured saint (I swear 'tis real),
It smiled, and turned to grandmamma!—
  It did! and I had hope in Lille!

'Twas five o'clock, and I could eat,
  Although I could not pay my meal;
I hasten back into the street
  Where lies my inn, the best in Lille.

What see I on my table stand,—
  A letter with a well-known seal?
'Tis grandmamma's! I know her hand,—
"To Mr. M. A. Titmarsh, Lille."

I feel a choking in my throat,
  I pant and stagger, faint and reel!
It is—it is—a ten-pound note,
  And I'm no more in pawn at Lille!

[He goes off by the diligence that evening, and is restored to the bosom of his happy family.]

## THE WILLOW-TREE.

Know ye the willow-tree
  Whose grey leaves quiver,
Whispering gloomily
  To yon pale river?
Lady, at even-tide
  Wander not near it,
They say its branches hide
  A sad, lost spirit!

Once to the willow-tree
  A maid came fearful,
Pale seemed her cheek to be,
  Her blue eye tearful;
Soon as she saw the tree,
  Her step moved fleeter,
No one was there—ah me!
  No one to meet her.

Quick beat her heart to hear
  The far bell's chime

Toll from the chapel-tower
  The trysting time;
But the red sun went down
  In golden flame,
And though she looked round,
  Yet no one came!

Presently came the night,
  Sadly to greet her,
Moon in her silver light,
  Stars in their glitter;
Then sank the moon away
  Under the billow,
Still wept the maid alone—
  There by the willow!

Through the long darkness,
  By the stream rolling,
Hour after hour went on
  Tolling and tolling.
Long was the darkness,
  Lonely and stilly;
Shrill came the night-wind,
  Piercing and chilly.

Shrill blew the morning breeze,
  Biting and cold,
Bleak peers the grey dawn
  Over the wold.
Bleak over moor and stream
  Looks the grey dawn,
Grey, with dishevelled hair,
Still stands the willow there—
  THE MAID IS GONE!

*Domine, Domine!*
  *Sing we a litany,—*
*Sing for poor maiden-hearts broken and weary;*
  *Domine, Domine!*
*Sing we a litany,*
  *Wail we and weep we a wild Miserere!*

## THE WILLOW-TREE.

### (ANOTHER VERSION.)

I.

Long by the willow-trees
  Vainly they sought her,
Wild rang the mother's screams
  O'er the grey water:
"Where is my lovely one?
  Where is my daughter?

II.

"Rouse thee, sir constable—
  Rouse thee and look;
Fisherman, bring your net,
  Boatman, your hook.
Beat in the lily beds,
  Dive in the brook!"

III.

Vainly the constable
  Shouted and called her;
Vainly the fisherman
  Beat the green alder,
Vainly he flung the net,
  Never it hauled her!

IV.

Mother beside the fire
  Sat, her nightcap in;
Father, in easy-chair,
  Gloomily napping;
When at the window-sill
  Came a light tapping!

V.

And a pale countenance
  Looked through the casement;
Loud beat the mother's heart,
  Sick with amazement,
And at the vision which
  Came to surprise her,
Shrieked in an agony—
"Lor! it's Elizar!"

VI.

Yes, 'twas Elizabeth—
  Yes, 'twas their girl;
Pale was her cheek, and her
  Hair out of curl.
"Mother!" the loving one,
  Blushing, exclaimed,
"Let not your innocent
  Lizzy be blamed.

VII.

"Yesterday, going to aunt
  Jones's to tea,
Mother, dear mother, I
  *Forgot the door-key!*
And as the night was cold,
  And the way steep,
Mrs. Jones kept me to
  Breakfast and sleep."

VIII.

Whether her Pa and Ma
  Fully believed her,
That we shall never know;
  Stern they received her,
And for the work of that
  Cruel, though short, night,
Sent her to bed without
  Tea for a fortnight.

## IX.

### MORAL.

*Hey diddle diddlety,*
*Cat and the Fiddlety,*
*Maidens of England, take caution by she!*
*Let love and suicide*
*Never tempt you aside,*
*And always remember to take the door-key!*

# LYRA HIBERNICA.

## THE POEMS OF THE MOLONY OF KILBALLYMOLONY.

### THE PIMLICO PAVILION.

Ye pathrons of janius, Minerva and Vanius,
Who sit on Parnassus, that mountain of snow,
Descind from your station, and make observation
Of the Prince's pavilion in sweet Pimlico.

This garden, by jakurs, is forty poor acres
(The garner he tould me, and sure ought to know);
And yet greatly bigger, in size and in figure,
Than the Phanix itself, seems the Park Pimlico.

O 'tis there that the spoort is, when the Queen and the Court is
Walking magnanimous all of a row,
Forgetful what state is among the pataties
And the pine-apple gardens of sweet Pimlico.

There in blossoms odorous the birds sing a chorus,
Of "God save the Queen" as they hop to and fro;
And you sit on the binches and hark to the finches,
Singing melodious in sweet Pimlico

There shuiting their phanthasies, they pluck polyanthuses
That round in the gardens resplindently grow,
Wid roses and jessimins, and other sweet specimins,
Would charm bould Linnayus in sweet Pimlico.

You see when you inther, and stand in the cinther,
Where the roses, and necturns, and collyflowers blow,
A hill so tremindous, it tops the top-windows
Of the elegant houses of famed Pimlico.

And when you've ascinded that precipice splindid
You see on its summit a wondtherful show—
A lovely Swish building, all painting and gilding,
The famous Pavilion of sweet Pimlico.

Prince Albert of Flandthers, that Prince of Commandthers
(On whom my best blessings hereby I bestow),
With goold and vermilion has decked that Pavilion,
Where the Queen may take tay in her sweet Pimlico.

There's lines from John Milton the chamber all gilt on,
And pictures beneath them that's shaped like a bow;
I was greatly astounded to think that that Roundhead
Should find an admission to famed Pimlico.

O lovely's each fresco, and most picturesque O;
And while round the chamber astonished I go,
I think Dan Maclise's it baits all the pieces
Surrounding the cottage of famed Pimlico.

Eastlake has the chimney (a good one to limn he),
And a vargin he paints with a sarpent below;
While bulls, pigs, and panthers, and other enchanthers,
Are painted by Landseer in sweet Pimlico.

And nature smiles opposite, Stanfield he copies it—
O'er Claude or Poussang sure 'tis he that may crow;
But Sir Ross's best faiture is small mini-áture—
He shouldn't paint frescoes in famed Pimlico.

There's Leslie and Uwins has rather small doings;
There's Dyce, as brave masther as England can show;
And the flowers and the strawberries, sure he no dauber is
That painted the panels of famed Pimlico.

In the pictures from Walther Scott, never a fault there's got,
Sure the marble's as natural as thrue Scaglio;
And the Chamber Pompayen is sweet to take tay in,
And ait butthered muffins in sweet Pimlico.

There's landscapes by Gruner, both solar and lunar,
Them two little Doyles, too, deserve a bravo;
Wid de piece by young Townsend (for janius abounds in't);
And that's why he's shuited to paint Pimlico.

That picture of Severn's is worthy of rever'nce,
But some I won't mintion is rather so so;
For sweet philosóphy, or crumpets and coffee,
Oh where's a Pavilion like sweet Pimlico?

Oh to praise this Pavilion would puzzle Quintilian,
Daymosthenes, Brougham, or young Cicero;
So heavenly Goddess, d'ye pardon my modesty,
And silence, my lyre! about sweet Pimlico.

## THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

With ganial foire
Thransfuse me loyre,
Ye sacred nympths of Pindus,
The whoile I sing
That wondthrous thing,
The Palace made of windows!

Say, Paxton, truth,
Thou wondthrous youth,
What sthroke of art celistial,
What power was lint
You to invint
This combineetion cristial?

O would before
That Thomas Moore,
Likewoise the late Lord Boyron,
Thim aigles sthrong
Of godlike song,
Cast oi on that cast oiron!

And saw thim walls,
And glittering halls,
Thim rising slendther columns,
Which I, por pote,
Could not denote,
No, not in twinty vollums.

My Muse's words
Is like the bird's
That roosts beneath the panes there;
Her wings she spoils
'Gainst them bright toiles,
And cracks her silly brains there.

This Palace tall,
This Cristial Hall,
Which Imperors might covet,
Stands in High Park
Like Noah's Ark,
A rainbow bint above it.

The towers and fanes,
In other scaynes,
The fame of this will undo,
Saint Paul's big doom,
Saint Payther's Room,
And Dublin's proud Rotundo.

'Tis here that roams,
As well becomes
Her dignitee and stations,
Victoria Great,
And houlds in state
The Congress of the Nations.

Her subjects pours
From distant shores,
Her Injians and Canajians;
And also we,
Her kingdoms three,
Attind with our allagiance.

Here come likewise
Her bould allies,
Both Asian and Europian;
From East and West
They send their best
To fill her Coornucopean.

I seen (thank Grace!)
This wondthrous place
(His Noble Honour Misther
H. Cole it was
That gave the pass,
And let me see what is there).

With conscious proide
I stud insoide,
And looked the World's Great Fair in,
Until me sight
Was dazzled quite,
And couldn't see for staring.

There's holy saints,
And window paints,
By Maydiayval Pugin;
Alhamborough Jones
Did paint the tones
Of yellow and gambouge in.

There's fountains there
And crosses fair;
There's water-gods with urrns;
There's organs three,
To play, d'ye see?
"God save the Queen," by turrns

There's Statues bright
Of marble white,
Of silver and of copper;
And some in zinc,
And some, I think,
That isn't over proper.

There's staym Ingynes,
That stands in lines,
Enormous and amazing,
That squeal and snort
Like whales in sport,
Or elephants a-grazing.

There's carts and gigs,
And pins for pigs,
There's dibblers and there's harrows,
And ploughs like toys
For little boys,
And ilegant wheel-barrows.

For thim genteels
Who ride on wheels,
There's plenty to indulge 'em;
There's Droskys snug
From Paytersbug,
And vayhycles from Bulgium.

There's Cabs on Stands,
And Shandthry danns;
There's Waggons from New York here;
There's Lapland Sleighs
Have crossed the seas,
And Jaunting Cyars from Cork here.

Amazed I pass
From glass to glass,
Deloighted I survey 'em;
Fresh wondthers grows
Before me nose,
In this sublime Musayum!

Look, here's a fan
From far Japan,
A sabre from Damasco;
There's shawls ye get
From far Thibet,
And cotton prints from Glasgow.

There's German flutes,
Marocky boots,
And Naples Macaronies;
Bohaymia
Has sent Bohay;
Polonia her polonies.

There's granite flints
That's quite imminse,
There's sacks of coals and fuels,
There's swords and guns,
And soap in tuns,
And Ginger-bread and Jewels.

There's taypots there,
And cannons rare;
There's coffins filled with roses;
There's canvas tints,
Teeth instrumints,
And shuits of clothes by MOSES.

There's lashins more
Of things in store,
But thim I don't remimber;
Nor could disclose
Did I compose
From May time to Novimber!

Ah, JUDY thru!
With eyes so blue,
That you were here to view it!
And could I screw
But tu pound tu,
'Tis I would thrait you to it!

So let us raise
Victoria's praise,
And Albert's proud condition,
That takes his ayse
As he surveys
This Cristial Exhibition.

1851.

## MOLONY'S LAMENT.

O TIM, did you hear of thim Saxons,
  And read what the peepers report?
They're goin' to recall the Liftinant,
  And shut up the Castle and Coort!
Our desolate counthry of Oireland,
  They're bint, the blagyards, to desthroy,
And now, having murdthered our counthry,
  They're goin' to kill the Viceroy,
          Dear boy;
  'Twas he was our proide and our joy!

And will we no longer behould him,
  Surrounding his carriage in throngs,
As he weaves his cocked-hat from the windies,
  And smiles to his bould aid-de-congs?
I liked for to see the young haroes,
  All shoining with sthripes and with stars,
A horsing about in the Phaynix,
  And winking the girls in the cyars,
          Like Mars,
  A-smokin' their poipes and cigyars.

Dear Mitchell exoiled to Bermudies,
  Your beautiful oilids you'll ope,
And there'll be an abondance of croyin'
  From O'Brine at the Keep of Good Hope,
When they read of this news in the peepers,
  Acrass the Atlantical wave,
That the last of the Oirish Liftinints
  Of the oisland of Seents has tuck lave.
          God save
  The Queen—she should betther behave.

And what's to become of poor Dame Sthreet,
  And who'll ait the puffs and the tarts,
When the Coort of imparial splindor
  From Doblin's sad city departs?

And who'll have the fiddlers and pipers,
When the deuce of a Coort there remains?
And where'll be the bucks and the ladies
To hire the Coort-shuits and the thrains?
In sthrains,
It's thus that ould Erin complains!

There's Counsellor Flanagan's leedy,
'Twas she in the Coort didn't fail,
And she wanted a plinty of popplin
For her dthress, and her flounce, and her tail.
She bought it of Misthress O'Grady,
Eight shillings a yard tabinet;
But now that the Coort is concluded,
The divvle a yard will she get:
I bet,
Bedad, that she wears the old set.

There's Surgeon O'Toole and Miss Leary,
They'd daylings at Madam O'Riggs';
Each year at the dthrawing-room sayson,
They mounted the neatest of wigs.
When Spring, with its buds and its dasies,
Comes out in her beauty and bloom,
Thim tu'll never think of new jasies,
Becase there is no dthrawing-room,
For whom
They'd choose the expense to ashume.

There's Alderman Toad and his lady,
'Twas they gave the Clart and the Poort,
And the poine-apples, turbots, and lobsters,
To feast the Lord Liftinint's Coort.
But now that the quality's goin',
I warnt that the aiting will stop,
And you'll get at the Alderman's teeble
The devil a bite or a dthrop,
Or chop,
And the butcher may shut up his shop.

Yes, the grooms and the ushers are goin',
  And his Lordship, the dear honest man,
And the Duchess, his eemiable leedy,
  And Corry, the bould Connellan,
And little Lord Hyde and the childthren,
  And the Chewter and Governess tu;
And the servants are packing their boxes,—
  Oh, murther, but what shall I due
      Without you,
  O Meery, with ois of the blue?

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## MR. MALONY'S ACCOUNT OF THE BALL

### GIVEN TO THE NEPAULESE AMBASSADOR BY THE PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL COMPANY.

O WILL ye choose to hear the news?
  Bedad I cannot pass it o'er;
I'll tell you all about the Ball
  To the Naypaulase Ambassador.
Begor! this fête all balls does bate
  At which I've worn a pump, and I
Must here relate the splendthor great
  Of th' Oriental Company.

These men of sinse dispoised expinse,
  To fête these black Achilleses.
"We'll show the blacks," says they, "Almack's,
  And take the rooms at Willis's."
With flags and shawls, for these Nepauls,
  They hung the rooms of Willis up,
And decked the walls, and stairs, and halls,
  With roses and with lilies up.

And Jullien's band it tuck its stand
  So sweetly in the middle there,
And soft bassoons played heavenly chunes,
  And violins did fiddle there.

And when the Coort was tired of spoort,
  I'd lave you, boys, to think there was
A nate buffet before them set,
  Where lashins of good dhrink there was.

At ten before the ballroom door
  His moighty Excellèncy was;
He smoiled and bowed to all the crowd,
  So gorgeous and immense he was.
His dusky shuit, sublime and mute,
  Into the doorway followed him;
And oh the noise of the blackguard boys,
  As they hurrood and hollowed him!

The noble Chair * stud at the stair,
  And bade the dthrums to thump; and he
Did thus evince, to that Black Prince,
  The welcome of his Company.
Oh fair the girls, and rich the curls,
  And bright the oys you saw there, was;
And fixed each oye, ye there could spoi,
  On Gineral Jung Bahawther, was!

This Gineral great then tuck his sate,
  With all the other ginerals
(Bedad his troat, his belt, his coat,
  All bleezed with precious minerals);
And as he there, with princely air,
  Recloinin' on his cushion was,
All round about his royal chair
  The squeezin' and the pushin' was.

O Pat, such girls, such Jukes, and Earls,
  Such fashion and nobilitee!
Just think of Tim, and fancy him
  Amidst the hoigh gentilitee!

---

* James Matheson, Esq., to whom, and the Board of Directors of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, I, Timotheus Molony, late stoker on board the *Iberia*, the *Lady Mary Wood*, the *Tagus*, and the Oriental steamships, humbly dedicate this production of my grateful Muse.

There was Lord de L'Huys, and the Portygeese
  Ministher and his lady there,
And I reckonised, with much surprise,
  Our messmate, Bob O'Grady, there;

There was Baroness Brunow, that looked like Juno,
  And Baroness Rehausen there,
And Countess Roullier, that looked peculiar
  Well, in her robes of gauze in there.
There was Lord Crowhurst (I knew him first,
  When only Mr. Pips he was),
And Mick O'Toole, the great big fool,
  That after supper tipsy was.

There was Lord Fingall, and his ladies all,
  And Lords Killeen and Dufferin,
And Paddy Fife, with his fat wife;
  I wondther how he could stuff her in.
There was Lord Belfast, that by me past,
  And seemed to ask how should *I* go there?
And the Widow Macrae, and Lord A. Hay,
  And the Marchioness of Sligo, there.

Yes, Jukes, and Earls, and diamonds and pearls,
  And pretty girls, was spoorting there;
And some beside (the rogues!) I spied,
  Behind the windies, coorting there;
Oh, there's one I know, bedad would show
  As beautiful as any there,
And I'd like to hear the pipers blow,
  And shake a fut with Fanny there!

## THE BATTLE OF LIMERICK.

    Ye Genii of the nation,
    Who look with veneration,
And Ireland's desolation onsaysingly deplore;
    Ye sons of General Jackson,
    Who thrample on the Saxon,
Attend to the thransaction upon Shannon shore.

When William, Duke of Schumbug,
A tyrant and a humbug,
With cannon and with thunder on our city bore,
Our fortitude and valliance
Insthructed his battalions
To rispict the galliant Irish upon Shannon shore.

Since that capitulation,
No city in this nation
So grand a reputation could boast before,
As Limerick prodigious,
That stands with quays and bridges,
And the ships up to the windies of the Shannon shore.

A chief of ancient line,
'Tis William Smith O'Brine,
Reprisints this darling Limerick, this ten years or more:
Oh the Saxons can't endure
To see him on the flure,
And thremble at the Cicero from Shannon shore!

This valiant son of Mars
Had been to visit Par's,
That land of Revolution that grows the tricolor;
And to welcome his returrn
From pilgrimages furren,
We invited him to tay on the Shannon shore.

Then we summoned to our board
Young Meagher of the sword—
'Tis he will sheathe that battle-axe in Saxon gore;
And Mitchil of Belfast
We bade to our repast,
To dthrink a dish of coffee on the Shannon shore.

Convaniently to hould
These patriots so bould,
We tuck the opportunity of Tim Doolan's store;
And with ornamints and banners
(As becomes gintale good manners),
We made the loveliest tay-room upon Shannon shore.

'Twould binifit your sowls
To see the butthered rowls,
The sugar-tongs and sangwidges and craim galyore,
And the muffins and the crumpets,
And the band of harps and thrumpets,
To celebrate the sworry upon Shannon shore.

Sure the Emperor of Bohay
Would be proud to dthrink the tay
That Misthress Biddy Rooney for O'Brine did pour;
And, since the days of Strongbow,
There never was such Congo—
Mitchil dthrank six quarts of it—by Shannon shore.

But Clarndon and Corry
Connellan beheld this sworry
With rage and imulation in their black hearts' core;
And they hired a gang of ruffins
To interrupt the muffins,
And the fragrance of the Congo on the Shannon shore.

When full of tay and cake,
O'Brine began to spake;
But juice a one could hear him, for a sudden roar
Of a ragamuffin rout
Began to yell and shout,
And frighten the propriety of Shannon shore.

As Smith O'Brine harangued
They batthered and they banged,
Tim Doolan's doors and windies down they tore;
They smashed the lovely windies
(Hung with muslin from the Indies),
Purshuing of their shindies upon Shannon shore.

With throwing of brickbats,
Drowned puppies and dead rats,
These ruffin democrats themselves did lower;
Tin kettles, rotten eggs,
Cabbage-stalks, and wooden legs,
They flung among the patriots of Shannon shore.

Oh the girls began to scrame
And upset the milk and crame;
And the honourable gintlemin they cursed and swore;
And Mitchil of Belfast,
'Twas he that looked aghast
When they roasted him in effigy by Shannon shore.

Oh the lovely tay was spilt
On that day of Ireland's guilt;
Says Jack Mitchil, "I am kilt! Boys, where's the back door?
'Tis a national disgrace:
Let me go and veil me face,"
And he boulted with quick pace from the Shannon shore.

"Cut down the bloody horde!"
Says Meagher of the sword;
"This conduct would disgrace any blackamore."
But the best use Tommy made
Of his famous battle blade
Was to cut his own stick from the Shannon shore.

Immortal Smith O'Brine
Was raging like a line;
'Twould have done your sowl good to have heard him roar;
In his glory he arose,
And he rushed upon his foes,
But they hit him on the nose by the Shannon shore.

Then the Futt and the Dthragoons
In squadthrons and platoons,
With their music playing chunes, down upon us bore;
And they bate the rattatoo,
But the Peelers came in view,
And ended the shaloo on the Shannon shore.

## LARRY O'TOOLE.

You've all heard of Larry O'Toole,
Of the beautiful town of Drumgoole.
He had but one eye,
To ogle ye by—
Oh, murther, but that was a jew'l!
A fool
He made of de girls, dis O'Toole.

'Twas he was the boy didn't fail,
That tuck down pataties and mail;
He never would shrink
From any sthrong dthrink,
Was it whisky or Drogheda ale;
I'm bail
This Larry would swallow a pail.

Oh, many a night at the bowl,
With Larry I've sot cheek by jowl;
He's gone to his rest,
Where there's dthrink of the best,
And so let us give his old sowl
A howl,
For 'twas he made the noggin to rowl.

## THE ROSE OF FLORA.

*Sent by a Young Gentleman of Quality to Miss Br–dy, of Castle Brady.*

On Brady's tower there grows a flower,
It is the loveliest flower that blows,—
At Castle Brady there lives a lady
(And how I love her no one knows);
Her name is Nora, and the goddess Flora
Presents her with this blooming rose.

"O Lady Nora," says the goddess Flora,
"I've many a rich and bright parterre;

In Brady's towers there's seven more flowers,
But you're the fairest lady there.
Not all the county, nor Ireland's bounty,
Can projuice a treasure that's half so fair!"

What cheek is redder? sure roses fed her!
Her hair is maregolds, and her eye of blew.
Beneath her eyelid, is like the vi'let,
That darkly glistens with gentle jew!
The lily's nature is not surely whiter
Than Nora's neck is, and her arrums too.

"Come, gentle Nora," says the goddess Flora,
"My dearest creature, take my advice,
There is a poet, full well you know it,
Who spends his lifetime in heavy sighs,—
Young Redmond Barry, 'tis him you'll marry,
If rhyme and raisin you'd choose likewise."

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## THE LAST IRISH GRIEVANCE.

ON reading of the general indignation occasioned in Ireland by the appointment of a Scotch Professor to one of HER MAJESTY'S Godless Colleges, MASTER MOLLOY MOLONY, brother of THADDEUS MOLONY, ESQ., of the Temple, a youth only fifteen years of age, dashed off the following spirited lines:—

As I think of the insult that's done to this nation,
Red tears of rivinge from me faytures I wash,
And uphold in this pome, to the world's daytistation,
The sleeves that appointed PROFESSOR M'COSH.

I look round me counthree, renowned by exparience,
And see midst her childthren, the witty, the wise,
Whole hayps of logicians, potes, schollars, grammarians,
All ayger for pleeces, all panting to rise.

I gaze round the world in its utmost diminsion:
LARD JAHN and his minions in Council I ask,
Was there ever a Government pleece (with a pinsion)
But children of Erin were fit for that task?

What, Erin beloved, is thy fetal condition?
What shame in aych boosom must rankle and burrun,
To think that our counthree has ne'er a logician
In the hour of her deenger will surrev her turrun!

On the logic of Saxons there's little reliance,
And, rather from Saxons than gather its rules,
I'd stamp under feet the base book of his science,
And spit on his chair as he taught in the schools!

O false SIR JOHN KANE! is it thus that you praych me?
I think all your Queen's Universitees bosh;
And if you've no neetive Professor to taych me,
I scawurn to be learned by the Saxon M'COSH.

There's WISEMAN and CHUME, and His Grace the Lord Primate,
That sinds round the box, and the world will subscribe;
'Tis they'll build a College that's fit for our climate,
And taych me the saycrets I burn to imboibe!

'Tis there as a Student of Science I'll enther,
Fair Fountain of Knowledge, of Joy, and Contint!
SAINT PATHRICK's sweet Statue shall stand in the centher,
And wink his dear oi every day during Lint.

And good DOCTOR NEWMAN, that praycher unwary,
'Tis he shall preside the Academee School,
And quit the gay robe of ST. PHILIP of Neri,
To wield the soft rod of ST. LAWRENCE O'TOOLE!

# THE BALLADS OF POLICEMAN X.

## THE WOFLE NEW BALLAD OF JANE RONEY AND MARY BROWN.

An igstrawnary tail I vill tell you this veek.
I stood in the Court of A'Beckett the Beak,
Vere Mrs. Jane Roney, a vidow, I see,
Who charged Mary Brown with a robbin of she.

This Mary was pore and in misery once,
And she came to Mrs. Roney it's more than twelve monce;
She adn't got no bed, nor no dinner nor no tea,
And kind Mrs. Roney gave Mary all three.

Mrs. Roney kep Mary for ever so many veeks
(Her conduct disgusted the best of all Beax),
She kep her for nothink, as kind as could be,
Never thinkin that this Mary was a traitor to she.

"Mrs. Roney, O Mrs. Roney, I feel very ill;
Will you just step to the Doctor's for to fetch me a pill?"
"That I will, my pore Mary," Mrs. Roney says she;
And she goes off to the Doctor's as quickly as may be.

No sooner on this message Mrs. Roney was sped,
Than hup gits vicked Mary, and jumps out a bed;
She hopens all the trunks without never a key,
She bustes all the boxes, and vith them makes free.

Mrs. Roney's best linning, gownds, petticoats, and close,
Her children's little coats and things, her boots, and her hose,

She packed them, and she stole 'em, and avay vith them did flee.
Mrs. Roney's situation, you may think vat it vould be!

Of Mary, ungrateful, who had served her this vay,
Mrs. Roney heard nothink for a long year and a day;
Till last Thursday, in Lambeth, ven whom should she see
But this Mary, as had acted so ungrateful to she?

She was leaning on the helbo of a worthy young man;
They were going to be married, and were walkin hand in hand;
And the church bells was a-ringing for Mary and he,
And the parson was ready, and a-waitin for his fee.

When up comes Mrs. Roney, and faces Mary Brown,
Who trembles, and castes her eyes upon the ground.
She calls a jolly pleaseman, it happens to be me;
"I charge this young woman, Mr. Pleaseman," says she.

"Mrs. Roney, o, Mrs. Roney, o, do let me go;
I acted most ungrateful I own, and I know;
But the marriage bell is a-ringin, and the ring you may see,
And this young man is a-waitin," says Mary says she.

"I don't care three fardens for the parson and clark,
And the bell may keep ringin from noon day to dark.
Mary Brown, Mary Brown, you must come along with me;
And I think this young man is lucky to be free."

So, in spite of the tears which bejewed Mary's cheek,
I took that young gurl to A'Beckett the Beak.
That exlent Justice demanded her plea;
But never a sullable said Mary said she.

On account of her conduck so base and so vile,
That wicked young gurl is committed for trile;
And if she's transpawted beyond the salt sea,
It's a proper reward for such willians as she.

Now, you young gurls of Southwark for Mary who veep,
From pickin and stealin your ands you must keep,
Or it may be my dooty, as it was Thursday veek,
To pull you all hup to A'Beckett the Beak.

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## THE THREE CHRISTMAS WAITS.

My name is Pleaceman X;
  Last night I was in bed,
A dream did me perplex,
  Which came into my Edd.
I dreamed I sor three Waits
  A-playing of their tune,
At Pimlico Palace gates,
  All undearneath the moon.
One puffed a hold French horn,
  And one a hold Banjo,
And one chap seedy and torn
  A Hirish pipe did blow.
They sadly piped and played,
  Dexcribing of their fates;
And this was what they said,
  Those three pore Christmas Waits:—

"When this black year began,
  This Eighteen-forty-eight,
I was a great great man,
  And king both vise and great,
And Munseer Guizot by me did show
  As Minister of State.

"But Febuwerry came,
  And brought a rabble rout,
And me and my good dame
  And children did turn out,
And us, in spite of all our right,
  Sent to the right about.

"I left my native ground,
  I left my kin and kith,

I left my royal crownd,
Vich I couldn't travel vith,
And without a pound came to English ground,
In the name of Mr. Smith.

"Like any anchorite
I've lived since I came here,
I've kep myself quite quite,
I've drank the small small beer,
And the vater, you see, disagrees vith me
And all my famly dear.

"O Tweeleries so dear,
O darling Pally Royl,
Vas it to finish here
That I did trouble and toyl?
That all my plans should break in my ands,
And should on me recoil?

"My state I fenced about
Vith baynicks and vith guns;
My gals I portioned hout,
Rich vives I got my sons;
O varn't it crule to lose my rule,
My money and lands at once?

"And so, vith arp and woice,
Both troubled and shagreened,
I bid you to rejoice,
O glorious England's Queend!
And never have to veep, like pore Louis Phileep,
Because you out are cleaned.

"O Prins, so brave and stout,
I stand before your gate;
Pray send a trifle hout
To me, your pore old Vait;
For nothink could be vuss than it's been along vith us
In this year Forty-eight."

"Ven this bad year began,"
The nex man said, saysee,
"I vas a Journeyman,
A taylor black and free,
And my wife went out and chaired about,
And my name's the bold Cuffee.

"The Queen and Halbert both
I swore I would confound;
I took a hawfle hoath
To drag them to the ground;
And sevral more with me they swore
Aginst the British Crownd.

"Aginst her Pleacemen all,
We said we'd try our strenth;
Her scarlick soldiers tall,
We vowed we'd lay full lenth;
And out we came, in Freedom's name.
Last Aypril was the tenth.

"Three 'undred thousand snobs
Came out to stop the vay,
Vith sticks vith iron knobs,
Or else we'd gained the day.
The harmy quite kept out of sight,
And so ve vent avay.

"Next day the Pleacemen came—
Rewenge it was their plann—
And from my good old dame
They took her tailor-mann;
And the hard hard beak did me bespeak
To Newgit in the Wann.

"In that etrocious Cort
The Jewry did agree;
The Judge did me transport,
To go beyond the sea,
And so for life, from his dear wife
They took poor old Cuffee.

"O Halbert, Appy Prince!
With children round your knees,
Ingraving ansum Prints,
And taking hoff your hease,
O think of me, the old Cuffee,
Beyond the solt solt seas!

"Although I'm hold and black,
My hanguish is most great;
Great Prince, O call me back,
And I vill be your Vait!
And never no more vill break the Lor,
As I did in 'Forty-eight."

The tailer thus did close
(A pore old blackymore rogue),
When a dismal gent uprose,
And spoke with Hirish brogue:
"I'm Smith O'Brine, of Royal Line,
Descended from Rory Ogue.

"When great O'Connle died,
That man whom all did trust,
That man whom Henglish pride
Beheld with such disgust,
Then Erin free fixed eyes on me,
And swoar I should be fust.

"'The glorious Hirish Crown,'
Says she, 'it shall be thine:
Long time, it's wery well known,
You kep it in your line;
That diadem of hemerald gem
Is yours, my Smith O'Brine.

"'Too long the Saxon churl
Our land encumbered hath;
Arise, my Prince, my Earl,
And brush them from thy path—
Rise, mighty Smith, and sveep 'em vith
The besom of your wrath.'

"Then in my might I rose,
My country I surveyed;
I saw it filled with foes,
I viewed them undismayed:
'Ha, ha!' says I, 'the harvest's high,
I'll reap it with my blade.'

"My warriors I enrolled;
They rallied round their lord;
And cheefs in council old
I summoned to the board—
Wise Doheny and Duffy bold,
And Meagher of the Sword.

"I stood on Slievenamaun;
They came with pikes and bills;
They gathered in the dawn,
Like mist upon the hills,
And rushed adown the mountain side
Like twenty thousand rills.

"Their fortress we assail;
Hurroo! my boys, hurroo!
The bloody Saxons quail
To hear the wild shaloo.
Strike, and prevail, proud Innesfail,
O'Brine aboo, aboo!

"Our people they defied.
They shot at 'em like savages;
Their bloody guns they plied
With sanguinary ravages:
Hide, blushing Glory, hide
That day among the cabbages!

"And so no more I'll say,
But ask your Mussy great,
And humbly sing and pray,
Your Majesty's poor Wait:
Your Smith O'Brine in 'Forty-nine
Will blush for 'Forty-eight."

## LINES ON A LATE HOSPICIOUS EWENT.*

### BY A GENTLEMAN OF THE FOOT-GUARDS (BLUE).

I PACED upon my beat
With steady step and slow,
All huppandownd of Ranelagh Street;
Ran'lagh St. Pimlico.

While marching huppandownd
Upon that fair May morn,
Beold the booming cannings sound,
A royal child is born!

The Ministers of State
Then presnly I sor,
They gallops to the Pallis gate,
In carridges and for.

With anxious looks intent,
Before the gate they stop,
There comes the good Lord President,
And there the Archbishopp.

Lord John he next elights;
And who comes here in haste?
'Tis the ero of one underd fights,
The caudle for to taste.

Then Mrs. Lily, the nuss,
Towards them steps with joy;
Says the brave old Duke, "Come tell to us,
Is it a gal or a boy?"

Says Mrs. L. to the Duke,
"Your Grace, it is *a Prince*."
And at that nuss's bold rebuke,
He did both laugh and wince.

---

* The birth of Prince Arthur.

He vews with pleasant look
This pooty flower of May,
Then, says the wenerable Duke,
"Egad, it's my buthday."

By memory backards borne,
Peraps his thoughts did stray
To that old place where he was born,
Upon the first of May.

Perhaps he did recall
The ancient towers of Trim;
And County Meath and Dangan Hall
They did rewisit him.

I phansy of him so
His good old thoughts employin';
Fourscore years and one ago
Beside the flowin' Boyne

His father praps he sees,
Most musicle of Lords,
A-playing maddrigles and glees
Upon the Arpsicords.

Jest phansy this old Ero
Upon his mother's knee!
Did ever lady in this land
Ave greater sons than she?

And I shoudn be surprize
While this was in his mind,
If a drop there twinkled in his eyes
Of unfamiliar brind.

* * * *

To Hapsly Ouse next day
Drives up a Broosh and for,
A gracious prince sits in that Shay
(I mention him with Hor!)

They ring upon the bell,
The Porter shows his Ed

(He fought at Vaterloo as vell,
And vears a Veskit red),

To see that carriage come,
The people round it press:
"And is the galliant Duke at ome?"
"Your Royal Ighness, yes."

He stepps from out the Broosh,
And in the gate is gone;
And X, although the people push,
Says wery kind, "Move hon."

The Royal Prince unto
The galliant Duke did say,
"Dear Duke, my little son and you
Was born the self-same day.

"The Lady of the land,
My wife and Sovring dear,
It is by her horgust command
I wait upon you here.

"That lady is as well
As can expected be;
And to your Grace she bid me tell
This gracious message free.

"That offspring of our race
Whom yesterday you see,
To show our honour for your Grace,
Prince Arthur he shall be.

"That name it rhymes to fame,
All Europe knows the sound;
And I couldn't find a better name
If you'd give me twenty pound.

"King Arthur had his knights
That girt his table round;
But you have won a hundred fights,
Will match 'em I'll be bound.

"You fought with Bonypart,
And likewise Tippoo Saib;
I name you then with all my heart
The Godsire of this babe."

That Prince his leave was took,
His hinterview was done;
So let us give the good old Duke
Good luck of his god-son.

And wish him years of joy
In this our time of Schism,
And hope he'll hear the royal boy
His little catechism.

And my pooty little Prince
That's come our arts to cheer,
Let me my loyal powers ewince
A welcomin of you ere.

And the Poit-Laureat's crownd,
I think, in some respex,
Egstremely shootable might be found
For honest Pleaseman X.

## THE BALLAD OF ELIZA DAVIS.

Galliant gents and lovely ladies,
List a tail vich late befell,
Vich I heard it, bein on duty,
At the Pleace Hoffice, Clerkenwell.

Praps you know the Fondling Chapel,
Vere the little children sings.
(Lor! I likes to hear on Sundies
Them there pooty little things!)

In this street there lived a housemaid,
If you particklarly ask me where—
Vy, it was at four-and-tventy
Guilford Street, by Brunsvick Square.

Vich her name was Eliza Davis;
  And she went to fetch the beer.
In the street she met a party
  As was quite surprized to see her.

Vich he was a British Sailor,
  For to judge him by his look—
Tarry jacket, canvass trowsies,
  Ha-la Mr. T. P. Cooke.

Presently this Mann accostes
  Of this hinnocent young gal.
"Pray," saysee, "excuse my freedom,
  You're so like my Sister Sall!

"You're so like my Sister Sally,
  Both in valk and face and size,
Miss, that—dang my old lee scuppers,
  It brings tears into my heyes!

"I'm a mate on board a wessel,
  I'm a sailor bold and true;
Shiver up my poor old timbers,
  Let me be a mate for you!

"What's your name, my beauty, tell me;"
  And she faintly hansers, "Lore,
Sir, my name's Eliza Davis,
  And I live at tventy-four."

Hofttimes came this British seaman,
  This deluded gal to meet;
And at tventy-four was welcome,
  Tventy-four in Guilford Street.

And Eliza told her Master
  (Kinder they than Missuses are),
How in marridge he had ast her,
  Like a galliant Brittish Tar.

And he brought his landlady vith him
  (Vich vas all his hartful plan),
And she told how Charley Thompson
  Reely vas a good young man.

And how she herself had lived in
  Many years of union sweet,
Vith a gent she met promiskous,
  Valkin in the public street.

And Eliza listened to them,
  And she thought that soon their bands
Vould be published at the Fondlin,
  Hand the clergyman jine their ands.

And he ast about the lodgers
  (Vich her master let some rooms),
Likevise vere they kep their things, and
  Vere her master kep his spoons.

Hand this vicked Charley Thompson
  Came on Sundy veek to see her;
And he sent Eliza Davis
  Hout to fetch a pint of beer.

Hand while pore Eliza vent to
  Fetch the beer, dewoid of sin,
This etrocious Charley Thompson
  Let his wile accomplish hin.

To the lodgers their apartments
  This abandingd female goes,
Prigs their shirts and umberellas,
  Prigs their boots, and hats, and clothes;

Vile the scoundrle Charley Thompson,
  Lest his wictim should escape,
Hocust her vith rum and vater,
  Like a fiend in huming shape.

But a hi was fixt upon 'em
  Vich these raskles little sore—
Namely, Mr. Hide, the landlord
  Of the house at tventy-four.

He vas valkin in his garden,
  Just afore he vent to sup;
And on looking up he sor the
  Lodgers' vinders lighted hup.

Hup the stairs the landlord tumbled—
  Something's going wrong, he said;
And he caught the vicked voman
  Underneath the lodgers' bed.

And he called a brother Pleaseman,
  Vich vas passing on his beat,
Like a true and galliant feller,
  Hup and down in Guilford Street.

And that Pleaseman able-bodied
  Took this voman to the cell—
To the cell vere she was quodded,
  In the Close of Clerkenwell.

And though vicked Charley Thompson
  Boulted like a miscrant base,
Presently another Pleaseman
  Took him to the self-same place.

And this precious pair of raskles
  Tuesday last came up for doom;
By the beak they was committed,
  Vich his name was Mr. Combe.

Has for poor Eliza Davis,
  Simple gurl of tventy-four,
*She*, I ope, vill never listen
  In the streets to sailors moar.

But if she must ave a sweet-art
(Vich most every gurl expex),
Let her take a jolly pleaseman,
Vich his name peraps is—X.

## DAMAGES, TWO HUNDRED POUNDS.

Special Jurymen of England! who admire your country's laws,
And proclaim a British jury worthy of the realm's applause,
Gaily compliment each other at the issue of a cause
Which was tried at Guildford 'sizes, this day week as ever was.

Unto that august tribunal comes a gentleman in grief
(Special was the British Jury, and the Judge the Baron Chief)—
Comes a British man and husband, asking of the law relief,
For his wife was stolen from him; he'd have vengeance on the thief.

Yes, his wife, the blessed treasure with the which his life was crowned,
Wickedly was ravished from him by a hypocrite profound;
And he comes before twelve Britons, men for sense and truth renowned,
To award him for his damage, twenty hundred sterling pound.

He by counsel and attorney there at Guildford does appear,
Asking damage of the villain who seduced his lady dear.
But I can't help asking, though the lady's guilt was all too clear,
And though guilty the defendant, wasn't the plaintiff rather queer?

First the lady's mother spoke, and said she'd seen her daughter cry
But a fortnight after marriage—early times for piping eye.

Six months after, things were worse, and the piping eye was black,
And this gallant British husband caned his wife upon the back.

Three months after they were married, husband pushed her to the door,
Told her to be off and leave him, for he wanted her no more.
As she would not go, why *he* went—thrice he left his lady dear;
Left her too, without a penny, for more than a quarter of a year.

Mrs. Frances Duncan knew the parties very well indeed,
She had seen him pull his lady's nose and make her lip to bleed;
If he chanced to sit at home, not a single word he said;
Once she saw him throw the cover of a dish at his lady's head.

Sarah Green, another witness, clear did to the jury note
How she saw this honest fellow seize his lady by the throat;
How he cursed her and abused her, beating her into a fit,
Till the pitying next-door neighbours crossed the wall and witnessed it.

Next door to this injured Briton, Mr. Owers a butcher dwelt.
Mrs. Owers's foolish heart towards this erring dame did melt;
Not that she had erred as yet, crime was not developed in her,
But being left without a penny, Mrs. Owers supplied her dinner—
God be merciful to Mrs. Owers, who was merciful to this sinner!

Caroline Naylor was their servant, said they led a wretched life,
Saw this most distinguished Briton fling a tea-cup at his wife.
He went out to balls and pleasures, and never once, in ten months' space,
Sat with his wife or spoke her kindly. This was the defendant's case.

Pollock, C.B., charged the Jury; said the woman's guilt was clear.
That was not the point, however, which the Jury came to hear;
But the damage to determine which, as it should true appear,
This most tender-hearted husband, who so used his lady dear—

Beat her, kicked her, caned her, cursed her, left her starving, year by year,
Flung her from him, parted from her, wrung her neck, and boxed her ear—
What the reasonable damage this afflicted man could claim,
By the loss of the affections of this guilty, graceless dame?

Then the honest British Twelve, to each other turning round,
Laid their clever heads together with a wisdom most profound;
And towards his lordship looking, spoke the foreman wise and sound:—
"My Lord, we find for this here plaintiff, damages two hundred pound."

So, God bless the Special Jury, pride and joy of English ground;
And the happy land of England, where true justice does abound!
British jurymen and husbands, let us hail this verdict proper:
If a British wife offends you, Britons, you've a right to whop her.

Though you promised to protect her, though you promised to defend her,
You are welcome to neglect her; to the devil you may send her;
You may strike her, curse, abuse her—so declares our law renowned—
And if after this you lose her, why you're paid two hundred pound.

## THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY.

THERE's in the Vest a city pleasant
  To vich King Bladud gev his name,
And in that City there's a Crescent
  Vere dwelt a noble knight of fame.

Although that galliant knight is oldish,
  Although Sir John has grey, grey air,
Hage has not made his busum coldish,
  His Art still beats tewodds the Fair!

'Twas two years sins, this knight so splendid,
  Peraps fateagued with Bath's routines,
To Paris towne his phootsteps bended
  In sutch of gayer folks and seans.

His and was free, his means was easy;
  A nobler, finer gent than he
Ne'er drove about the Shons-Eleesy,
  Or paced the Roo de Rivolee.

A brougham and pair Sir John prowided,
  In which abroad he loved to ride;
But ar! he most of all enjyed it,
  When some one helse was sittin' inside!

That "some one helse" a lovely dame was,
  Dear ladies, you will heasy tell—
Countess Grabrowski her sweet name was,
  A noble title, ard to spell.

This faymus Countess ad a daughter
  Of lovely form and tender art;
A nobleman in marridge sought her,
  By name the Baron of Saint Bart.

Their pashn touched the noble Sir John,
  It was so pewer and profound;
Lady Grabrowski he did urge on
  With Hyming's wreeth their loves to crownd.

"O come to Bath, to Lansdowne Crescent,"
Says kind Sir John, "and live with me;
The living there's uncommon pleasant—
I'm sure you'll find the hair agree.

"O come to Bath, my fair Grabrowski,
And bring your charming girl," sezee;
"The Barring here shall have the 'ouse-key,
Vith breakfast, dinner, lunch, and tea.

"And when they've passed an 'appy winter,
Their 'opes and loves no more we'll bar;
The marridge-vow they'll enter inter,
And I at church will be their Par."

To Bath they went to Lansdowne Crescent,
Where good Sir John he did provide
No end of teas and balls incessant,
And hosses both to drive and ride.

He was so Ospitably busy,
When Miss was late, he'd make so bold
Upstairs to call out, "Missy, Missy,
Come down, the coffy's getting cold!"

But O! 'tis sadd to think such bounties
Should meet with such return as this;
O Barring of Saint Bart, O Countess
Grabrowski, and O cruel Miss!

He married you at Bath's fair Habby;
Saint Bart he treated like a son;
And wasn't it uncommon shabby
To do what you have went and done?

My trembling And amost refewses
To write the charge which Sir John swore,
Of which the Countess he ecuses,
Her daughter and her son-in-loire.

My Mews quite blushes as she sings of
  The fatle charge which now I quote:
He says Miss took his two best rings off,
  And pawned 'em for a tenpun note.

"Is this the child of honest parince,
  To make away with folks' best things?
Is this, pray, like the wives of Barrins,
  To go and prig a gentleman's rings?"

Thus thought Sir John, by anger wrought on,
  And to rewenge his injured cause,
He brought them hup to Mr. Broughton,
  Last Vensday veek as ever waws.

If guiltless, how she have been slandered!
  If guilty, wengeance will not fail:
Meanwhile the lady is remanded
  And gev three hundred pouns in bail.

## JACOB HOMNIUM'S HOSS.

### A NEW PALLICE COURT CHANT.

One sees in Viteall Yard,
  Vere pleacemen do resort,
A wenerable hinstitute,
  'Tis called the Pallis Court.
A gent has got his i on it,
  I think 'twill make some sport.

The natur of this Court
  My hindignation riles:
A few fat legal spiders
  Here set & spin their viles;
To rob the town theyr privlege is,
  In a hayrea of twelve miles.

The Judge of this year Court
  Is a mellitary beak,

He knows no more of Lor
Than praps he does of Greek,
And prowides hisself a deputy
Because he cannot speak.

Four counsel in this Court—
Misnamed of Justice—sits;
These lawyers owe their places to
Their money, not their wits;
And there's six attornies under them,
As here their living gits.

These lawyers, six and four,
Was a-livin at their ease,
A-sending of their writs abowt,
And droring in the fees,
When there erose a cirkimstance
As is like to make a breeze.

It now is some monce since,
A gent both good and trew
Possest an ansum hoss vith vich
He didn know what to do:
Peraps he did not like the oss,
Peraps he was a scru.

This gentleman his oss
At Tattersall's did lodge;
There came a wulgar oss-dealer,
This gentleman's name did fodge,
And took the oss from Tattersall's:
Wasn that a artful dodge?

One day this gentleman's groom
This willain did spy out.
A-mounted on this oss,
A-ridin him about:
"Get out of that there oss, you rogue,"
Speaks up the groom so stout.

The thief was cruel wexed
  To find himself so pinned;
The oss began to whinny,
  The honest groom he grinned,
And the raskle thief got off the oss
  And cut avay like vind.

And phansy with what joy
  The master did regard
His dearly bluvd lost oss again
  Trot in the stable yard!

Who was this master good
  Of whomb I makes these rhymes?
His name is Jacob Homnium, Exquire;
  And if *I*'d committed crimes,
Good Lord! I wouldn't have that mann
  Attack me in the *Times!*

Now shortly after the groomb
  His master's oss did take up,
There came a livery-man
  This gentleman to wake up;
And he handed in a little bill,
  Which hangered Mr. Jacob.

For two pound seventeen
  This livery-man eplied,
For the keep of Mr. Jacob's oss,
  Which the thief had took to ride.
"Do you see anythink green in me?"
  Mr. Jacob Homnium cried.

"Because a raskle chews
  My oss away to robb,
And goes tick at your Mews
  For seven-and-fifty bobb,
Shall *I* be called to pay?—It is
  A iniquitious Jobb."

Thus Mr. Jacob cut
  The conwasation short.
The livery-man went ome,
  Detummingd to have sport,
And summingsd Jacob Homnium, Exquire,
  Into the Pallis Court.

Pore Jacob went to Court,
  A Counsel for to fix,
And choose a barrister out of the four,
  An attorney of the six;
And there he sor these men of Lor,
  And watched 'em at their tricks.

The dreadful day of trile
  In the Pallis Court did come:
The lawyers said their say,
  The Judge looked wery glum,
And then the British Jury cast
  Pore Jacob Hom-ni-um.

O a weary day was that
  For Jacob to go through;
The debt was two seventeen
  (Which he no mor owed than you),
And then there was the plaintives costs,
  Eleven pound six and two.

And then there was his own,
  Which the lawyers they did fix
At the wery moderit figgar
  Of ten pound one and six.
Now Evins bless the Pallis Court,
  And all its bold ver-dicks!

I cannot settingly tell
  If Jacob swaw and cust,
At aving for to pay this sumb;
  But I should think he must,

And av drawn a cheque for £24, 4s. 8d.
  With most igstreme disgust.

O Pallis Court, you move
  My pitty most profound!
A most emusing sport
  You thought it, I'll be bound,
To saddle hup a three-pound debt,
  With two-and-twenty pound.

Good sport it is to you
  To grind the honest pore,
To pay their just or unjust debts
  With eight hundred per cent. for Lor;
Make haste and get your costes in,
  They will not last much mor!

Come down from that tribewn,
  Thou shameless and Unjust,
Thou Swindle, picking pockets in
  The name of Truth august—
Come down, thou hoary Blasphemy,
  For die thou shalt and must.

And go it, Jacob Homnium,
  And ply your iron pen;
And rise up, Sir John Jervis,
  And shut me up that den—
That sty for fattening lawyers in,
  On the bones of honest men.

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## THE SPECULATORS.

THE night was stormy and dark, The town was shut up in sleep: Only those were abroad who were out on a lark, Or those who'd no beds to keep.

I passed through the lonely street, The wind did sing and blow; I could hear the policeman's feet Clapping to and fro.

There stood a potato-man In the midst of all the wet; He stood with his 'tato-can In the lonely Haymarket.

Two gents of dismal mien, And dank and greasy rags, Came out of a shop for gin, Swaggering over the flags—

Swaggering over the stones, These shabby bucks did walk; And I went and followed those seedy ones, And listened to their talk.

Was I sober or awake? Could I believe my ears? Those dismal beggars spake Of nothing but railroad shares.

I wondered more and more. Says one—"Good friend of mine, How many shares have you wrote for In the Diddlesex Junction line?"

"I wrote for twenty," says Jim, "But they wouldn't give me one." His comrade straight rebuked him For the folly he had done:

"O Jim, you are unawares Of the ways of this bad town; *I* always write for five hundred shares, And *then* they put me down."

"And yet you got no shares," Says Jim, "for all your boast." "I *would* have wrote," says Jack, "but where Was the penny to pay the post?"

"I lost, for I couldn't pay That first instalment up; But here's 'taters smoking hot—I say, Let's stop, my boy, and sup."

And at this simple feast The while they did regale, I drew each ragged capitalist Down on my left thumb-nail.

Their talk did me perplex, All night I tumbled and tost, And thought of railroad specs, And how money was won and lost.

"Bless railroads everywhere," I said, "and the world's advance; Bless every railroad share In Italy, Ireland, France; For never a beggar need now despair, And every rogue has a chance."

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## A WOEFUL NEW BALLAD

### OF THE

## PROTESTANT CONSPIRACY TO TAKE THE POPE'S LIFE.

### (BY A GENTLEMAN WHO HAS BEEN ON THE SPOT.)

COME, all ye Christian people, unto my tale give ear,
'Tis about a base consperracy, as quickly shall appear;
'Twill make your hair to bristle up, and your eyes to start and glow,
When of this dread consperracy you honest folks shall know.

The news of this consperracy and villianous attempt,
I read it in a newspaper, from Italy it was sent—
It was sent from lovely Italy, where the olives they do grow,
And our Holy Father lives, yes, yes, while his name it is No no.

And 'tis there our English noblemen goes that is Puseyites no longer,
Because they finds the ancient faith both better is and stronger.
And 'tis there I knelt beside my lord when he kissed the Pope his toe,
And hung his neck with chains at Saint Peter's Vinculo.

And 'tis there the splendid churches is, and the fountains playing grand,
And the palace of Prince Torlonia, likewise the Vatican;
And there's the stairs where the bagpipe-men and the piffararys blow.
And it's there I drove my lady and lord in the Park of Pincio.

And 'tis there our splendid churches is in all their pride and
glory,
Saint Peter's famous Basilisk and Saint Mary's Maggiory;
And them benighted Prodestants, on Sunday they must go
Outside the town to the preaching-shop by the gate of Popolo.

Now in this town of famous Room, as I dessay you have
heard,
There is scarcely any gentleman as hasn't got a beard.
And ever since the world began it was ordainèd so,
That there should always barbers be wheresumever beards
do grow.

And as it always has been so since the world it did begin,
The POPE, our Holy Potentate, has a beard upon his chin;
And every morning regular when cocks begin to crow,
There comes a certing party to wait on POPE PIO.

There comes a certing gintleman with razier, soap, and lather,
A-shaving most respectfully the POPE, our Holy Father.
And now the dread consperracy I'll quickly to you show,
Which them sanguinary Prodestants did form against NONO.

Them sanguinary Prodestants, which I abhor and hate,
Assembled in the preaching-shop by the Flaminian gate;
And they took counsel with their selves to deal a deadly
blow
Against our gentle Father, the Holy POPE PIO.

Exhibiting a wickedness which I never heerd or read of,
What do you think them Prodestants wished?—to cut the
good Pope's head off!
And to the kind POPE'S Air-dresser the Prodestant Clark
did go,
And proposed him to decapitate the innocent PIO.

"Whathever can be easier," said this Clerk—this Man of Sin,
"When you are called to hoperate on His Holiness's chin,
Than just to give the razier a little slip—just so?—
And there's an end, dear barber, of innocent PIO!"

This wicked conversation it chanced was overerd
By an Italian lady; she heard it every word:
Which by birth she was a Marchioness, in service forced to go
With the parson of the preaching-shop at the gate of Popolo.

When the lady heard the news, as duty did obleege,
As fast as her legs could carry her she ran to the Poleege.
"O Polegia," says she (for they pronounts it so),
"They're going for to massyker our Holy Pope Pio.

"The ebomminable Englishmen, the Parsing and his Clark,
His Holiness's Air-dresser devised it in the dark!
And I would recommend you in prison for to throw
These villians would esassinate the Holy Pope Pio!

"And for saving of His Holiness and his trebble crownd
I humbly hope your Worships will give me a few pound;
Because I was a Marchioness many years ago,
Before I came to service at the gate of Popolo."

That sackreligious Air-dresser, the Parson and his man,
Wouldn't, though asked continyally, own their wicked plan—
And so the kind Authorities let those villians go
That was plotting of the murder of the good Pio Nono.

Now isn't this safishnt proof, ye gentlemen at home,
How wicked is them Prodestants, and how good our Pope at Rome.
So let us drink confusion to Lord John and Lord Minto,
And a health unto His Eminence and good Pio Nono.

## THE LAMENTABLE BALLAD OF THE FOUNDLING OF SHOREDITCH.

Come, all ye Christian people, and listen to my tail,
It is all about a doctor was travelling by the rail,
By the Heastern Counties Railway (vich the shares I don't desire),
From Ixworth town in Suffolk, vich his name did not transpire.

A-travelling from Bury this Doctor was employed
With a gentleman, a friend of his, vich his name was Captain Loyd;
And on reaching Marks Tey Station, that is next beyond Colchest-
er, a lady entered in to them most elegantly dressed.

She entered into the Carriage all with a tottering step,
And a pooty little Baby upon her bussum slep.
The gentlemen received her with kindness and siwillaty,
Pitying this lady for her illness and debillaty.

She had a fust-class ticket, this lovely lady said;
Because it was so lonesome, she took a secknd instead.
Better to travel by second class, than sit alone in the fust;
And the pooty little Baby upon her breast she nust.

A-seein of her cryin, and shiverin and pail,
To her spoke this surging, the Ero of my tail;
Saysee, "You look unwell, Ma'am; I'll elp you if I can,
And you may tell your case to me, for I'm a meddicle man."

"Thank you, Sir," the lady said, "I only look so pale,
Because I ain't accustomed to travelling on the Rale;
I shall be better presnly, when I've ad some rest:"
And that pooty little Baby she squeeged it to her breast.

So in conwersation the journey they beguiled,
Capting Loyd and the meddicle man, and the lady and the child,
Till the warious stations along the line was passed,
For even the Heastern Counties trains must come in at last.

When at Shoreditch tumminus at lenth stopped the train,
This kind meddicle gentleman proposed his aid again.
"Thank you, Sir," the lady said, "for your kyindness dear!
My carridge and my osses is probably come here.

"Will you old this baby, please, vilst I step and see?"
The Doctor was a famly man: "That I will," says he.

Then the little child she kist, kist it very gently,
Vich was sucking his little fist, sleeping innocently.

With a sigh from her art, as though she would have bust it,
Then she gave the Doctor the child—wery kind he nust it.
Hup then the lady jumped hoff the bench she sat from,
Tumbled down the carriage steps, and ran along the platform.

Vile hall the other passengers vent upon their vays,
The Capting and the Doctor sat there in a maze;
Some vent in a Homminibus, some vent in a Cabby,
The Capting and the Doctor vaited vith the babby.

There they sat looking queer, for an hour or more,
But their feller passinger neather on 'em sore;
Never, never back again did that lady come
To that pooty sleeping Hinfnt a-suckin of his Thum!

What could this pore Doctor do, bein treated thus,
When the darling Baby woke, cryin for its nuss?
Off he drove to a female friend, vich she was both kind and mild,
And igsplained to her the circumstance of this year little child.

That kind lady took the child instantly in her lap,
And made it very comfortable by giving it some pap;
And when she took its close off, what d'you think she found?
A couple of ten pun notes sewn up in its little gownd!

Also in its little close was a note which did conwey,
That this little baby's parents lived in a handsome way,
And for its Headucation they reglarly would pay,
And sirtingly like gentlefolks would claim the child one day,
If the Christian people who'd charge of it would say,
Per adwertisement in *The Times*, where the baby lay.

Pity of this bayby many people took,
It had such pooty ways and such a pooty look;
And there came a lady forrard (I wish that I could see
Any kind lady as would do as much for me;

And I wish with all my art some night in *my* night gownd,
I could find a note stitched for ten or twenty pound)—
There came a lady forrard, that most honorable did say,
She'd adopt this little baby which her parents cast away.

While the Doctor pondered on this hoffer fair,
Comes a letter from Devonshire, from a party there,
Hordering the Doctor, at its Mar's desire,
To send the little Infant back to Devonshire.

Lost in apoplexity this pore meddicle man,
Like a sensable gentleman, to the Justice ran;
Which his name was Mr. Hammill, a honorable beak,
That takes his seat in Worship Street four times a week.

"O Justice!" says the Doctor, "instrugt me what to do.
I've come up from the country, to throw myself on you;
My patients have no doctor to tend them in their ills,
(There they are in Suffolk without their draffts and pills!)

"I've come up from the country, to know how I'll dispose
Of this pore little baby, and the twenty pun note and the close;
And I want to go back to Suffolk, dear Justice, if you please,
And my patients wants their Doctor, and their Doctor wants his feez."

Up spoke Mr. Hammill, sittin at his desk,
"This year application does me much perplesk;
What I do adwise you, is to leave this babby
In the Parish where it was left by its mother shabby."

The Doctor from his Worship sadly did depart—
He might have left the baby, but he hadn't got the heart
To go for to leave that Hinnocent, has the laws allows,
To the tender mussies of the Union House.

Mother, who left this little one on a stranger's knee,
Think how cruel you have been, and how good was he!
Think if you've ben guilty, innocent was she;
And do not take unkindly this little word of me:
Heaven be merciful to us all, sinners as we be!

## THE ORGAN-BOY'S APPEAL.

"WESTMINSTER POLICE COURT.—POLICEMAN X brought a paper of doggerel verses to the MAGISTRATE, which had been thrust into his hands, X said, by an Italian boy, who ran away immediately afterwards.

"The MAGISTRATE, after perusing the lines, looked hard at X, and said he did not think they were written by an Italian.

"X, blushing, said he thought the paper read in Court last week, and which frightened so the old gentleman to whom it was addressed, was also not of Italian origin."

O SIGNOR BRODERIP, you are a wickid ole man,
You wexis us little horgin-boys whenever you can:
How dare you talk of justice, and go for to seek
To pussicute us horgin-boys, you senguinary Beek?

Though you set in Vestminster surrounded by your crushers,
Harrogint and habsolute like the Hortacrat of hall the Rushers,
Yet there is a better vurld I'd have you for to know,
Likewise a place vere the henimies of horgin-boys will go.

O you vickid HEROD without any pity!
London vithout horgin-boys vood be a dismal city.
Sweet SAINT CICILY who first taught horgin-pipes to blow,
Soften the heart of this Magistrit that haggerywates us so!

Good Italian gentlemen, fatherly and kind,
Brings us over to London here our horgins for to grind;
Sends us out vith little vite mice and guinea-pigs also
A-popping of the Veasel and a-Jumpin of JIM CROW.

And as us young horgin-boys is grateful in our turn,
We gives to these kind gentlemen hall the money we earn,
Because that they vood vop us, as wery wel we know,
Unless we brought our hurnings back to them as loves us so.

O MR. BRODERIP! wery much I'm surprise,
Ven you take your valks abroad, where can be your eyes?
If a Beak had a heart, then you'd compryend
Us pore little horgin-boys was the poor man's friend.

Don't you see the shildren in the droring-rooms
Clapping of their little ands when they year our toons?
On their mothers' bussums don't you see the babbies crow
And down to us dear horgin-boys lots of apence throw?

Don't you see the ousemaids (pooty POLLIES and MARIES),
Ven ve bring our urdigurdis, smiling from the hairies?
Then they come out vith a slice o' cole puddn or a bit o' bacon or so,
And give it us young horgin-boys for lunch afore we go.

Have you ever seen the Hirish children sport
When our velcome music-box brings sunshine in the Court?
To these little paupers who can never pay
Surely all good horgin-boys, for GOD'S love, will play.

Has for those proud gentlemen, like a serting B—k
(Vich I von't be pussonal and therefore vil not speak),
That flings their parler-vinders hup ven ve begin to play
And cusses us and swears at us in such a wiolent way,

Instedd of their abewsing and calling hout Poleece,
Let 'em send out JOHN to us vith sixpence or a shilling apiece.
Then like good young horgin-boys avay from there we'll go,
Blessing sweet SAINT CICILY that taught our pipes to blow.

## LITTLE BILLEE.*

AIR—"*Il y avait un petit navire.*"

THERE were three sailors of Bristol city
Who took a boat and went to sea;
But first with beef and captain's biscuits
And pickled pork they loaded she.

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* As different versions of this popular song have been set to music and sung, no apology is needed for the insertion in these pages of what is considered to be the correct version.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee.
Now when they got as far as the Equator
They'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"I am extremely hungaree."
To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,
"We've nothing left, us must eat we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"With one another we shouldn't agree!
There's little Bill, he's young and tender;
We're old and tough, so let's eat he.

"Oh! Billy, we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the button of your chemie."
When Bill received this information
He used his pocket handkerchie.

"First let me say my catechism,
Which my poor mamy taught to me."
"Make haste, make haste," says guzzling Jimmy,
While Jack pulled out his snickersnee.

So Billy went up to the main-top-gallant-mast,
And down he fell on his bended knee.
He scarce had come to the twelfth commandment
When up he jumps. "There's land I see—

"Jerusalem and Madagascar
And North and South Amerikee;
There's the British flag a-riding at anchor,
With Admiral Napier, K.C.B."

So when they got aboard of the Admiral's,
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee;
But as for little Bill he made him
The Captain of a Seventy-three.

## THE END OF THE PLAY.

The play is done; the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prompter's bell:
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around, to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task;
And, when he's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that's anything but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends,
Let's close it with a parting rhyme,
And pledge a hand to all young friends
As fits the merry Christmas time.*
On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,
That Fate ere long shall bid you play;
Good-night! with honest gentle hearts
A kindly greeting go alway!

Good-night!—I'd say, the griefs, the joys,
Just hinted in this mimic page,
The triumphs and defeats of boys,
Are but repeated in our age.
I'd say, your woes were not less keen,
Your hopes more vain than those of men;
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say, we suffer and we strive,
Not less nor more as men than boys;
With grizzled beards at forty-five,
As erst at twelve in corduroys.
And if, in time of sacred youth,
We learned at home to love and pray,
Pray Heaven that early Love and Truth
May never wholly pass away.

* These verses were printed at the end of a Christmas Book (1848–9), "Dr. Birch and his Young Friends."

And in the world, as in the school,
I'd say, how fate may change and shift;
The prize be sometimes with the fool,
The race not always to the swift.
The strong may yield, the good may fall,
The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?
Blessed be He who took and gave!
Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
Be weeping at her darling's grave?*
We bow to Heaven that willed it so,
That darkly rules the fate of all,
That sends the respite or the blow,
That's free to give or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit:
Who brought him to that mirth and state?
His betters, see, below him sit,
Or hunger hopeless at the gate.
Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel
To spurn the rags of Lazarus?
Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,
Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed;
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
And longing passion unfulfilled.
Amen! whatever fate be sent,
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the head with cares be bent,
And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart,

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* C. B. ob. 29th November 1848, æt. 42.

Who misses or who wins the prize.
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young!
(Bear kindly with my humble lays);
The sacred chorus first was sung
Upon the first of Christmas days.
The shepherds heard it overhead;
The joyful angels raised it then:
Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
And peace on earth to gentle men.

My song, save this, is little worth;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.

## VANITAS VANITATUM.

How spake of old the Royal Seer?
(His text is one I love to treat on.)
This life of ours, he said, is sheer
*Mataiotes Mataioteton.*

O student of this gilded Book,
Declare, while musing on its pages,
If truer words were ever spoke
By ancient or by modern sages?

The various authors' names but note,*
French, Spanish, English, Russians, Germans;

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* Between a page by Jules Janin, and a poem by the Turkish Ambassador, in Madame de R——'s album, containing the autographs of kings, princes, poets, marshals, musicians, diplomatists, statesmen, artists, and men of letters of all nations.

And in the volume polyglot,
  Sure you may read a hundred sermons!

What histories of life are here,
  More wild than all romancers' stories!
What wondrous transformations queer,
  What homilies on human glories!

What theme for sorrow or for scorn!
  What chronicle of Fate's surprises—
Of adverse fortune nobly borne,
  Of chances, changes, ruins, rises!

Of thrones upset, and sceptres broke,
  How strange a record here is written!
Of honours, dealt as if in joke;
  Of brave desert unkindly smitten.

How low men were, and how they rise!
  How high they were, and how they tumble!
O vanity of vanities!
  O laughable, pathetic jumble!

Here between honest Janin's joke
  And his Turk Excellency's firman,
I write my name upon the book!
  I write my name—and end my sermon.

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O Vanity of vanities!
  How wayward the decrees of Fate are!
How very weak the very wise,
  How very small the very great are!

What mean these stale moralities,
  Sir Preacher, from your desk you mumble?
Why rail against the great and wise,
  And tire us with your ceaseless grumble?

Pray choose us out another text,
  O man morose and narrow-minded!

Come turn the page—I read the next,
And then the next, and still I find it.

Read here how Wealth aside was thrust,
And Folly set in place exalted;
How Princes footed in the dust,
While lackeys in the saddle vaulted.

Though thrice a thousand years are past
Since David's son, the sad and splendid,
The weary King Ecclesiast,
Upon his awful tablets penned it,—

Methinks the text is never stale,
And life is every day renewing
Fresh comments on the old, old tale
Of Folly, Fortune, Glory, Ruin.

Hark to the Preacher! preaching still
He lifts his voice and cries his sermon,
Here at St. Peter's of Cornhill,
As yonder on the Mount of Hermon:

For you and me to heart to take
(O dear beloved brother readers),
To-day as when the good King spake
Beneath the solemn Syrian cedars.

END OF "BALLADS."

# LECTURE.

## CHARITY AND HUMOUR.*

SEVERAL charitable ladies of this city, to some of whom I am under great personal obligation, having thought that a Lecture of mine would advance a benevolent end which they had in view, I have preferred, in place of delivering a Discourse, which many of my hearers no doubt know already, upon a subject merely literary or biographical, to put together a few thoughts which may serve as a supplement to the former Lectures, if you like, and which have this at least in common with the kind purpose which assembles you here, that they rise out of the same occasion, and treat of charity.

Besides contributing to our stock of happiness, to our harmless laughter and amusement, to our scorn for falsehood and pretension, to our righteous hatred of hypocrisy, to our education in the perception of truth, our love of honesty, our knowledge of life, and shrewd guidance through the world, have not our humorous writers, our gay and kind week-day preachers, done much in support of that holy cause which has assembled you in this place, and which you are all abetting—the cause of love and charity; the cause of the poor, the weak, and the unhappy; the sweet mission of love and tenderness, and peace and goodwill towards men? That same theme which is urged upon you by the eloquence and example of good men to whom you are delighted listeners on Sabbath-days, is taught in his way and according to his power by the humorous writer, the commentator on everyday life and manners.

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* This lecture was first delivered in New York on behalf of a charity at the time of Mr. Thackeray's visit to America in 1852, when he had been giving his series of lectures on the English Humorists. It was subsequently repeated, with slight variations, in London (once under the title of "Weekday Preachers") for the benefit of the families of Angus B. Reach and Douglas Jerrold. The lecture on behalf of the Jerrold Fund was given on July 22, 1857, the day after the declaration of the poll in the Oxford election, when Mr. Thackeray was a candidate for Parliament, and was defeated by Mr. Cardwell. The *Times*, in its account of the lecture, says:—"The opening words of the discourse, uttered with a comical solemnity, of which Mr. Thackeray alone is capable, ran thus: 'Walking yesterday in the High Street of a certain ancient city.' So began the lecturer, and was interrupted by a storm of laughter that deferred for some moments the completion of the sentence."

And as you are here assembled for a charitable purpose, giving your contributions at the door to benefit deserving people who need them, I like to hope and think that the men of our calling have done something in aid of the cause of charity, and have helped, with kind words and kind thoughts at least, to confer happiness and to do good. If the humorous writers claim to be week-day preachers, have they conferred any benefit by their sermons? Are people happier, better, better disposed to their neighbours, more inclined to do works of kindness, to love, forbear, forgive, pity, after reading in Addison, in Steele, in Fielding, in Goldsmith, in Hood, in Dickens? I hope and believe so; and fancy that in writing they are also acting charitably, contributing with the means which Heaven supplies them to forward the end which brings you too together.

A love of the human species is a very vague and indefinite kind of virtue, sitting very easily on a man, not confining his actions at all, shining in print, or exploding in paragraphs, after which efforts of benevolence, the philanthropist is sometimes said to go home and be no better than his neighbours. Tartuffe and Joseph Surface, Stiggins and Chadband, who are always preaching fine sentiments, and are no more virtuous than hundreds of those whom they denounce and whom they cheat, are fair objects of mistrust and satire; but their hypocrisy, the homage, according to the old saying, which vice pays to virtue, has this of good in it, that its fruits are good: a man may preach good morals, though he may be himself but a lax practitioner; a Pharisee may put pieces of gold into the charity-plate out of mere hypocrisy and ostentation, but the bad man's gold feeds the widow and the fatherless as well as the good man's. The butcher and baker must needs look, not to motives, but to money, in return for their wares.

I am not going to hint that we of the literary calling resemble Monsieur Tartuffe or Monsieur Stiggins, though there may be such men in our body, as there are in all.

A literary man of the humoristic turn is pretty sure to be of a philanthropic nature to have a great sensibility, to be easily moved to pain or pleasure, keenly to appreciate the varieties of temper of people round about him, and sympathize in their laughter, love, amusement, tears. Such a man is philanthropic, man-loving by nature, as another is irascible, or red-haired, or six feet high. And so I would arrogate no particular merit to literary men for the possession of this faculty of doing good which some of them enjoy. It costs a gentleman no sacrifice to be benevolent on paper; and the luxury of indulging in the most beautiful and brilliant sentiments never makes any man a penny the poorer. A literary man is no better than another, as far as my experience goes and a man writing a book no better nor no worse than one who keeps accounts in a ledger, or follows any other occupation. Let us, however, give him credit for the good, at least, which he is the means of doing, as we give credit to a man with a million for the hundred which he puts into the plate at a charity-sermon. He never misses them. He has made them in a moment by a lucky speculation, and parts with them, knowing that he has an almost endless balance at his bank, whence he can call for more. But in esteeming the benefaction, we are grateful to the benefactor, too, somewhat; and so of men of genius, richly endowed, and lavish in parting with their mind's wealth, we may view them at least kindly and favourably, and be thankful for the bounty of which Providence has made them the dispensers.

I have said myself somewhere, I do not know with what correctness (for definitions never are complete), that humour is wit and love. I am sure, at any rate, that the best humour is that which contains most humanity, that which is flavoured throughout with tenderness and kindness. This love does not demand constant utterance or actual expression, as a good father, in conversation with his children or wife, is not perpetually embracing them, or making protestations of his love; as a lover in the society of his mistress is not, at least as far as I am led to believe, for ever squeezing her hand, or sighing in her ear, "My soul's darling, I adore you!" He shows his love by his conduct, by his fidelity, by his watchful desire to make the beloved person happy; it lightens from his eyes when she appears, though he may not speak it; it fills his heart when she is present or absent, influences all his words and actions, suffuses his whole being. It sets the father cheerily to work through the long day, supports him through the tedious labour of the weary absence or journey, and sends him happy home again, yearning towards the wife and children. This kind of love is not a spasm, but a life. It fondles and caresses at due seasons, no doubt; but the fond heart is always beating fondly and truly, though the wife is not sitting hand-in-hand with him, or the children hugging at his knee. And so with a loving humour. I think it is a genial writer's habit of being; it is the kind, gentle spirit's way of looking out on the world—that sweet friendliness which fills his heart and his style. You recognize it, even though there may not be a single point of wit, or a single pathetic touch in the page—though you may not be called upon to salute his genius by a laugh or a tear. That collision of ideas, which provokes the one or the other, must be occasional. They must be like papa's embraces, which I spoke of anon, who only delivers them now and again, and cannot be expected to go on kissing the children all night. And so the writer's jokes and sentiment, his ebullitions of feeling, his outbreaks of high spirits, must not be too frequent. One tires of a page of which every sentence sparkles with points, of a sentimentalist who is always pumping the tears from his eyes or your own. One suspects the genuineness of the tear, the naturalness of the humour. These ought to be true and manly in a man, as everything else in his life should be manly and true; and he loses his dignity by laughing or weeping out of place, or too often.

When the Reverend Laurence Sterne begins to sentimentalize over the carriage in Monsieur Dessein's courtyard, and pretends to squeeze a tear out of a rickety old shandrydan; when, presently, he encounters the dead donkey on his road to Paris, and snivels over that asinine corpse, I say, "Away, you drivelling quack! Do not palm off these grimaces of grief upon simple folk who know no better, and cry, misled by your hypocrisy." Tears are sacred. The tributes of kind hearts to misfortune, the mites which gentle souls drop into the collections made for God's poor and unhappy, are not to be tricked out of them by a whimpering hypocrite, handing round a begging-box for your compassion, and asking your pity for a lie. When that same man tells me of Lefevre's illness, and Uncle Toby's charity; of the noble at Rennes coming home and reclaiming his sword, I thank him for the generous emotion which, springing genuinely from his own heart, has caused mine to admire benevolence and sympathize with honour, and to feel love, and kindness, and pity.

If I do not love Swift—as, thank God, I do not, however immensely I may admire him—it is because I revolt from the man who placards himself as a professional hater of his own kind; because he chisels his savage indignation on his tombstone, as if to perpetuate his protest against being born of our race—the suffering, the weak, the erring, the wicked, if you will, but still the friendly, the loving children of God our Father: it is because, as I read through Swift's dark volumes, I never find the aspect of nature seems to delight him, the smiles of children to please him, the sight of wedded love to soothe him. I do not remember in any line of his writing a passing allusion to a natural scene of beauty. When he speaks about the families of his comrades and brother clergymen, it is to assail them with gibes and scorn, and to laugh at them brutally for being fathers and for being poor. He does mention, in the Journal to Stella, a sick child, to be sure—a child of Lady Masham, that was ill of the smallpox; but then it is to confound the brat for being ill, and the mother for attending to it, when she should have been busy about a Court intrigue in which the Dean was deeply engaged. And he alludes to a suitor of Stella's, and a match she might have made, and would have made, very likely, with an honourable and faithful and attached man, Tisdall, who loved her, and of whom Swift speaks, in a letter to this lady, in language so foul that you would not bear to hear it. In treating of the good the humorists have done, of the love and kindness they have taught and left behind them, it is not of this one I dare speak. Heaven help the lonely misanthrope! be kind to that multitude of sins, with so little charity to cover them!

Of Mr. Congreve's contributions to the English stock of benevolence, I do not speak; for, of any moral legacy to posterity, I doubt whether that brilliant man ever thought at all. He had some money, as I have told; every shilling of which he left to his friend the Duchess of Marlborough, a lady of great fortune and the highest fashion. He gave the gold of his brains to persons of fortune and fashion, too. There is no more feeling in his comedies than in as many books of Euclid. He no more pretends to teach love for the poor and goodwill for the unfortunate, than a dancing-master does: he teaches pirouettes and flic-flacs, and how to bow to a lady, and to walk a minuet. In his private life Congreve was immensely liked—more so than any man of his age almost; and, to have been so liked, must have been kind and good-natured. His good-nature bore him through extreme bodily ills and pain with uncommon cheerfulness and courage. Being so gay, so bright, so popular, such a grand seigneur, be sure he was kind to those about him, generous to his dependants, serviceable to his friends. Society does not like a man so long as it liked Congreve, unless he is likeable: it finds out a quack very soon; it scorns a poltroon or a curmudgeon. We may be certain that this man was brave, good-tempered, and liberal. So, very likely, is Monsieur Pirouette, of whom we spoke; he cuts his capers, he grins, bows, and dances to his fiddle. In private he may have a hundred virtues; in public, he teaches dancing. His business is cotillons, not ethics.

As much may be said of those charming and lazy Epicureans, Gay and Prior, sweet lyric singers, comrades of Anacreon, and disciples of love and the bottle. "Is there any moral shut within the bosom of a rose?" sings our great Tennyson. Does a nightingale preach from a bough, or the lark from his cloud? Not knowingly; yet we may be grateful, and love larks and roses, and the flower-crowned minstrels, too, who laugh and who sing.

Of Addison's contributions to the charity of the world I have spoken before, in trying to depict that noble figure; and say now, as then, that we should thank him as one of the greatest benefactors of that vast and immeasurably spreading family which speaks our common tongue. Wherever it is spoken, there is no man that does not feel, and understand, and use the noble English word "gentleman." And there is no man that teaches us to be gentlemen better than Joseph Addison—gentle in our bearing through life; gentle and courteous to our neighbour; gentle in dealing with his follies and weaknesses; gentle in treating his opposition; deferential to the old; kindly to the poor and those below us in degree: for people above us and below us we must find, in whatever hemisphere we dwell, whether kings or presidents govern us; and in no republic or monarchy that I know of is a citizen exempt from the tax of befriending poverty and weakness, of respecting age, and of honouring his father and mother. It has just been whispered to me—I have not been three months in the country, and, of course. cannot venture to express an opinion of my own—that, in regard to paying this latter tax of respect and honour to age, some very few of the Republican youths are occasionally a little remiss. I have heard of young Sons of Freedom publishing their Declaration of Independence before they could well spell it, and cutting the connection with father and mother before they had learned to shave. My own time of life having been stated by various enlightened organs of public opinion at almost any figure from forty-five to sixty, I cheerfully own that I belong to the Fogy interest, and ask leave to rank in and plead for that respectable class. Now a gentleman can but be a gentleman in Broadway or the backwoods, in Pall Mall or California; and where and whenever he lives, thousands of miles away in the wilderness, or hundreds of years hence, I am sure that reading the writings of this true gentleman, this true Christian, this noble Joseph Addison, must do him good. He may take Sir Roger de Coverley to the Diggings with him, and learn to be gentle, and good-humoured, and urbane, and friendly in the midst of that struggle in which his life is engaged. I take leave to say that the most brilliant youth of this city may read over this delightful memorial of a bygone age, of fashions long passed away, of manners long since changed and modified, of noble gentlemen, and a great and a brilliant and polished society, and find in it much to charm and polish, to refine and instruct him—a courteousness which can be out of place at no time and under no flag, a politeness and simplicity, a truthful manhood, a gentle respect and deference, which may be kept as the unbought grace of life and cheap defence of mankind, long after its old artificial distinctions, after periwigs, and small-swords, and ruffles, and red-heeled shoes, and titles, and stars and garters, have passed away. I will tell you when I have been put in mind of two of the finest gentlemen books bring us any mention of—I mean *our* books; not books of history, but books of humour—I will tell you when I have been put in mind of the courteous gallantry of the noble knight, Sir Roger de Coverley of Coverley Manor, of the noble Hidalgo Don Quixote of La Mancha: here in your own omnibus-carriages and railway-cars, when I have seen a woman step in, handsome or not, well-dressed or not, and a workman in hob-nail shoes, or a dandy in the height of the fashion, rise up and give her his place. I think Mr. Spectator, with his short face, if he had seen such a deed of courtesy, would have smiled a sweet smile to the doer of that gentleman-like action, and have made him a low bow from under his great periwig, and have gone home and written a pretty paper about him.

I am sure Dick Steele would have hailed him, were he dandy or mechanic, and asked him to a tavern to share a bottle, or perhaps half a dozen. Mind, I do not set down the five last flasks to Dick's score for virtue, and look upon them as works of the most questionable supererogation.

Steele, as a literary benefactor to the world's charity, must rank very high, indeed, not merely from his givings, which were abundant, but because his endowments are prodigiously increased in value since he bequeathed them, as the revenues of the lands, bequeathed to our Foundling Hospital at London, by honest Captain Coram, its founder, are immensely enhanced by the houses since built upon them. Steele was the founder of sentimental writing in English; and how the land has been since occupied, and what hundreds of us have laid out gardens and built up tenements on Steele's ground! Before his time, readers or hearers were never called upon to cry except at a tragedy, and compassion was not expected to express itself otherwise than in blank verse, or for personages much lower in rank than a dethroned monarch, or a widowed or a jilted empress. He stepped off the high-heeled cothurnus, and came down into common life. He held out his great hearty arms, and embraced us all. He had a bow for all women, a kiss for all children, a shake of the hand for all men, high or low. He showed us Heaven's sun shining every day on quiet homes; not gilded palace-roofs only, or Court processions, or heroic warriors fighting for princesses and pitched battles. He took away comedy from behind the fine lady's alcove, or the screen where the libertine was watching her. He ended all that wretched business of wives jeering at their husbands, of rakes laughing wives, and husbands too, to scorn. That miserable, rouged, tawdry, sparkling, hollow-hearted comedy of the Restoration fled before him, and, like the wicked spirit in the Fairy-books, shrank, as Steele let the daylight in, and shrieked, and shuddered, and vanished. The stage of humorists has been common-life ever since Steele's and Addison's time—the joys and griefs, the aversions and sympathies, the laughter and tears of nature.

And here, coming off the stage, and throwing aside the motley-habit, or satiric disguise, in which he had before entertained you, mingling with the world, and wearing the same coat as his neighbour, the humorist's service became straightway immensely more available; his means of doing good infinitely multiplied; his success, and the esteem in which he was held, proportionately increased. It requires an effort, of which all minds are not capable, to understand "Don Quixote;" children and common people still read "Gulliver" for the story merely. Many more persons are sickened by "Jonathan Wild" than can comprehend the satire of it. Each of the great men who wrote those books was speaking from behind the satiric mask I anon mentioned. Its distortions appal many simple spectators; its settled sneer or laugh is unintelligible to thousands who have not the wit to interpret the meaning of the vizored satirist preaching from within. Many a man was at fault about Jonathan Wild's greatness, who could feel and relish Allworthy's goodness in "Tom Jones," and Doctor Harrison's in "Amelia," and dear Parson Adams, and Joseph Andrews. We love to read—we may grow ever so old, but we love to read of them still: of love and beauty, of frankness, and bravery, and generosity. We hate hypocrites and cowards; we long to defend oppressed innocence, and to soothe and succour gentle women and children. We are glad when vice is foiled and rascals punished; we lend a foot to kick Blifil downstairs; and as we attend the brave bridegroom to his wedding on the happy marriage day, we ask the groomsman's privilege to salute the blushing cheek of Sophia. A lax morality in many a vital point I own in Fielding, but a great hearty sympathy and benevolence; a great kindness for the poor; a great gentleness and pity for the unfortunate; a great love for the pure and good—these are among the contributions to the charity of the world with which this erring but noble creature endowed it.

As for Goldsmith, if the youngest and most unlettered person here has not been happy with the family at Wakefield; has not rejoiced when Olivia returned, and been thankful for her forgiveness and restoration; has not laughed with delighted good-humour over Moses' gross of green spectacles; has not loved with all his heart the good Vicar, and that kind spirit which created these charming figures, and devised the beneficent fiction which speaks to us so tenderly—what call is there for me to speak? In this place and on this occasion, remembering these men, I claim from you your sympathy for the good they have done, and for the sweet charity which they have bestowed on the world.

When humour joins with rhythm and music, and appears in song, its influence is irresistible, its charities are countless. It stirs the feelings to love, peace, friendship, as scarce any moral agent can. The songs of Béranger are hymns of love and tenderness. I have seen great whiskered Frenchmen warbling the "Bonne Vieille," the "Soldats, au pas, au pas," with tears rolling down their mustachios. At a Burns's Festival I have seen Scotchmen singing Burns, while the drops twinkled on their furrowed cheeks; while each rough hand was flung out to grasp its neighbour's; while early scenes and sacred recollections, and dear and delightful memories of the past, came rushing back at the sound of the familiar words and music, and the softened heart was full of love, and friendship, and home. Humour! if tears are the alms of gentle spirits, and may be counted, as sure they may, among the sweetest of life's charities—of that kindly sensibility and sweet sudden emotion which exhibits itself at the eyes, I know no such provocative as humour. It is an irresistible sympathizer. It surprises you into compassion: you are laughing and disarmed, and suddenly forced into tears. I heard a humorous balladist not long since, a minstrel with wool on his head and an ultra-Ethiopian complexion, who performed a negro ballad that I confess moistened these spectacles in the most unexpected manner. They have gazed at dozens of tragedy-queens dying on the stage, and expiring in appropriate blank verse, and I never wanted to wipe them. They have looked up, with deep respect be it said, at many scores of clergymen in pulpits, and without being dimmed; and behold a vagabond with a corked face and a banjo sings a little song, and strikes a wild note which sets the whole heart thrilling with happy pity. Humour! humour is the mistress of tears; she knows the way to the *fons lachrymarum*, strikes in dry and rugged places with her enchanting wand, and bids the fountain gush and sparkle. She has refreshed myriads more from her natural springs than ever tragedy has watered from her pompous old urn.

Popular humour, and especially modern popular humour, and the writers, its exponents, are always kind and chivalrous, taking the side of the weak against the strong. In our plays, and books, and entertainments for the lower classes in England, I scarce remember a story or theatrical piece in which a wicked aristocrat is not bepummelled by a dashing young champion of the people. There was a book which had an immense popularity in England, and I believe has been greatly read here, in which the Mysteries of the Court of London were said to be unveiled by a gentleman who, I suspect, knows about as much about the Court of London as he does of that of Pekin. Years ago I treated myself to sixpennyworth of this performance at a railway station, and found poor dear George IV., our late most religious and gracious king, occupied in the most flagitious designs against the tradesmen's families in his metropolitan city. A couple of years after, I took sixpennyworth more of the same delectable history: George IV. was still at work, still ruining the peace of tradesmen's families. He had been at it for two whole years, and a bookseller at the Brighton station told me that this book was by many, many times the most popular of all periodical tales then published, because, says he, "it lashes the aristocracy!" Not long since I went to two penny theatres in London: immense eager crowds of people thronged the buildings, and the vast masses thrilled and vibrated with the emotion produced by the piece represented on the stage, and burst into applause or laughter, such as many a polite actor would sigh for in vain. In both these pieces there was a wicked Lord kicked out of the window—there is always a wicked Lord kicked out of the window. First piece—"Domestic drama—Thrilling interest!—Weaver's family in distress!—Fanny gives away her bread to little Jacky, and starves!—Enter wicked Lord: tempts Fanny with offer of Diamond Necklace, Champagne Suppers, and Coach to ride in!—Enter sturdy Blacksmith.—Scuffle between Blacksmith and Aristocratic minion: exit wicked Lord out of the window." Fanny, of course, becomes Mrs. Blacksmith.

The second piece was a nautical drama, also of thrilling interest, consisting chiefly of hornpipes, and acts of most tremendous oppression on the part of certain Earls and Magistrates towards the people. Two wicked Lords were in this piece the atrocious scoundrels: one Aristocrat, a deep-dyed villain, in short duck trousers and Berlin cotton gloves; while the other minion of wealth enjoyed an eyeglass with a blue ribbon, and whisked about the stage with a penny cane. Having made away with Fanny Forester's lover, Tom Bowling, by means of a pressgang, they meet her all alone on a common, and subject her to the most opprobrious language and behaviour. "Release me, villains!" says Fanny, pulling a brace of pistols out of her pockets, and crossing them over her breast so as to cover wicked Lord to the right, wicked Lord to the left; and they might have remained in that position ever so much longer (for the aristocratic rascals had pistols too), had not Tom Bowling returned from sea at the very nick of time, armed with a great marlinespike, with which—whack! whack! down goes wicked Lord No. 1, wicked Lord No. 2. Fanny rushes into Tom's arms with an hysterical shriek, and I dare say they marry, and are very happy ever after. Popular fun is always kind; it is the champion of the humble against the great. In all popular parables, it is Little Jack that conquers, and the Giant that topples down. I think our popular authors are rather hard upon the great folks. Well, well! their lordships have all the money, and can afford to be laughed at.

In our days, in England, the importance of the humorous preacher has prodigiously increased. His audiences are enormous; every week or month his happy congregations flock to him; they never tire of such sermons. I believe my friend Mr. Punch is as popular to-day as he has been any day since his birth. I believe that Mr. Dickens's readers are even more numerous than they have ever been since his unrivalled pen commenced to delight the world with its humour. We have among us other literary parties. We have Punch, as I have said, preaching from his booth; we have a Jerrold party, very numerous, and faithful to that acute thinker and distinguished wit; and we have also—it must be said, and it is still to be hoped—a Vanity-Fair party, the author of which work has lately been described by the London *Times* newspaper as a writer of considerable parts, but a dreary misanthrope, who sees no good anywhere, who sees the sky above him green, I think, instead of blue, and only miserable sinners round about him. So we are; so is every writer and every reader I ever heard of; so was every being who ever trod this earth, save One. I cannot help telling the truth as I view it, and describing what I see. To describe it otherwise than it seems to me would be falsehood in that calling in which it has pleased Heaven to place me; treason to that conscience which says that men are weak, that truth must be told, that fault must be owned, that pardon must be prayed for, and that love reigns supreme over all.

I look back at the good which of late years the kind English humorists have done; and if you are pleased to rank the present speaker among that class, I own to an honest pride at thinking what benefits society has derived from men of our calling. That "Song of the Shirt," which *Punch* first published, and the noble, the suffering, the melancholy, the tender Hood sang, may surely rank as a great act of charity to the world, and call from it its thanks and regard for its teacher and benefactor. That astonishing poem, which you all know, of the "Bridge of Sighs," who can read it without tenderness, without reverence to Heaven, charity to man, and thanks to the beneficent genius which sang for us nobly?

I never saw the writer but once, but shall always be glad to think that some words of mine, printed in a periodical of that day, and in praise of these amazing verses (which, strange to say, appeared almost unnoticed at first in the magazine in which Mr. Hood published them)—I am proud, I say, to think that some words of appreciation of mine reached him on his deathbed, and pleased and soothed him in that hour of manful resignation and pain.

As for the charities of Mr. Dickens, multiplied kindnesses which he has conferred upon us all—upon our children, upon people educated and uneducated, upon the myriads here and at home who speak our common tongue—have not you, have not I, all of us, reason to be thankful to this kind friend, who soothed and charmed so many hours, brought pleasure and sweet laughter to so many homes, made such multitudes of children happy, endowed us with such a sweet store of gracious thoughts, fair fancies, soft sympathies, hearty enjoyments? There are creations of Mr. Dickens's which seem to me to rank as personal benefits—figures so delightful that one feels happier and better for knowing them, as one does for being brought into the society of very good men and women. The atmosphere in which these people live is wholesome to breathe in. You feel that to be allowed to speak to them is a personal kindness; you come away better for your contact with them; your hands seem cleaner from having the privilege of shaking theirs. Was there ever a better charity sermon preached in the world than Dickens's "Christmas Carol"? I believe it occasioned immense hospitality throughout England; was the means of lighting up hundreds of kind fires at Christmas-time; caused a wonderful outpouring of Christmas good feeling, of Christmas punch-brewing, an awful slaughter of Christmas turkeys, and roasting and basting of Christmas beef. As for this man's love of children, that amiable organ at the back of his honest head must be perfectly monstrous. All children ought to love him. I know two that do, and read his books ten times for once that they peruse the dismal preachments of their father. I know one who, when she is happy, reads "Nicholas Nickleby;" when she is unhappy, reads "Nicholas Nickleby;" when she is tired, reads "Nicholas Nickleby;" when she is in bed, reads "Nicholas Nickleby;" when she has nothing to do, reads "Nicholas Nickleby;" and when she has finished the book, reads "Nicholas Nickleby" over again. This candid young critic, at ten years of age, said, "I like Mr. Dickens's books much better than your books, Papa;" and frequently expressed her desire that the latter author should write a book like one of Mr. Dickens's books. Who can? Every man must say his own thoughts in his own voice, in his own way: lucky is he who has such a charming gift of nature as this, which brings all the children in the world trooping to him, and being fond of him.

I remember, when that famous "Nicholas Nickleby" came out, seeing a letter from a pedagogue in the north of England, which, dismal as it was, was immensely comical. "Mr. Dickens's ill-advised publication," wrote the poor schoolmaster, "has passed like a whirlwind over the schools of the North." He was a proprietor of a cheap school; Dotheboys Hall was a cheap school. There were many such establishments in the northern counties. Parents were ashamed that never were ashamed before until the kind satirist laughed at them; relatives were frightened; scores of little scholars were taken away; poor schoolmasters had to shut their shops up; every pedagogue was voted a Squeers, and many suffered, no doubt unjustly: but afterwards schoolboys' backs were not so much caned, schoolboys' meat was less tough and more plentiful, and schoolboys' milk was not so sky-blue. What a kind light of benevolence it is that plays round Crummles and the Phenomenon, and all those poor theatre people in that charming book! What a humour! and what a good-humour! I coincide with the youthful critic whose opinion has just been mentioned, and own to a family admiration for "Nicholas Nickleby."

One might go on, though the task would be endless and needless, chronicling the names of kind folk with whom this kind genius has made us familiar. Who does not love the Marchioness, and Mr. Richard Swiveller? Who does not sympathize, not only with Oliver Twist, but his admirable young friend the Artful Dodger? Who has not the inestimable advantage of possessing a Mrs. Nickleby in his own family? Who does not bless Sairey Gamp, and wonder at Mrs. Harris? Who does not venerate the chief of that illustrious family, who, being stricken by misfortune, wisely and greatly turned his attention to "coals," the accomplished, the Epicurean, the dirty, the delightful Micawber?

I may quarrel with Mr. Dickens's art a thousand and a thousand times: I delight and wonder at his genius. I recognize in it—I speak with awe and reverence—a commission from that Divine Beneficence, whose blessed task we know it will one day be to wipe every tear from every eye. Thankfully I take my share of the feast of love and kindness which this gentle and generous and charitable soul has contributed to the happiness of the world. I take and enjoy my share, and say a Benediction for the meal.

9

THE END.